

PUTNAM'S AND - THE - READER

- NOVEMBER -

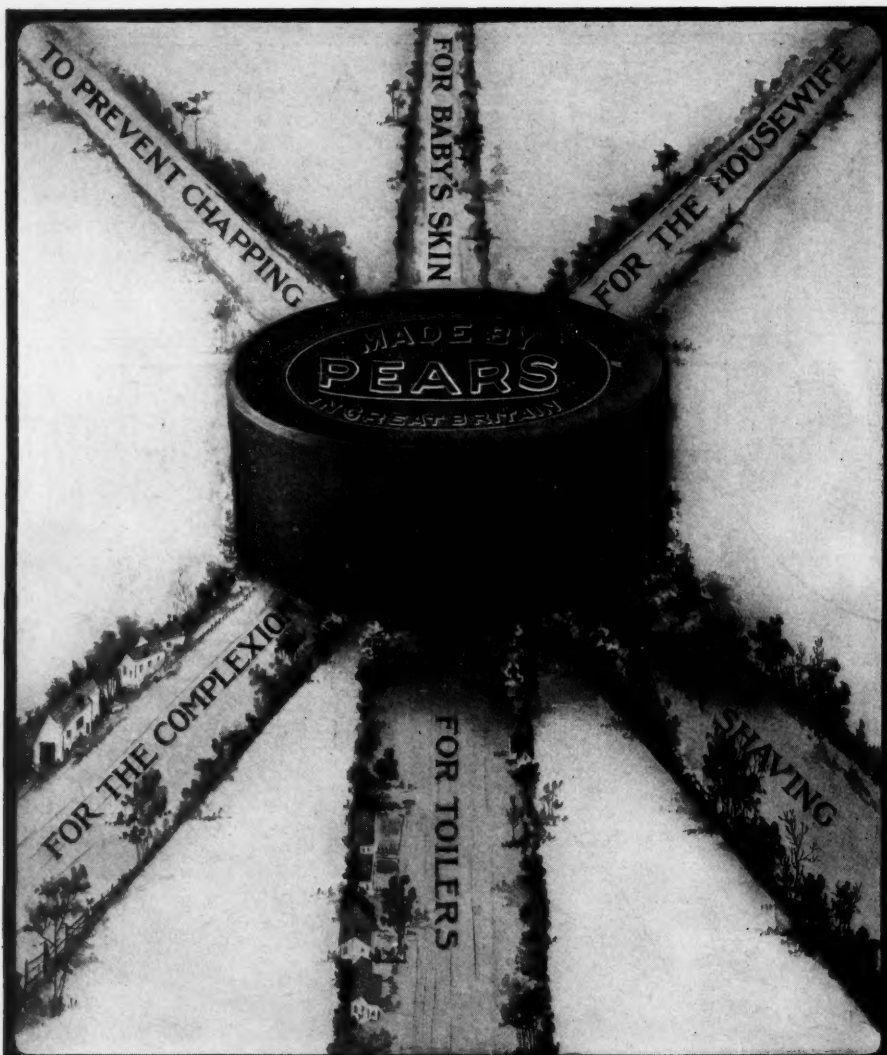


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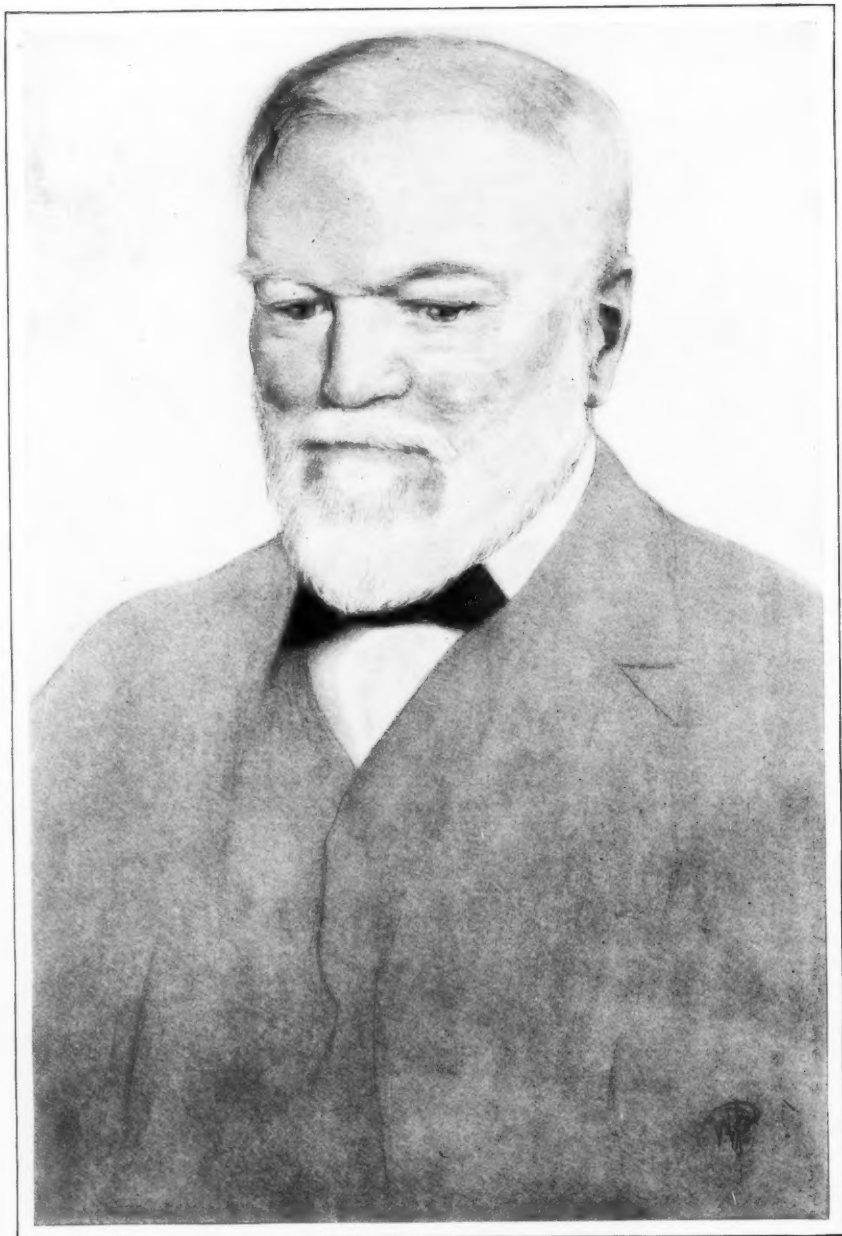
ALL ROADS LEAD TO
Pears' Soap

OF ALL SCENTED SOAPS PEARS' OTTO OF ROSE IS THE BEST.

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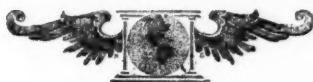
From a drawing from the life, made for PUTNAM'S AND THE READER, by W. D. Paddock
ANDREW CARNEGIE

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

VOL. V

NOVEMBER, 1908

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THE CITY OF DREADFUL HEIGHT

By JOSEPH B. GILDER

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS AND DRAWINGS



RECENT writer in PUTNAM'S MONTHLY remarked that New York was becoming, more than ever, a City of Dreadful Height—a happy parody of the title of Thomson's depressing poem. The Singer building (or "Singerhorn," as it is sometimes called) was then nearing completion, and the Metropolitan Tower had begun to rise from its foundations on the edge of Madison Square; but the plans for the new Equitable, outclassing both monsters, were as yet unrevealed.

The world stood amazed, not many years ago, at the six-and-twenty crowded stories of the Park Row Syndicate building; and more recently the conspicuous site and peculiar proportions of the Flatiron, even more than its height, made this triangular landmark a nine days' wonder. But

when it came to be a matter of forty-five stories, and a cupola poised six hundred feet above Broadway—and when, soon afterwards, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company announced a modification of its original plans, to provide for fifty stories in all, and an extreme height nearly one hundred feet greater than that of the Singer building—the imagination of the Man in the Street was fairly staggered; and the Man himself has since spent an unwarrantable time gazing vacuously, with upturned eyes and down-dropped jaw, at one or another of these unique achievements in new-world architecture. If his simple mind cherished a conviction that they were to be the last word in skyscrapers, great must have been the shock when he learned, simultaneously with the raising of the Stars and Stripes on the flagpole of the unfinished Metropolitan Tower, that the Equitable Life Assurance Society was about to destroy its ponderous

and granite home, and rear in its place a sixty-two-story edifice, half as high again as the Singer building, and many times as bulky!

One is reminded by this rivalry among the insurance companies of the reckless race between "the big three," only a few years since, to reach the goal of a thousand million dollars of risks. They passed *that* post almost neck and neck; and now, perhaps, they are wondering whether the game was worth the candle. It may be that they will experience the same misgivings when they have ceased to assault high heaven with stone and steel.

It would be idle to suppose that the end is yet in sight; I, for one, should not be amazed were the next few years to bring into being an office-building of nearly a hundred stories, rising twelve hundred feet from base to cupola. Already there is report of a thousand-foot building, to occupy in part the site of the Mills building in Broad Street; and the *Scientific American* has pointed out that the present local Building Code, by permitting a pressure of fifteen tons per square foot under the footings on a rock bottom, where caisson foundations are used, implicitly authorizes the construction of a 2000-foot building of the Singer type, capable of subdivision into a hundred and fifty stories, each thirteen feet four inches high. As the walls of a steel-skeleton building must be at least twelve inches thick for the upper seventy-five feet, and increase four inches every sixty feet below, the thickness of the walls to a height of sixty feet from the ground, in such a building, would be eleven feet eight inches. This, and the fact that such a tower, two hundred feet square, would cost about \$60,000,000, may be expected to postpone indefinitely the perpetration of such a *reductio ad absurdum* of the local craze for skyscrapers. It is estimated, by the way, that the elements' rage, so far as it has ever manifested itself in this neighborhood, would be powerless to overthrow such an erection. But the present code affords no security what-

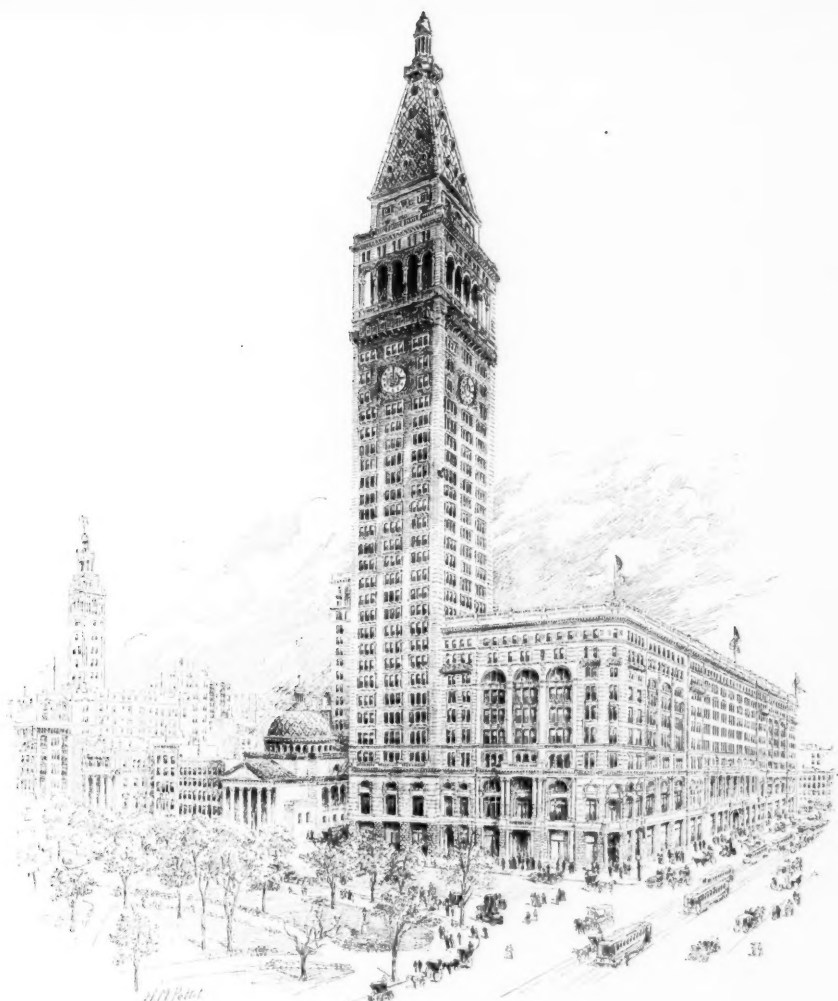
ever against the building of such a tower.

The present writer recalls the time when Babbitt's soap factory and Trinity Church were the most conspicuous objects in lower New York as seen from Jersey City. The former disappeared from view long years ago. As to Trinity steeple, it appears to-day at the bottom, as it were, of a wide well. Tenants of the adjoining buildings can distinguish it by leaning out of their office windows and gazing downward; but the adventurous aeronaut, sailing o'er the stormy main street of the Borough of Manhattan, would hardly be able to descry it. If it is seen in the skyline from any neighboring point of view, it is conspicuous only as the stub of a broken tooth is conspicuous in a comb.

How New York's skyline has risen within the past two generations, was graphically shown at the Congested Population exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History, last winter, in a series of drawings prepared for the occasion (here reproduced from *Charities*—see page 143). The growth during the forty-three years preceding 1885 was scarcely more noticeable, it will be observed, than that which marked the next two-and-twenty—a period only half as long. It looks to-day as if the changes within the next quarter-century would be no less radical.

At first, skyscrapers were confined to the lower end of Manhattan Island. For a few years they towered in solitary grandeur, receiving only occasional accessions to their ranks as financial houses or speculative builders saw—or thought they saw—a reasonable profit in building them. Then they came thick and fast, the later arrivals filling in the gaps in the lines of the earlier ones, and generally overtopping them.

Having conquered the lower end of Manhattan, it was only a question of time when this type of building would invade the upper reaches of the island; so the erection of the Flatiron and *Times* buildings—in situations that made them conspicuous other-



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METROPOLITAN TOWER, MADISON SQUARE, NEW YORK

wise than because of their height—surprised no one. Then came the Belmont Hotel facing the Grand Central Station, the Gotham, St. Regis and Plaza hotels in Fifth Avenue, the 71st Regiment Armory in Fourth Avenue, with its Italian tower of red brick; and the Metropolitan, rising to more than twice the height of the Madison Square Garden tower, and thereby confirming the judgment

shown by the late Stanford White in making Dr. Parkhurst's gem of a church, next door, a domed instead of a steepled structure.

It is only twenty years since the first office-building of the modern type came into being—the so-called Tower Building, at No. 50 Broadway, near Exchange Place. This nine-storied structure (subsequently raised to eleven), being only twenty-one feet

wide, derived its name from its narrowness no less than from its height. If reared by the ancient methods, it would have had nothing on the ground floor but a contracted corridor flanked by massive walls. So the architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, arranged that the weight of the walls as well as of the floors should be sustained, not by the walls themselves, but by the foundations as a whole. By this ingenious solution of the problem, he made it possible for New York to become the City of Dreadful Height. Its office-buildings have become metal cages, of which bricks and stone have ceased to be the essential materials, and form merely a veneer, like the flesh that clothes the bony framework of human beings. How rapidly the world moves in "little old New York" is indicated by the fact that this pioneer, but scarcely antiquated, edifice is already going down to make room for something not only much broader, but vastly taller. The new building is to rise thirty-eight stories above the sidewalk in Broadway, and to attain a height of 443 feet, its width being eighty, while its foundations will rest on bed-rock ninety-five feet underground. It is to run through to the next street, and will occupy the sites of several buildings besides the one described above.

Some conception of the magnitude of the new type of skyscraper may be had from the figures relating to the Singer building. It is said to contain metal piping enough to extend from New York to Albany (136 miles); wires that would reach 3425 miles or three hundred beyond Paris; and steel enough, if made into a three-quarter-inch cable, to connect Manhattan Island with the city of Buenos Ayres (about 7100 miles). Into its construction enter over 1,300,000 terra-cotta blocks and over half a million bricks, and a sufficient amount of copper to make 46,208,000 one-cent pieces. The boilers will demand every year 18,000,000 gallons of water and about 8000 tons of coal. There are 16 electric elevators, the

length of the highest shaft being 546 $\frac{3}{4}$ feet. The interior is lighted by 14,500 electric lights, and to illuminate the exterior there are 1800 incandescent lights, and 25 search-lights of 13,000,000 candle-power each, so that at night the tower is visible forty miles away.

Still larger figures are called for, in describing the Metropolitan Tower; which is not only much taller, but considerably bulkier, being seventy-five by eighty-five feet, instead of sixty-five feet square, and weighing over twice as much—about 84,000,000 pounds. This greater weight is due not only to its size, but to the fact that, whereas the Singer has central panels of metal and glass, the Metropolitan is wholly sheathed with marble. A conspicuous feature of the latter building is an enormous clock, with a face 25 $\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter on each side of the tower. Colored lights will signal the quarter-hours at night; and by day the same divisions of time will be marked by the so-called Cambridge chimes, rung on four colossal bells, now making at Troy, New York. The heaviest of these bronzes will weigh 7000 pounds; the other three 3000, 2000 and 1500 respectively. It is easy to credit the claim that the tones of the largest will be unsurpassed for depth; and that the group, when perched on the four corners of the marble base running around the forty-sixth floor of the building, will be twice as high in air as any other tower bells in existence.

Gigantic as these two buildings are, they yet must yield precedence, except in the matter of extreme height, to the City Investing building, in Broadway, which, rising only thirty-three stories above the sidewalk, yet "blankets" the adjoining Singer building, so that only the upper reaches of its tower are visible from the nearest point on the Hudson River. The amount of rentable floor-space in this leviathan of metal and masonry is twelve acres. Its construction called for 13,500 tons of steel (as compared with 9200 in the Singer building); and the metal punched out and thrown



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SINGER BUILDING (MIDDLE) AND CITY INVESTING BUILDING (RIGHT)

At left is the Trinity Building (cupola) with Trinity Church and the Empire Building beyond it

away in making the necessary 4,410,000 rivet holes, etc., was 297,000 pounds. In elevation, this huge edifice ranks next above the Park Row building—the first really monstrous skyscraper ever put up in New York City. Other of the latest additions to the city's architecture of this sort are the Hudson Terminal buildings, occupying the block fronts in Church Street from Cortlandt to Dey and from Dey to Fulton, and extending 275 feet westward from the sidewalk, with an aggregate available area of 44,000 square feet on each floor. The tenants of these twin office-buildings have thirty-nine elevators to ride in; 5000 windows give them light by day, and—if returning prosperity should happen to keep them at work overtime—30,000 incandescent burners by night.

Less stupendous than the least of these great buildings, yet vast enough, and conspicuous by reason of their setting, are the Empire and Trinity buildings, in Broadway, looking northward and southward respectively across Trinity churchyard and the church itself; and the Whitehall building facing southward over the Battery and the Bay. The Trinity is interesting because of the architect's adoption of a Gothic style for the façade, harmonizing fairly well, in its lighter color, with the fashion of the adjoining church; and the latter for the successful attempt to mitigate, by an agreeable color scheme, the harshness of its packing-box shape. In West Street, immediately behind the Whitehall building, is soon to rise, from West to Washington Street, a skyscraper of assorted heights—a thing of brick and marble and terra-cotta, having a central tower about ninety-five feet square and thirty-six stories (nearly 450 feet) high, showing above two wings, one sixteen, the other thirty-one stories in height—these diversities in elevation being designed to effect an harmonious ensemble with the original Whitehall building, to which the enormous new structure will be annexed.

All past attempts to spoil the classic beauty of the century-old white marble City Hall, by additions either vertical or horizontal, having been thwarted, the municipality has decided to erect a skyscraper of its own, to house sundry of its now scattered departments. A site has been chosen in Centre Street, overlooking City Hall Park; and a competition among the architects has resulted in the acceptance of the plans submitted by the firm of McKim, Mead & White, designers of the Madison Square Tower and many other notable buildings in New York City and elsewhere. These call for a structure harmonizing in a very general way (save as to height) with the City Hall itself, occupying an irregular hexagonal piece of land through the middle of which, from Centre Street to Park Row, Chambers Street will extend in the form of an arcade. The main building will have the comparatively modest elevation of twenty-three stories; but a central tower, with minarets and many columns, will carry a lantern to a height of 559 feet above the sidewalk.

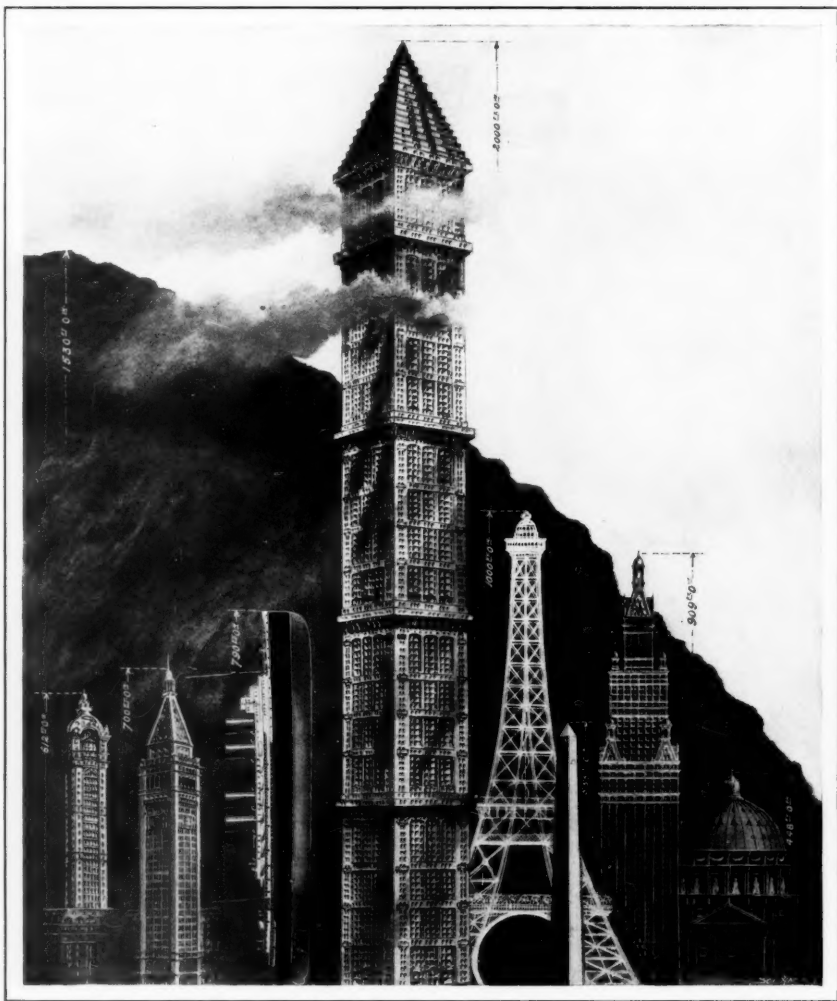
As to the impressiveness of the present skyline as seen from the East River, the Hudson or the Bay, there can be no question. Nothing of its kind exists elsewhere; and one can readily sympathize with the enthusiasm to which travellers sometimes give dithyrambic expression—though one may hesitate to credit a local newspaper's headline, "Editor Strachey" (of the *London Spectator*) "says New York skins Venice!" The immense masses of masonry, hundreds of feet high, above which ascend towers and turrets conspicuously higher, produce an effect grandiose in the extreme. At night, one seems to be approaching a city set upon a hill, the innumerable lights producing, here and there, the effect of winding roads leading upward from the level waterside. And visible for many a mile, above all other objects, the shaft of the Singer building, illuminated within and without by countless lights, glows like a lily in the pool of night.



McKim, Mead & White, Architects. From *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright, 1908, by Harper & Brothers

NEW YORK'S NEW MUNICIPAL BUILDING

Centre Street and Park Row overlooking Hall of Records (left), City Hall (foreground) and proposed Terminal of Brooklyn Bridge (right)



Reproduced from a drawing by C. McKnight Smith, by courtesy of the *Scientific American*

A 2000-FOOT BUILDING—THE MAXIMUM POSSIBLE UNDER NEW YORK'S PRESENT BUILDING CODE

Singer Building (left), Metropolitan Tower, "Lusitania," 2000-foot building, Eiffel Tower, Washington Monument, Equitable Building, St. Peter's Church

A recent writer in this magazine, whose subject was "The National Note in American Art," spoke a true and timely word on the subject of the skyscraper. Referring to the attempts originally made to disguise the height of these "monstrosities," by chopping up their surface into "innumerable and inconsequent

parts" with "persistently recurrent horizontals," he went on to say:

But it occurred to some architects, who happened also to be artists in touch with their time and country, that instead of being forced to an odious task, they were offered a splendid opportunity. . . . These men . . . left behind them their artistic inheritances and sought to express

the dominant qualities of the problem before them. They no longer attempted to impose a foreign architecture upon native conditions; they ceased to babble the formulas of the schools, and boldly proclaimed in firm, recurring, vertical lines, in buoyant and declamatory ornament, the avid struggle, the extravagant energy, the aspiration and desire of power, the disregard for tradition, the irreverence—even the cruelty and sublimity—of commercial life in America.*

The same thought was expressed last spring by a writer in the *Spectator* (presumably the editor himself):

The very disadvantages of New York are also its supreme beauties. What other city is there of like size which matches it in position? It is a seaside city. The salt water laves its feet. As the traveller approaches it he thinks of Venice, rising from the sea; or he is perhaps reminded of ancient Tyre, which stood out in the sea as a hand from a wrist, and of which the houses were impressively tall.

"Impressive" is not too indulgent an expression for the skyscrapers of New York. Clean-faced, simple, original and audacious, they are characteristic of the land and the people. They are not ugly concessions to utility, but rather a grand adaptation of architecture to circumstances. The ancients, harassed with the dread of piracy, would not have dared to build a city like New York on the edge of a great harbor open to the sea. It is something which the modern world alone could have given us. It is free to the world, yet unafraid. Its roads lead everywhere because they lead to the sea. It is a million-footed Manhattan, and the mark of the old colony is still set upon the place where Broadway corkscrews quaintly through the rectangular formality of the ordered avenues.

And here is Friederich van Eeden, the Dutch novelist, poet and socialist, —who finds more to abuse in America than to praise,—going into raptures, in the *Independent*, over New York's wonderful skyline:

New York is naively, unintentionally, and magnificently beautiful, with its broad, yellowish-gray river sparkling in the sun,

*Bayard Boyesen, in PUTNAM'S AND THE READER, May, 1908.

its curious conglomerate of square brick piles, delicately red and creamy white, its white panaches of steam, wafted out and dissolving into the clear, blue, transparent sky. It is all splendid because it has strong, vigorous life and character. It has the healthy style of straight necessity.

If the view of these clustering towers is one to seize the beholder's attention, no less impressive in its way is the view to be had from their summits. Here, as on a map, the second-largest of mankind's dwelling-places is spread at a dizzy depth below one's feet, not only covering Manhattan Island, but spreading out, across bays and rivers, to Long Island, Staten Island, Westchester County, and the neighboring cities of New Jersey, and including woodlands, plains and mountains, the seashore, and old ocean itself.

Apart, however, from its inherently awful, or awe-inspiring aspect, there is another sense in which New York's height may well be termed "dreadful." As a consumer of light and air, the skyscraper is malign and terrible. Once upon a time, Madison Square was a place to which one could resort, whether in the morning or the afternoon of a bright day in winter, in the assurance that he might bask there in the sun. When the Flatiron came, there was no sunlight to be had, after three o'clock, save on the extreme northern edge of the square—or rather on the sidewalk in front of the houses in Twenty-sixth Street. With the Metropolitan tower completed, and a fourteen-story office-building rising on the site of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, there is now little or no sunshine to be had, in winter, in any part of this once popular breathing place. The Flatiron, by virtue of its great height and its triangular form, has proved to be a cyclone-breeder to which self-respecting pedestrians—especially women—must needs give a wide berth; and the Metropolitan, besides shadowing the lower end of the square in the morning hours, has so "blanketed" the Appellate Court House, several hun-

dred feet distant, in Madison Avenue, that an addition of forty feet has had to be made to the height of the chimney of the latter building! Yet this is one of the points at which, if anywhere in town, skyscrapers would seem to be well placed.

Some years ago, the writer remarked to Sir John Taylor, the Government engineer in charge of certain great public buildings going up in Whitehall and elsewhere, that there was one obvious reason why London could never be cursed with such heaven-kissing structures as ours. "Yes," said he—"the narrow streets." I hastened to explain that most of our skyscrapers stood in thoroughfares as narrow as those of London—originally laid out in the Dutch-English village of the seventeenth century. The reason is, of course, the dark and oppressive atmosphere of England's capital, which would make all but the top floors of such buildings unbearably dark for nine or ten months of the year. Yet by dint

of massing our monstrous edifices at one end of the town, we are fast making the neighboring streets as gloomy as Paternoster Row or Chancery Lane, and in many buildings necessitating the use of artificial light in every room less than twenty stories above the curb. In London itself, the nearest approach to a skyscraper is Queen Anne's Mansions, near Victoria Street, S. W., one part of this apartment-house being eleven stories high and the rest fourteen. The Corporation of Liverpool, however (so one reads), has authorized the construction of the first structure of the modern American type in England—a three-hundred-foot office-building, to stand opposite the Prince's landing stage on the river Mersey. The *London Globe* reports the building of a skyscraper in the Rue de la Paix, but gives no dimensions, and English ideas of what constitutes a skyscraper are perhaps not ours. Paris, however, still boasts the tallest building in the world—the



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A PART OF THE SKYLINE OF LOWER NEW YORK AS SEEN FROM THE HUDSON RIVER
Singer Building, middle, City Investing Building partly hiding it at left, Hudson Terminal Buildings and a part of the Park Row Building with its two turrets. At right of the "Singerhorn" is the West Street Building; next comes the Trinity Building (with cupola). The Trinity steeple is dimly visible about half an inch from the extreme right.



Reprinted by permission from *Harper's Weekly* of 27 August, 1883

THOMAS NAST'S VERIFIED PROPHECY

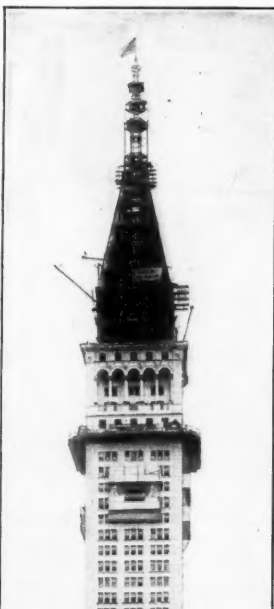
Eiffel Tower; which, by the way, as originally arranged, is to become the property of the city of Paris in January, after twenty years' ownership by M. Eiffel and his heirs.

As this article goes to press, a commission appointed by the Board of Aldermen is revising the Building Code; and as it is expected that its report will recommend a limit to the height of new buildings, the recent submission of an unusual number of plans for particularly tall skyscrapers is doubtless due to a desire to get official approval of such plans before the present code has been amended in the public interest. The leading part in the movement to check the greed of sordid builders has been taken by Mr. Ernest Flagg, the designer of the "Singerhorn." The proposal he makes is that no street façade shall rise more than one hundred feet above the street; and that only one quarter of the lot on which a building stands shall be covered by any part of the building which rises to a greater height than

this; and that such higher part shall come no nearer the front line of the building than that line comes to the curb. To the height of the tower itself, he would fix no bounds. If a builder wishes to devote to a tower more than twenty-five per cent. of his lot, he must induce his neighbors to waive their rights in his favor. For the principle involved in these suggestions, Mr. Flagg has secured the written approval of two hundred of his fellow architects, and his recommendations have been submitted to the commission with the official backing of the profession.

A city of dreadful height is pretty sure to be also a city of dreadful depth. Not content with soaring indefinitely skyward, the modern office-building or hotel dives proportionately deep, with basements, cellars and subcellars sunk, one below the other, to bedrock. In the basement of one of the Trinity buildings is a safe-deposit vault, directly accessible from the platform of the Subway station. An elevator built inside the

vault takes the depositor downstairs, where there is a second vault even larger than the first—both being built of heavy steel plates such as are used in the construction of battle-ships. Occupants of this building can go hundreds of feet along Broadway under the sidewalk, pass through a tunnel beneath the Subway, enter the basement of an office-building on the other side of the street, walk through to New Street, cross above ground to another office-building, and come out on Broad Street near the "Curb," without having been out-of-doors for more



than six seconds. The new Tower building will go five stories underground in New Street and six in Broadway. Beneath the wayfarer crossing Park Avenue at 34th Street are the street cars of the Fourth and Madison Avenue line, which enter and emerge from the Park Avenue tunnel at that point. The Subway trains run in the same direction as the trolley cars, in a four-track tunnel of their own beneath that in which the street car tracks are laid; while a still lower level has been found for the Pennsylvania and Long Island railroads,



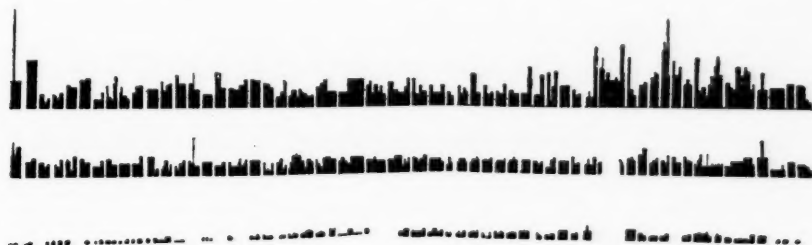
A VIEW FROM THE EDITORIAL ROOMS OF "PUTNAM'S MONTHLY"
Metropolitan Tower, Madison Square, and site of the late Fifth Avenue Hotel

crossing the city a block or two farther downtown. But the profoundest depths are touched by the shafts of the "plunger" elevators; those of the Trinity building penetrating bores 295 feet deep, while those of the City Investing building go down eighty feet farther.

As I sat at my office desk, last winter, in the office of PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, I could see the steel framework of the upper stories of the Metropolitan Tower rising above the roof of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the spring the hotel was torn down, and to the din of pneumatic hammering that reached my ears across Madison Square was added the noise of falling bricks and beams as the housewreckers worked their will on the half-centuried building just below my window-sill. Then the foundations were attacked, and the bedrock on which the famous hostelry had rested since the day I was born, was cleared away to the additional depth that skyscrapers require. With this came the hissing of steam-drills, the shouts of laborers warning one another away from impending explosions; and then the boom of the explosions themselves, followed by the crash of falling tons of granite.

Already the framework of a fourteen-story office-building is rising on

the site of the hotel, and for me the sharp clangor of rivet-driving drowns all other sounds in the neighborhood, and soon all other sights will be blotted out by massive walls. But, in the meantime, the view of busy Fifth Avenue and bosky Madison Square and the buildings beyond the Square rejoices my sight as much as my hearing is offended by the unspeakable racket. To see the street and the trees and the grass, I have to stand at my window; but the Madison Square Garden with its graceful Giralda tower, Dr. Parkhurst's dainty little Presbyterian Church with the Metropolitan Annex behind it, and the Metropolitan Tower itself—all these are in plain view from my revolving chair. The seven-hundred-foot tower, indeed, is visible not only when I look at it, but even when I turn away to speak to a caller, or to read a letter or a manuscript; for then it is reflected in my glasses. And the vision is by no means an unpleasant one. Though I am opposed to the skyscraper on principle, I recognize its æsthetic possibilities, and if this white marble shaft fulfils the promise it held forth when the accompanying photograph was taken, on July 31st, it may well prove to be, not only a nine days' wonder, but one of the chief architectural ornaments of the new New York.



Reproduced from "Charities and The Commons"

NEW YORK'S CHANGING SKYLINE

From 24th Street (at left) southward to the Battery, in 1842 (foot), 1885 and 1907



Drawn by Robert Edwards

(See page 147)

' MY HUSBAND KILLED ISAAC FORD '

BREAKHEART FARM

By BASIL KING

ILLUSTRATION BY ROBERT EDWARDS



It had been called Breakheart Farm time out of mind, in derision of a soil even less responsive than that of its New Hampshire neighbors; but it was only since the tragedy of fifteen years ago that the name had come to have a sinister fascination. "That's Breakheart Farm," the driver of the stage-coach would say, pointing upward with his whip, sure of the interest he created in the mind of the chance passenger beside him. "That's Breakheart Farm," the summer resident would explain to his guest, as they motored from Petersfield to Deane. And "That's Breakheart Farm," one native of the countryside would remark to another, as they drew near the red house on the hill, even though both were familiar with the place since boyhood. Breakheart Farm had become a spot that no one could go by in silence or without straining the vision to catch a possible glimpse of Judith Colomy, or her son.

"That's Breakheart Farm."

Judith Colomy did not hear the words; she only felt sure that one of the two occupants of the wagon, dragging slowly up the hill, had used them to the other. The thought made her hurry across the bit of greensward before the door, to the protecting shelter of the elms, where an old man sat, reading and drowsing in a wicker chair.

"Here's your milk, Father," she said, casting a furtive glance over her shoulder, to make sure that they were unobserved. While the old man

sipped his milk, she stood, still and upright, beside his chair. She was a tall, dark woman, to whom middle-age and sorrow had imparted a certain haggard beauty. In spite of the stiff simplicity of her black dress, and the marks of work on her hands, it was clear at a glance that she belonged to the rank of rural New England gentility. The same fact was stamped on her surroundings. There were suggestions of refinement which were not those of the ordinary farm. The square brick dwelling had a comfortable, ancestral air, and the greensward about it might have been called a lawn. There were hollyhocks, dahlias and sweet-peas beyond, through which one had glimpses of climbing beans, and rows of lofty, spear-leaved Indian corn. Under the elms, a few battered wicker chairs, about a wicker table, on which lay a Bible and a copy of the *North American Review*, bespoke a household of some leisure and cultivation. The old man, who sipped his milk, wore the rusty black coat and white neckcloth of the old-fashioned minister. The Colomys had been ministers, doctors and lawyers even before New Hampshire became a State.

Judith Colomy, waiting to take the glass from her father-in-law's hand, listened to the still, shrill humming of the land, audible to the spirit rather than the sense—the *waldweben* of the forest and the farm—which is earth's response to the ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα—the infinite laughter of the sea. On the silence of the August afternoon the thud of the horse-hoofs on the road broke like the beating of a pulse, while the vehicle itself creaked out a mild complaint.

As the sound drew nearer it caught the old man's ear, and he half turned to listen.

"It's two women driving by," Mrs. Colomy explained. "They're dressed in black, and look as if they were coming from a funeral."

"Whose funeral could it be?" the old man asked. "I have n't heard of any one being dead, except Henry Wellborn, and he was buried yesterday. It's not likely to be any of his folks."

"No it is n't," the woman returned, with significant grimness. "We have n't had so much as a look from one of them since—since our troubles began; and they're not likely to come now—after fifteen years."

"Who knows?" he sighed, gently. "Henry Wellborn was our Arthur's nearest friend. Now that the one has gone to join the other—"

"Father, they're turning in here," Judith Colomy exclaimed, with a sudden catching of the breath. "What can it mean? What can they be coming for? I'm afraid."

"No, no, daughter," he said, soothingly. "It's nothing to be afraid of. Fear is over for us now—since what happened fifteen years ago. Perhaps, though, we'd better send for Edward: he's down in the wheat-field, with the reaping machine."

He rose and, with his hand shading his eyes, watched the slow approach of the wagon up the long, rutted lane. It was so rarely that any one broke in on their seclusion that the event was disturbing. Judith Colomy sped away to bid a woman servant go in search of her son, and hurried back to her father-in-law's side. The wagon was now so near that it was possible to discern the faces of the two women seated within. They were both pale, with thin, pinched features, looking the more wistful for the crape they wore. The younger drove, holding the reins listlessly, while the horse plodded along at its own pace. The elder, who had thrown a heavy veil back from her face, sat with hands clasped, and eyes gazing straight before her.

"It is Eliza Wellborn," Mrs. Colomy whispered. "She's come at last. That must be Myrtle with her. I have n't seen her since—since Arthur was taken from us. She was five then: that would make her twenty now. Yes, it must be she. She's grown pretty: Edward said she had."

The wagon came to a standstill near the door, and the girl, springing out lightly, began to run the rein through the ring of the tying-post. Mrs. Wellborn climbed down more slowly, looking about her as if dazed.

"Had n't you better go forward and speak to her?" the old man suggested.

"No, no; let us wait."

Having secured the horse, Myrtle Wellborn joined her mother and pointed out the two Colomys standing beneath the trees. Mrs. Wellborn pulled down her long crape veil again, and began to stumble forward across the grass. She was a little woman of the frail, helpless order. Judith Colomy remembered her of old as a country coquette, with blue eyes, and golden ringlets, and a silly love of admiration. Myrtle Wellborn held her small head erect, and came on, with lips set, and blue eyes fixed steadily, as if to the fulfilment of some hard duty. In spite of herself, Judith Colomy went forward a step or two, and offered her hand.

"No, I'll not take your hand, Judith Colomy," Mrs. Wellborn stammered, hastily. "I've come to tell you something. I'll sit here."

She dropped into a seat, and began to cry, behind the thick black veil. Myrtle drew up a chair beside her, whispering soothing, strengthening words. Old Mr. Colomy sat down wondering. Judith alone remained standing, with an expression of hard expectancy on her haggard face.

Suddenly Mrs. Wellborn, drawing her handkerchief from beneath her veil, stopped crying, and spoke.

"My husband killed Isaac Ford."

The words came out without emphasis, in the tone of some commonplace statement. They were followed by a long hush, during which one

could hear again the *waldweben* of the August afternoon. Myrtle Wellborn took her mother's hand, and held it tightly. The old man leaned forward, his lips apart, as if in the effort to comprehend. Judith stood both motionless and expressionless, like a woman turned to stone. Nevertheless it was she who broke the silence first.

"Say that again."

Eliza Wellborn, sobbing behind her veil, repeated the words, obediently.

"My husband killed Isaac Ford."

"Is this true? Or are you crazy?"

"It's true."

Judith turned to where the old man was still leaning forward, his face as white now as his hair.

"Do you hear that, Father?"

"I hear, child; but there must be some mistake. My son, Arthur, had a fair trial. The facts were before the world. I feel bound to say it, even though I am his father. There must be some mistake."

"There's no mistake," the woman insisted. "My husband, Henry Wellborn, killed Isaac Ford. I knew it from the first."

"Oh, my God!" Judith Colomy cried out, with sudden passion. "And I believed my husband guilty! I let him go to that awful death knowing that I thought him so."

"That was easier than what I did," Eliza Wellborn replied, her voice rising with a sharp, nervous inflection. "I let your husband go to his fate knowing he was innocent. Of us two, it was I who suffered most."

With a sudden movement she threw back the veil, lifting her tear-stained face. She was a pretty woman still, with the forlorn prettiness of a faded artificial flower. Her large, China-blue eyes, and quivering, wistful mouth, had the pleading expression before which justice is disarmed. Judith Colomy, her face hidden in her hands, could find relief only in a harsh, inarticulate groaning. It was the old man who first regained his self-command. The habit of dealing with tortured souls enabled him to detach himself from the tragedy,

to think of the suffering woman before him.

He drew one of the wicker chairs close to Mrs. Wellborn, and sat down in it. Judith sank into another, her face still covered with her hands.

"You'll tell us about it, Mrs. Wellborn, won't you?" the old minister said, gently.

"I'll try," she murmured; but before she could go on there was a sound of footsteps among the hollyhocks and dahlias. "Here's Edward," she exclaimed, and began to cry again.

Judith Colomy sprang up to meet her son. He opened the gate leading from the garden to the greensward, but stood for a minute, in blank surprise, before passing through. He was a tall young man, straight and stalwart, his natural darkness tanned by exposure to sun and wind. His black hair, black beard, and deep brown eyes gave him a certain foreign look, which accentuated the air of aloofness bred in him by habits of silence, and a life somewhat apart from that of the world around. After a questioning glance from one member of the group to another, his eyes rested on Myrtle Wellborn. His lips were just parting in a smile, when his mother seized his hand and dragged him forward.

"Edward," she cried, "your father died an innocent man. Henry Wellborn killed Isaac Ford."

He released himself from his mother and fell back a step or two, speechless with astonishment.

"I've come to tell you," Mrs. Wellborn quavered, putting her handkerchief to her eyes. "I always meant, if my husband was taken first, to publish everything to the world. Myrtle and I don't care for ourselves, now that he's safe."

"I can't believe it," the young man gasped, just audibly. "You're making some mistake."

Mrs. Wellborn shook her head.

"I've come to tell you," she repeated. "I know you all thought your father guilty. There were only two people in the world who did n't—

my husband and myself. It was awful. I don't know how I lived through it. I could n't have lived, if I had n't loved him so."

She paused to wipe her eyes, while Mrs. Colomy again dropped into a chair. Edward Colomy remained standing, his hands thrust deep into his pockets, and his heavy brows drawn together, as he fixed his eyes on the trembling little woman.

"Listen," she began, again. "It was this way: A few days before Isaac Ford was missed, something unusual happened. My husband stayed out all night. He had never done so before, and I thought it strange. He came home about five in the morning, covered with mud and looking dazed. He said he had been taken ill, on the road home from Chesterfield. He thought he must have fainted, and fallen into one of the stonepits, near the road, on the Thornton farm. It was there he found himself, when he came to. Well, I gave him something hot to drink, and put him to bed. He stayed in bed all that day, but the next day he was better, and went to his office as usual. I was worried at first, but as he seemed to get well again I stopped thinking about it. Then, a few days later, the report spread that Isaac Ford was missing. One morning, at breakfast, I read aloud what the *Deane Register* said about it. It stated that Isaac Ford had been last seen on the road near Breakheart Farm, having hot words with Arthur Colomy. Everybody knew that your father owed him money, and that Ford was a hard man to those who were in his debt. They did n't know that my husband owed him money, too. I did n't know it at that time, either. He spent his money so freely, and liked so much to see me well dressed, that I thought we were comfortably off. I was little more than a child; and you remember, Judith, how much I was admired."

At this recollection, the sobs burst out afresh, and she stopped again to dry her eyes. The four listeners remained silent, in strained attention.

"As I read," she resumed, speaking once more with sudden self-control, "my husband went on with his breakfast, and said nothing. It was only a chance remark on my part which brought about the revelation that changed me from a gay young girl into a broken-hearted woman. In speaking of the last time Isaac Ford was seen alive, I said, 'That was the night, Henry, when you did n't come home.' I meant nothing by it, I had no more suspicion than a babe. But when I saw him grow livid, and put down the cup, which he had half raised to his lips, without drinking—then, in a flash, I knew. 'He did it,' was the thought that shot through my mind; and from that second my course was taken."

"Your course was taken to let my husband die," came, hoarsely, from Judith Colomy.

"No: to let my husband live," was the retort. "I did n't know about anybody else—I did n't care. My one thought was to keep him from the knowledge that he had betrayed himself, even to me. I went on reading the paper, and we talked of things indifferent, till the meal was over. I was frenzied with the fear that they might take him from me; only it was a frenzy that kept me calm, and gave me courage and nerve and steadiness through everything. I never failed once during all the fifteen years, not even in that first year, which was so terrible. I never let him see that I knew anything. When they found Isaac Ford's body buried on Breakheart Farm, and they came and took Arthur Colomy, I persuaded my husband that no harm could come of it, and that Arthur would soon be free. Then I made him believe he was ill, and I took him for a long sea voyage. We went in a sailing ship to the Azores, and for months we were without news from America. When we came back—it was all over. We settled down to our life at Deane, and everything went on again as usual, except for what was in me. I need n't tell you about that. You'll have to guess. I'm not a bad woman, natu-

rally. What I've done, I've had to do, to shield the man I loved. I could n't let him die, whatever the suffering to others. But now that he no longer needs my protection, I am free—free to get it off my mind and heart—free to pay any part of the penalty they'll let me pay. I want to. I want to tell every one what I did. I want the world to know that Arthur Colomy was innocent, and that Henry Wellborn was not half so guilty as I. I was the one to blame. I'm the one to punish—"

"And you shall *be* punished," Judith Colomy said, with harsh determination. "If there's justice in God above, or in man below, you shall have it now."

"I'm ready to take it," the little woman faltered. "That's what I want."

"Then, come!" Judith Colomy sprang to her feet. "Come, Edward. Come, Father. Tell them," she added, to her son, "tell them to harness both horses, and we'll drive with Eliza Wellborn, back to Deane. The town shall know the story before night."

"Wait," Edward Colomy said, quietly, coming forward. "Wait."

Mrs. Wellborn, who had half risen, fell back into her chair again. Judith looked expectantly at her son.

"Myrtle," he went on, "what do you know about all this?"

"Mother told me last night," the girl replied faintly, "after we came home from father's funeral. I agreed with her that the first step was to come and confess everything to you."

"You believe it, then?"

"I could n't help believing it. I had guessed long ago that my father and mother were keeping some strange secret between them."

"Then, if you believe it, perhaps you'll be less angry if I say I love you, and that I want you to be my wife."

There was a startled movement on the part of Mrs. Wellborn. Judith attempted to protest, but her son hurried on.

"I love you. I've loved you for a long time. Because of the shadow on our name, I've never dared to tell

you; but I've loved you. Now, if this is true, I feel I have the right to speak. Why should n't you marry me, and we'll bury all that's been said this afternoon in silence?"

"Edward, you'd sacrifice your father's name, like that?" his mother cried, indignantly.

"Is it better to sacrifice the living or the dead, Mother? My father is where none of the world's judgments can affect him any more. We might proclaim his innocence on the housetops, and yet we could n't do any good to him. But these two women are in the world, exposed to all the suffering the world metes out to protect itself."

"But we're there, too," Mrs. Colomy protested. "Who has suffered more from the world's justice than you and I? Is n't it time that those who have done the wrong should taste a little of the consequence?"

"What good would it do, Mother? Should we be any happier to know that Mrs. Wellborn was lying in a prison, and that Myrtle had become an outcast like ourselves? Would that give us peace of mind? Would it restore us the fifteen years in which we've lived like ghosts among our fellow-men? Should any of us have the heart to go back and lead the common life of every day, as if we'd never been outside it? You know we could n't, Mother. Father's innocence might be published from end to end of the land, and yet we'd never be anything but the saddened family we are. Why then should we try to make what's hard harder? If Mrs. Wellborn has done wrong, she's paying for it dearly. No punishment human society has power to command would equal that which her own soul inflicts upon itself. She's in God's hands; let us leave her there."

"Let us leave her there," the old minister repeated, gently.

"But Myrtle, Mother, is in our hands," Colomy continued. "It's for us to say whether she shall be tortured, and pilloried, and shamed. We know something of the punishment borne by the innocent, and we must say whether or not she's to

share it. She's young, she's blameless, and, up to a few days ago, she was light-hearted. She may never be light-hearted again, after what's been said this afternoon; but at least we can save her from being driven to despair. No one knows as well as we do what it means to be outside the pale of human fellowship in the degree to which a great crime puts you there. You could never ask another living creature, Mother, to go through what you've endured yourself; least of all could you ask it of the woman I love, and whom I want as my wife. I love you, Myrtle. I say it, and say it again. Marry me, and we'll atone for the wrongs of one generation by the blessedness of another."

The girl rose from her place, and, slipping across the grass towards him, offered both her hands.

"Very well, Edward," she said, simply, "I will."

"God bless you both!" the old man murmured, tottering up to them, and laying a hand on the shoulder of each.

"Myrtle," Mrs. Wellborn sobbed, "you're doing this for me."

Judith Colomy looked on, with anger in her eyes.

Again there was a long half-minute in which there seemed no place for speech, and the *waldweben* of the wood and field trilled on the summer silence. It was then they noticed what had been unheeded before—the quick beat of horse-hoofs in the lane. There was a simultaneous movement, during which Edward Colomy retained his hold on Myrtle's hand. A young man had already ridden up to the door of the house, and was springing from his horse.

"Oh, Myrtle!" Mrs. Wellborn cried, in alarm. "It's Jasper Addicks. What shall you do now?"

Hot blushes rose to the girl's cheeks, and she had only time to wrench her hand away from Colomy's before the young man had secured his horse, and was running across the greensward. He was a fresh-faced, bright-eyed young fellow, whom they all knew as the most promising lawyer in Deane.

He stopped at a few paces from the startled group.

"Have they told you?" he demanded, breathlessly, addressing himself to Edward Colomy. "Ah," he went on, with an expression of disappointment, "I see they have. Well, it's all right, only I wanted to be with them when they did it. Their trouble is my trouble, and what they have to bear, I'll bear too. Myrtle," he added, going up to the girl, and seizing her hands, "I got your letter this morning, and I hurried after you. It's like the brave woman you are to set me free in that way, but you might have known that it's a freedom I don't want."

"Oh, but you must take it, Jasper," she stammered, releasing herself. "I can't marry you now. Everything is changed."

"Not for me," the young man smiled. "As long as I love you and have your love, nothing else counts with me. What sort of man should I be if I weren't proud to be by your side in everything you have to face? If there's a place that belongs to me on earth, it's there."

Judith Colomy tried to exchange glances with her son, but he stood passively looking on.

"I can't marry you, Jasper," the girl repeated. "Edward Colomy loves me, too. He has asked me to be his wife; and I feel that, after all that's happened, I belong to him."

The rosy tint faded from the young man's face, and the brightness of his eyes went out.

"Oh!" he ejaculated, as if with unexpected pain. "Oh!" He receded awkwardly, a few paces, his hands nervously twitching behind him, and his eyes roving from Myrtle to Colomy and back again. Then his glance fell on Mrs. Wellborn, huddled in a black heap in her chair. "Oh!" he breathed again. "I see. I see. Of course. In that case, everything would be—arranged. Of course. Of course. Myrtle," he said aloud, "you've done quite rightly. You do belong to him. And, Colomy, old boy," he continued, going up to Edward, "let me take

your hand. I shall ask nothing better from the rest of life than to be your friend and hers."

Colomy took the proffered hand, as though acting in a dream.

"Edward," the old minister quavered, from the background, "now is your time to speak, and show you are a Colomy."

"I know, Grandfather."

"Yes," Judith exclaimed, eagerly; "no Colomy could marry a woman who did n't love him. You'll give her up, Edward," she added, coming forward, pleadingly, "and see justice done to your father's name."

"Yes, Mother, I'll give her up," he returned, briefly. "Myrtle——"

"No, no," the girl broke in. "Don't give me up, Edward, if you want me. I belong to you. I'm here for you to take. I'll be a good wife to you, in spite of having loved someone else. I shall love you in time, I know I shall. Take me, Edward. Let me do something to make up for what you've borne. We both want it; don't we, Jasper? It is n't only to escape—to escape what must be told, that I urge myself upon you; it's because I'm eager to do something that might comfort you, and help you, and bring you, perhaps, a little happiness. I did n't expect any such possibility when I came here this afternoon; but now if you would let me do it, it would be a joy to me. There'd be no sacrifice in it, neither to me nor Jasper—would there, Jasper? You'd feel, like me, that we were giving up only what we had no right to; and we should want to do it. Let me, Edward. I'm young, and strong, and light-hearted, as you said just now. I could bring something into the life of Breakheart Farm that is n't there. Even you'd forgive me, Mrs. Colomy, in time; and I should be for you, Mr. Colomy, like another child. Oh, let me come to you and try. Here I am, Edward. Take me. Take me. I belong to you—to do with as you will."

She stretched out her arms towards him, and for the first time he smiled.

"Yes, Myrtle, I take you. Since you come to me, I take you—like

this." He folded her in a long, slow, close embrace, and, stooping, kissed her forehead. "You're mine. You belong to me. You're mine to do with—as I will. You've said it. And what I will is this——"

He loosened his clasp from about her, and turned slowly to where young Addicks was standing with face white and lips trembling.

"What I will is this," he repeated, and forced the girl gently into her lover's arms.

"God be praised!" broke from Judith Colomy. "My husband's name will be cleared, after all. There's no reason to be silent now."

"No," Mrs. Wellborn assented, with renewed sobs; "I shall do it: I shall go back to Deane and do it to-night."

"God be praised! God be praised!" Judith cried again.

"We'll go with you, Mrs. Wellborn," Jasper Addicks declared, still holding Myrtle to his breast.

Colomy had begun to stride away, but he turned again.

"Don't do that," he said, speaking, from a distance, in the tranquil tone he had used hitherto. "In the first place, we don't wish it. My grandfather and I are of one mind in the matter, and my mother will agree with us when she has reflected well. In the second place, if Mrs. Wellborn were to speak, nobody would believe her. In favor of her statements she has neither proof nor probability."

"Ah!" Mrs. Wellborn gasped, as if indignantly. Myrtle raised her head to listen.

"It's possible," Colomy went on, "that for fifteen years Mrs. Wellborn has lived under a delusion. She has had no reason for believing her husband guilty other than the fact that she thought him so. He never confessed to her, by word or sign; she pieced her theories together from impressions that were weaker than the air."

"Ah!" The little woman cried out, as if someone had struck her.

"Henry Wellborn lived an honorable life," Colomy pursued, "and she lived complacently beside him. No wife could have carried herself as she

has done if she had been in possession of such a secret. It would n't be the first time that a woman has suffered from just that touch of madness that keeps her living in a kind of dream. Nor would it be the first time that the grief of widowhood has so turned a woman's wits that the wildest fancy seemed to her like truth."

"How dare you?" Mrs. Wellborn protested.

"In any case," Colomy ended, "it will be well for her to know that if such a story gets abroad, we, as a family, will be the first to discredit it, while she herself can scarcely help falling into ridicule. Myrtle, you have nothing to be afraid of, you have no cause for unhappiness. As for us, Mother, my father's honor is in God's keeping, and we can wait His time to clear it."

He turned away as he spoke, without bidding any one good-bye, while Mrs. Wellborn lifted her faded face, and glanced about, as though seeking for protection.

"How could he speak to me like that," she wept aloud, "when I had come here to make atonement!"

There was no reply, for all eyes were gazing after Colomy, who had passed through the wicket, and was disappearing down the rows of hollyhocks and dahlias, back to the reaping from which he had come. Over Breakheart Farm there fell again the August hush, vibrating with the still, shrill humming of the land, audible to the spirit rather than the sense—the *waldweben* of the forest and the field,—which is earth's response to the *ἀνθρώπων γέλασμα*—the infinite laughter—of the sea.



JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS

By ALICE MACGOWAN

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

CHAPTER XVII



IT was a case of walking typhoid. Judith and old Jephthah got Creed home between them, making a bed in the bottom of the wagon, and carrying the unconscious man to lay him in the great four-poster that was the main ornament of the front room at the Turrentines'. Jephthah was a competent sick-nurse, and Judith put all her native skill and tenderness into the tending upon Creed, all the passion of her remorse that she had ever faltered in her expectation of his return.

It was strange to have him lying there under their hands, staring at them with eyes that recognized nobody, babbling all those inconsequent words, unable to tell them by what devious and strange paths he had won back to his own doorstep that wild autumn midnight. And then came Iley, a baby on her hip and war in her eye, to demand that the returned wanderer should tell her where Huldah was, and that Judith should find out whether Creed and Huldah had been wedded.

Jephthah put a stern negative on all exciting topics and any inquiries whatsoever; visitors were kept out of the sick-room; yet the question Iley had asked tormented Judith day and night and, so close is the sym-

pathy between nurse and patient, it could not fail to torment Creed through her. She had promised Iley that she would ask, and on the first flutter of returning reason she questioned eagerly,

"Whar's Huld'y?"

"I don't know," returned Creed tremulously. The blue eyes in their great hollows came up to her face in a frightened gaze. Instantly they flamed with the look of confusion that had been in them from the first.

"You're married to her—ain't you?" choked Judith, horrified at what she had done, loathing herself for it, yet pushed on to do more.

"Yes," whispered Creed miserably. "Sit down by me again, Judith. Don't be mad. What are you mad about? I forget—there was awful trouble, and somebody was shot—oh, how they all hate me!"

The fluttering moment of normal condition was gone. The baffled, confused eyes closed; the thin hands began to fumble piteously about the covers; the pale lips resumed their rapid motion, while from between them flowed the old, swift stream of broken whispers. Judith had quenched the first feeble flame of intelligence that flickered up toward her. She remained for a moment staring down at her handiwork, then covered her face and burst out crying. An ungentle grasp descended upon her shoulder. Her uncle, standing tall and angry behind her, thrust her from the room.

"Thar now!" he said with carefully repressed violence, lest his tones should disturb the sick man. "You've raised up a pretty interruption with my patient. I 'lowed I could trust you, Jude. What in the world you fussin' with Creed about? For God's sake, did you see him? You've nigh-about killed him, I reckon. Did n't I tell you not to name anything to him to worry him?"

"He says he's married Huld'y," said Judith in a strangled voice.

"Says! He'd say anything—like he is now," retorted her uncle, exasperated. "An' he'd shore say any-

thing on earth that was put in his mouth. I don't care if he's married forty Huldys; what I want is for him to get well. Lord, I do wish I had Nancy here, and not one of these fool young gals with their courtin' business, and their gettin' jealous and havin' to have a rippit with a sick man that don't know what he's talkin' about," he went on savagely.

But high-spirited Judith paid no attention to the cutting arraignment.

"Do you think that's true—oh, Uncle Jep, do you reckon he did n't mean it?" was all she said.

"I don't see as it makes any differ," retorted her uncle, testily. "Marryin' Huld'y Spiller ain't no hangin' matter—but hit'll cost that boy his life ef you fuss with him and git him excited and all worked up."

Judith turned and felt her way blindly up the steep little stair to her own room. That night she prayed, not in a formulated fashion, but to some vague, over-brooding goodness that she hoped would save her from cruelty to him she loved.

After that there was a continual struggle on her part to treat her patient with the natural tenderness which would have been but too ready to overflow in his case. Considering her temperament she did well; but on the fourth day came a strange, unexpected, unsolicited answer to all the questions which she had longed to ask, but had denied herself. When she went into the sick-room with a bowl of broth, Creed greeted her with a half-terrified smile.

"Did you meet her goin' out?" he asked.

"Did I meet who, Creed?" inquired Judith, setting the bowl down on a splint-bottomed chair, spreading the clean towel across the quilts, and preparing for his breakfast. "Has there been somebody in here to see you a'ready?"

"It was only Huldah," whispered Creed. "She just slipped in a minute after you went out."

Judith straightened up with so sudden a movement that the contents of the bowl slopped perilously.

"Which way did she go?" came the sharp challenge.

"Out that door," indicating the way which led directly into the yard.

Judith ran and flung it open. Nobody was in sight. Heedless of the sharp wintry air that blew in upon the patient, she stood searching the way over toward Jim Cal's cabin.

"I don't see her," she called across her shoulder. "Mebbe she's in the house yet."

She closed the door reluctantly and came back to the bedside.

"No," said Creed plaintively, "she ain't here. She allowed you-all were mad at her, and I reckon she'll keep out of sight."

"But she had to come to see you—her wedded husband," accused Judith sternly.

He moved his head on the pillow with a motion of assent. The broth stood untouched, cooling on the chair.

"Is she stayin' down at Jim Cal's?" came Judith's next question.

"She never named it to me where she was stayin'," returned Creed wearily. As before, Judith's ill-concealed anger and hostility was as a sword of destruction to him; yet now he had a little more strength to endure with. "She just come—and now she's gone." He closed his eyes, and the white face looked so sunken that Judith's heart misgave her.

"Won't you eat your breakfast now, Mr. Bonbright?" she said stiffly.

"I don't want any breakfast, thank you. I can't eat," returned Creed in low tones.

Judith pressed her lips hard together to refrain from mentioning Huldah again. She was in terror lest she had injured Creed, yet for the life of her she could not get out one word of kindness. Finally she took her mending and sat down within sight of the bed, deceiving herself into the belief that he slept. The next day an almost identical scene pushed her strained nerves to the verge of hysteria.

The continued distress and agitation of his patient showed old Jephthah plainly that Judith was no fit nurse

for the man she loved. Laying the most solemn injunctions upon her as to care and caution he left and went down to the valley settlement after Nancy. On the second morning of her uncle's absence, Dilsey Rust brought another message from Blatch who had been sending word that he wanted to see Judith—he had something to tell her. The girl caught at this feverishly. She put a shawl over her head and ran swiftly down through the raw November weather to the draw-bars, where, in the big road outside, Turrentine slouched against a post waiting for her. The man spoke over his shoulder.

"Howdy, Jude—you did come at last."

"Ef yo' goin' to say anything to me, you'll have to be mighty quick, Blatch," she notified him, shivering. "I got to get right back."

"They's somebody new—and yet not so new—a visitin' in the Turkey Tacks that you'd like to know of," he prompted coolly. "Ain't that so?"

"Huldy," she gasped, her dark eyes fixed upon his gray ones.

He nodded.

"I 'lowed you'd take an intrust in that thar business, an' I thort as a friend you ort to be told of it," he added virtuously.

"Where's she at?" demanded Judith.

"Over at my house," announced Turrentine easily, with a backward jerk of his head.

"At yo' house!" echoed Judith: "At yo' house! Why, hit ain't decent."

"Huh," laughed Blatch. "I don't know about decent. She was out thar takin' the rain; she had nobody to roof her; and I bid her in, 'caze I'm in somewhat the same fix myse'f."

"No one to roof her?" repeated Judith. "What's henderin' her from comin' over this side the Gulch?"

"Well, seein' the way she's done Wade, I reckon she 'lows she'd better keep away from his pap's house. She's at the outs with Iley—Jim Cal's lady sont her word she need n't never show her face thar ag'in. She gives it

out to everybody that 'll listen at her talk that she's skeered o' you 'count o' Bonbright."

Judith studied his face with half-incredulous eyes.

"How long has she been there?" she interrogated keenly.

Turrentine seemed to take time for reflection.

"Lemme see," he ruminated, "she come a Wednesday night. Hit was rainin', ef you remember, an' I hearn something outside, and it scairt me up some, fer fear it was revenuers. When I found hit was Huldy, I let her in, and she's been thar ever sence."

Wednesday night! It was Thursday morning that Creed had first announced the visit of his wife. Oh, it must be true. Judith trembled all through her vigorous young body with a fury of despair. As always, Blatchley had found the few, simple words to bid her worse angel forth. She even felt a kind of hateful relish for the quarrel. They had tricked her. They had made a fool of her. She had suffered so much. She longed to be avenged.

"Judy," murmured Blatch softly, bending toward her but not laying a hand upon her, "you white as a piece o' paper, an' shakin' from head to foot. That's from stayin' shet up in the house yonder nussin' that feller Bonbright night an' day like a hirelin'. W'y, he never did care nothin' for you only becaze you was useful to him. Ye stood betwixt him an' danger; ye he'ped him out when he needed it wust. An' he had it in mind to fool ye from the first. Now him and Huldy Spiller has done it. Don't you let 'em. You show 'em what you air. I've got a hoss out thar, and Selim's down in the stable. I'll put yo' saddle on him. Git yo' skirt, honey. Let's you and me ride over to Squire Gaylord's and be wedded. Then we'll have the laugh on these here smart folks that tries to fool people."

He leaned toward her, all the power of the man concentrated in his gaze. Perhaps he had never wanted any-

thing in his twenty-seven years as he now wanted Judith Barrier and her farm and the rehabilitation that a union with her would give him. Once this girl's husband, he could curtly refuse to rent to Jephthah Turrentine, who had, he knew, no lease. He could call into question the old man's stewardship, and even up the short, bitter score between them. He could reverse that scene when he was sent packing and told to keep his foot off the place.

"Judy," he breathed, deeply moved by all this, "don't ye remember when we was—befo' ever this feller come—Why, in them days I used to think shore we'd be wedded."

Judith rested a hand on the bars, and, lips apart, stared back into the eager eyes of the man who addressed her. Blatchley had always had some charm for the girl. Power he did not lack; and his lawlessness, his license, which might have daunted a feeble woman, liberated something correspondingly brave and audacious in her. He had been the first to pay court to her, and a girl does not easily forget that.

For a moment the balance swung even. Then it bore down to Blatch's side. She would go. Yes, she would! Creed might die, or get well. Huldah might be his wife, or his widow. She, Judith Barrier, would show them—she would show them. Her parted lips began to shape a reckless yes. The word waited in her mind behind those lips, all formed. Her swift imagination pictured herself riding away beside Blatch, leaving the sick man, who had caused her so many humiliations, to his fate. Blatch, watching narrowly, read the coming consent in her face. His hand stole forward toward the draw-bars.

Her salvation was in a very small and commonplace thing. The picture of herself riding beside Blatch Turrentine brought back to her, with an awakening shock, the recollection of herself and Creed riding side by side, her arm across his shoulder, his drooping head against it. How purely happy she had been then—how inno-

cent—how blest! What were these fires of torment that raged in her now? No, no! That might be lost to her; but even so, she could not decline from its dear memory to a mating like this. Without a word she turned and ran back to the house, never looking over her shoulder in response to the one or two cautious calls that Blatch sent after her.

Judith's day was mercifully full of work. When Creed did not require her, Dilsey demanded help and direction, and one or two errands from outside kept her mind from sinking in upon itself. It was nightfall, Andy was lending her his awkward aid in the sickroom, when Jeff came in and beckoned the two of them out mysteriously. Blatch, he said, had sent him word that Huldah was in the cabin on the far side of the Gulch, and that if the Turrentines wanted her they could come after her. The head of the clan was absent, Jim Cal and his wife had gone on a day's visit to Pap Spiller's, Wade was away working on the railroad; it was left for the twins and Judith to decide what must be done. Judith rose to the better part, and told them they must go and fetch the girl, lest her good name be tarnished or some harm befall.

They went at once; but passing the still on their way to Blatch's house, they were suddenly set upon from behind by their cousin and Scalf, the new town partner he had taken in Jim Cal's place, bound, and dragged into the cave. Blatch had failed in his last desperate effort to win Judith; his uncle had cast him out, disgraced and disowned; his lease would expire in a few weeks; the marshal at Hepzibah was close upon his tracks. He had made up his mind to go, but to have revenge before he left. He was drinking heavily to-night, and he quarreled savagely with Zeke Scalf over the trussing up of the two boys; then, reckless as he always was with liquor in him, left the man to guard Jeff and Andy, while he went to get the team to move his belongings from the cave. Zeke, angry and offended,

walked away swearing; and when Blatch returned he found his prisoners gone and the place deserted. Puzzled, aghast, he was hurriedly snatching up such articles as he wished to take with him, when Haley, whom he himself had warned to apprehend the boys, came with his posse and arrested him.

And so Blatch Turrentine passed temporarily from the knowledge of his Turkey Track kindred, going down the mountain side with the triumphant Dan Haley, having fallen into his own trap.

CHAPTER XVIII

Meantime, back in the quiet sick-room, while Creed slept, Judith sat by the window and stared out into the black November night. There had come a sort of peace over her tumult, a stilling that was not mere weariness. She was like a woman who has just been saved from a shipwreck, snatched away from the imminent jaws of doom—chastened, and wondering a little. Intensely thankful for what she had escaped, she sat there in the silent room, Judith Barrier, safe from the sin of a godless union, from the life that would have been hers as Blatchley Turrentine's wife.

With remorseless honesty she went back over her years. Always in the past months of suffering she had blamed this or that extraneous circumstance with her undoing; now she saw and recognized and acknowledged that nothing and nobody had brought disaster upon her but herself. It was not because Blatchley Turrentine was a bad, lawless man, not because the boys were reckless fellows, led and influenced by him, that all this trouble had come. If she, Judith Barrier, had dealt fairly and humbly by her world, she might have had the lover of her choice in peace as other girls had—even as Cliantha and Pendrilla had. But no, such enterprises as contented these, such standing as they had in the community, would not do her. She must seek to cast her spells upon every eligible man within her reach.

She must try her hand at subjugating those who were difficult, pride herself on the skill with which she retained half a dozen in anxious doubt as to her intentions concerning them.

Her forehead drooped to the window-pane and her cheeks burned as she recollected times and seasons and scenes that belonged to the years when Blatch was building up his firm belief that she loved him, and would some time marry him. It had been a spirited, dangerous game to her then; nothing more.

Her passionate, possessive nature was winning to higher ground, leaving, with pain and travail of spirit, the plane on which her twenty years had been lived. The past months of thwarting, failure and heart-hunger had prepared for this movement; to-night it was almost consciously making. She was coming to the place where, if she might not have love, she could at least be worthy of it. The little clock which had measured her vigils that night of the dumb supper slanted toward twelve. She got to her feet with a long sigh. She did not know yet what she meant to do or to forbear doing; but she was aware, with relief, of a radical change within her, a something developed there which could consider the rights of Creed—even of Huldah; which could submit to failure, to rejection—and be kind!

Slowly she went and knelt down beside the bed and looked fixedly at the sleeper. With the birth of this new spiritual impulse the things Blatch Turrentine had said of Creed and Creed's intentions dropped away from her as fall the dead leaves from the bough of that most tenacious of oak trees which holds its withered foliage till the swelling buds of a new spring push it off. He was a good man. She felt that to the innermost core of her heart. She loved him. She believed she would always love him. As for his being married to Huldah she would not inquire how that came about, how it could have happened while she felt him to be promised to herself. There was—there must be—a right way for even that to befall.

She must love him and forgive him, for only so could she face her life, only so could she patch a little peace with herself and still the gnawing agony in her breast.

Who that knows even a little the wonders of the subjective mind, who that has tested the marvellous communication between the mood of nurse and patient, will doubt that the sick man, lying passive, receptive, got now Judith's message of peace and relaxation. The girl herself—powerful, dominating young creature—had been fought to a spiritual stand-still. She was at last forced to her knees, and the atmosphere which her passionate struggles had long disturbed grew serene about her. Even a wavering note of something more joyous than mere peace, a courage, a strength that promised happiness, must have radiated from her to him. For Creed's eyes opened and looked full into hers with a wholly rational expression which had long been absent from their clear depths.

"Judith—honey," he whispered, fumbling vaguely for her hand.

"Yes, Creed—what is it? What do you want?" she asked tremulously, taking the thin fingers in her warm clasp.

"Nothing—so long as I've got you," he returned contentedly. "Wont you sit down here by me and talk awhile?"

She gazed keenly at her patient. Was it the dim candle-light, or did he look better?

"I've been sick a long time, haven't I?" he asked.

"Yes," the girl replied, drawing up a chair and seating herself. "Hit's more 'n six weeks that Uncle Jep an' me has been takin' care of you."

He lifted her hand and stroked it.

"A body gets mighty tired of a sick fellow," he said wistfully.

Judith's eyes filled at the pitiful little plea, but she could not offer endearments to Huldah's husband.

"I ain't tired of you," she returned in a low, choked voice. "I most wish't I was. Creed—"

She slipped from her chair, dropping on her knees at the pillow.

"Creed, I want to tell you now while I can do it that the boys is gone to get Huldah. She can take care of you after this—but I'll help. I ain't mad about it. I was aimin' to tell you that the next time she come in you should bid her stay. God knows I want ye to be happy"—the dark eyes swam, the red lips trembled piteously—"whether it's me or another."

Bewilderment grew in the blue orbs regarding her so fixedly.

"Huldah?" he repeated. And then in a lower, musing tone, "Huldah."

"Yes—yo' wife, Huldah Spiller," Judith urged mildly. Don't you mind namin' it to me the first time she slipped in to visit you?"

An abashed look succeeded the expression of bewilderment. A faint, fine flush crept on the thin white cheek.

"I—I do," whispered Creed, with a foolish little smile beginning to curve his lips; "but there was n't a word of truth in it—dear. I've never seen the girl since she left Aunt Nancy's that Saturday morning."

"What made you say it then?" breathed Judith wonderingly.

"I—I don't know," faltered the sick man. "It seemed like you was mad about something; and then it seemed like Huldah was here; and then—I don't know, Judith—did n't I say a heap of other foolishness?"

The simple query reproved his nurse more than a set arraignment would have done. He had indeed babbled, in his semi-delirium, plenty of "other foolishness." This was the only point upon which she had been credulous.

"Oh, Creed—honey!" she cried, burying her face in the covers of his bed. "I'm so ashamed. I've got such a mean, bad disposition: nobody could n't ever love me if they knew me well."

She felt a gentle, tremulous touch on her bowed head.

"Jude, darling," Creed's voice came to her, and for the first time it sounded really like his voice, "I loved you from the moment I set eyes on you. I did n't sense it for a spell, but I come to see that you were the one woman

in the world for me. There never was a man done what went more against the grain than I the night I parted from you down at the railroad station and let you go back when you would have come with me—so generous—so loving—"

He broke off, and Judith raised her head in a sort of consternation. Were these the exciting topics that her Uncle Jep would have banished from the sick-room? she wondered. But no, Creed had never looked so nearly a well man as now. He raised himself upon his pillow.

"Don't!" she called sharply, and, springing up, slipped a capable arm under his shoulders, laying his head on her breast. "You ort not to do that-away," she reproached him. "I'll lift you when you want anything."

"I don't want a thing, but this," whispered Creed, looking up into her eyes. "Nothing, only—"

Judith read the mute prayer aright, and tears of exquisite feeling blinded her. As she looked at him, there was loosed upon her soul the whole tide of passionate tenderness which had gathered there since first she saw him standing—eager, fearless, selfless—on the court-house steps at Hepzibah. The yellow head lay on her arm now; those blue eyes which, in many bitter hours since that time, had seemed as unattainable to her love as the sky itself, were raised to her own, they were pleading for her kiss. She bent her face; the full red lips met Creed's. The weary longing was satisfied; the bitterness was washed away.

They remained quietly thus, Creed drinking in new life from her nearness, from her dearness. When she would have lifted her head, his thin hand went up and was laid over the rounded cheek, bringing the sweet mouth back to his own.

"I'll need a heap of loving, Judith," he whispered,—“a heap. I've been such a lone fellow all my days. You'll have to be everything and everybody to me."

Judith's lavish nature, so long choked back upon itself, trembled to its very core with rapture at the

bidding. It seemed to her that all of heaven she had ever craved was to do and be everything that Creed Bonbright needed. She answered with an inarticulate murmur of tenderness, a sound inexpressibly wooing and moving. All that she had felt, all that she meant for the future, surged strong within her—was fain for utterance. But Judith was not fluent, she must content herself with doing and being—Creed could speak for her now. She cherished the fair hair with loving touch, nestling the thin cheek against her soft warm face.

The beautiful storm-rocked craft of Judith's passion was safe at last in Love's own harbor; the skies were fair above it, and only Love's tender airs breathed about its weary sails.

"We'll be wedded in the spring," Creed's lips murmured against her own. "I'll carry home a bride to the old place. Oh, we'll be happy, Judith."

CHAPTER XIX

Over the shoulder of Yellow Old Bald up came the sun; bannered and glorious. The distant ranges glowed in his splendors; the sere fields about the place were all gilded. The small-paned eastern window of the sick-room let in a flood of morning light.

Back and forth in the puncheon-floored kitchen trudged old Dilsey Rust's heavy-shod foot, carrying her upon the appointed tasks of the day.

In the sickroom, where the low, alternating voices had subsided into an exchange of murmured words, suddenly Creed dropped his head back to stare at his nurse with startled eyes.

"Judith!" he exclaimed. "Where are the boys?"

He glanced at the window, then about the room.

"It's broad day. That word Blatch sent was a decoy; Huldah Spiller is n't on the mountain. Somebody must go over there."

Judith rose swiftly to her feet.

"My Lord, Creed! I forgot all about 'em," she said contritely. "Ye don't reckon Blatch would harm

the boys? And yet yo' right—it does look bad. I don't know what to do, honey. They ain't a man on the place till Uncle Jep comes. But maybe he'll be along in about an hour."

She hurried to the window and stared over toward the Gulch; and at the moment a group of people topped the steep, rising into view one after the other out of the ravine, and coming on toward the house.

"Here they are now," she said with relief in her tones. "Andy—Jeff—Pendrilla—why, whatever—the Lusk girls is with 'em! They's another—Creed, they *have* got Huldah! And that last feller—no, 't ain't Blatch—of all things—it's Wade! They're comin' straight to this door. Shall I let them in?"

"Yes," said Creed's steady voice. "Let them right in."

She ran swiftly to slip an extra pillow under her patient's shoulders, straighten the covers of the bed and put all in company trim. Her light hand swept back the fair locks above his transparent brow; her lips brushed his cheek, murmuring as they crossed it, "Creed, I love you"; and the next moment somebody rattled the latch.

"Come in, folks," Creed called, speaking out with a roundness of voice that it did her heart good to hear.

They came hesitatingly into the room, the boys shouldering back a little.

Creed looked past the timid girls to where Andy and Jeff halted.

"Well?" he asked, with a man's directness, "how did you-all make out?"

Andy opened his lips to answer, when there was a clatter of hoofs outside. As they all turned to the window, Jephthah Turrentine's big voice, with a new tone in it, called out to somebody,

"Hold on thar, honey—lemme lift ye down."

"Ain't Uncle Jep goin' to be proud when he sees how well you air?" Judith, stooping, whispered to Creed. "He went off to get somebody to he'p

nurse you, because he said I done you more harm than good."

"Your Uncle Jep don't know everything," returned Creed softly.

No mountaineer ever knocks on a door, but Jephthah Turrentine made considerable racket before he entered the room.

"Oh—you air awake," he said cautiously, "an' got company so airy in the mornin'." He glanced from the others to his patient. "You look fine—fine!" he asserted with high satisfaction. Then turning, over his shoulder, "Come right along in, honey—Creed 'll be proud to see ye."

He paused on the threshold, reached back a hand and entered, pulling after him Nancy Card—who was Nancy Card no longer. A wild-rose pink was in her withered cheeks under the frank gray eyes. She smiled as Judith had never imagined she could smile. But even then the young people scarcely fathomed the situation.

"Creed," cried the old man, "I've brung ye the best doctor and nurse there is on the mountings! Nancy she run off and left us, and I had to go after her, and I 'lowed I'd make sartain that she'd never run away from me again, so I've jest—we jest—"

"Ye ain't married!" cried Judith, sudden light coming in on her.

"We air that," announced old Jephthah radiantly.

"Well, Jude, I jest had to take him," apologized Nancy. "Here was him with the rheumatics every spring, an' bound and determined that he'd lay out in the bushes deer-huntin' like he done when he was twenty, and me knowin' in reason that a good course of dandelion and boneset, with my liniment well rubbed in, would fix him up—why, I jest *had* to take him."

"She did that," agreed Jephthah.

"Well, I think you done jest right," said Judith heartily, and all the others echoed the dictum.

Suddenly Nancy spoke again: "Whilst we are a-namin' sech, honey, won't you jest run out to my saddle and bring me the spotted caliker poke off'n hit—hit's got my bundle of

yarbs in it. I'll put on a drawin' of boneset for you befo' I set down."

"All right, Nancy—but I reckon I'll have to clear these folks out of this sick-room fust," responded old Jephthah genially. "We're apt to have too much goin' on for Creed."

But, as they were marshalled for going, Judith checked them a moment and explained the occurrences of the past night.

"We-all talked it over, Uncle Jep, and as you was n't here we made out to do the best we could, and the boys went."

"After Huldyl!" cried Nancy. "An' her an' Wade wedded, an' livin' in Booneville!"

"Well, Blatch had us hog-tied right thar' in the still, an' waitin' for the marshal to come an' cyart us down and send us to the penitentiary," Jeff set forth the case. "But you know how Blatch is, always devillin' folks; he made old Zeke Scalf mad, an' when Clianthy an' Pendrilly met the old man out on the road soon this mornin', he told 'em to take a knife and come up to the cave an' they could keep what they found."

"I never was so scairt in my life," Cliantha asseverated. Her china blue eyes had not yet resumed their normal size or contour, and the assertion was easily believed.

"Nor me neither," agreed Pendrilla. "I says to him, says I, 'Now you Zeke Scalf, do you 'low we're crazy? We ain't a-goin' one step.' An' he says to me, says he, 'Gals, hit 'll shore be the worse for Andy an' Jeff Turrentine ef you don't git yo'-selves up thar, an' get up thar quick.' An' with that he gives us his knife out of his pocket, 'caze we did n't have none, and we run the whole blessed way, and cut the boys a-loose."

"I was that mad when I seen 'em tied up that-a-way," chimed in Cliantha, "that I would n't 'a' cared the rappin' o' my finger ef old Blatch Turrentine hisse'f had been thar. I'd 'a' stood right up to him an' told him what I thort o' him an' his works." There are conditions, it is said, in which even the timid hare



Drawn by George Wright

(See page 162)

SHE KNELT AGAIN BESIDE HIM

becomes militant, and doves will peck at the intruder.

"Well, I reckon I got to get you folks out of here now for sartin," said Jephthah, as she made an end. "Nancy, honey, is the yarbs you wanted for Creed in with them you 're a-goin' to use on me?"

The little old woman felt of Creed's fingers, she laid a capable hand upon his brow. Then she flashed one of her quick, youthful smiles at her husband.

"You named it to me about Jude and Creed being at the outs," she said frankly; "but I see they 've made up their troubles. The boy don't need no medicine."

Jephthah stared at his transformed patient, and admitted that it was so.

"Well, he does need some peace and quiet," the head of the house maintained as he ushered his clan into the adjoining room.

"Uncle Jephthah," called the sick man's quiet voice, with the ring of the old enthusiasm in it, as his host was leaving the room, "do you remember telling me that the trouble with my work on the mountain was I was one man alone? Do you remember sayin' that if I was a member of a big family—a great big tribe—that I'd get along all right and accomplish what I set out for?"

"I say sech a lot of foolishness, son, I cain't recollect it all. Likely I did say that. Hit mought have some truth in it."

"Well," said Creed, carrying the hand he held to his lips, "I reckon I'll be a member of a big tribe now; maybe I can take up the old work and do some good."

"Creed," spoke out the old man in that deep powerful voice of his, "Creed, boy, what you set out to do was a work for a man's lifetime; but God made you for jest what you aimed then to do and be. Yo' mighty young yet, but you air formed for a leader of men. To the last day of its life an oak will be an oak and a willer a willer; and yo' head won't be gray when you find yo' work and find yo'self a-doin' it right."

"Pap Turrentine!" called Andy's laughing voice from the kitchen, "Maw wants ye out here!"

The door swung wide; it showed a vision of Nancy Turrentine, flushed, bustling, capable, the crinkled gray hair pushed back above those bright eyes of hers with a prideful hand, entering upon the administration of her new realm. Oh, it had not been easy for one of her spirit to be a poor little widow, living out on the Edge, with nobody but slack Doss Provine to do for her.

"All right—I'm a-co-nin'," declared Jephthah; then, with the door in his hand, turned back, meaning to finish what had been in his mind to say to Creed.

Jephthah Turrentine was himself that day a bridegroom, wedded to the one love of his life; he appreciated to the full that which had come to Creed. He had thought to say to the boy that now was the opening of great things, to remind him that one must first live man's natural life, must prove himself as son, brother, husband, father, and neighbor, before he will be accepted or efficient in the larger calling. He would have said that life must teach the man before the man could teach his fellows.

But the words of homely wisdom in which he would have clothed this truth remained unspoken. As he looked back he saw the dark head bent close above the yellow one; Judith was giving her patient a drink of water. ~~ays~~ she held the glass to his lips ~~haorrich~~ brown beauty glowed and ~~hurmed~~ before the steady, blue fire of his eyes. She set down the tumbler and knelt again beside him. ~~The~~ lips were murmuring, they had forgotten all the world save themselves and their love. He looked at the rapt young faces; they were on the mount of transfiguration; the light ineffable was all about them.

"Lord, what's the use of a old fool like me sayin' ay, ay, yes or no to sech a pair as that?" he whispered as he went out softly and closed the door.

LETTERS OF WALT WHITMAN

TO HIS MOTHER AND AN OLD FRIEND



THESE letters were not addressed to well-known literary men or women, but to the poet's mother and his intimate friend, Mrs. Abby Hills Price, and her daughter Helen. Mrs. Price was born at Windham, Conn., in 1814, and married Edmund Price of Brooklyn, Conn., in 1838, two sons and two daughters being born to them. In 1842 the family moved to Hopedale, Mass., to join a community founded by Adin Ballou. For the next ten years Mrs. Price took an active part in the work of the Association. She wrote several columns weekly for its organ, the *Practical Christian*, preached on the fourth Sunday of each month in the little chapel, and lectured frequently in the neighboring villages on Anti-Slavery, Temperance, Woman's Rights, Dress Reform, etc. In 1852 she was an officer of a Woman's Rights convention held at Syracuse, N. Y., whose proceedings she re-

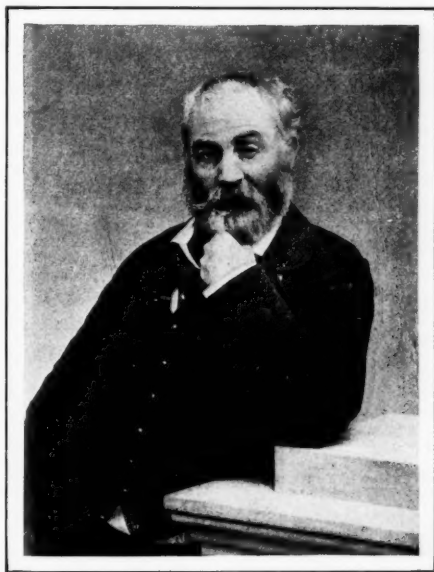
ported for the New York *Tribune*. The next year the family moved to Perth Amboy, N. J., and thence in 1855 to Brooklyn, N. Y., where she became acquainted with Whitman in 1856. Her death occurred on May 4, 1878.

The letter to Miss Helen E. Price is one of a number received by his old correspondent's daughter and other members of her family after their mother's death. It is through her that we are permitted to print the letters which follow.

Miss Price, whose present home is at Woodside, L. I., writes to the editors: "I was sure you would feel, as I do, that nothing that

has been printed regarding Walt Whitman shows him in so winning and attractive a light. And it must be the true man, too; for we all saw him in his home in Brooklyn, as well as in our own, for many years, and we never saw anything in him in any way inconsistent with the character revealed in these letters—generous, sympathetic, affectionate and proud."

The poet's



WALT WHITMAN JUST BEFORE THE CIVIL WAR

stationery is of all sorts; and some of the letters are carefully dated, while others have nothing at the top but the printed form, "Department of Justice, Washington.... 187.." The handwriting is the bold chirography familiar to nearly all who know his work; and the punctuation is thorough, though rather whimsical, consisting chiefly of dashes. None of the letters was written before 1860, nor later than 1876, with the exception of the one addressed to Miss Price.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON.....187..

Friday evening—after 6. Mama dear, I believè I must send you a line for Saturday though I have little or nothing to write about—I am sitting here alone in the office, writing by my lamp—I went over to Baltimore last evening for a little trip—saw Mr. Emerson—he lectured there—John Burroughs wanted to go over and hear him—it was not interesting to me at all—but we had a pleasant little jaunt—got back about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11.

Nothing different in the office—I expect to go over in the Treasury Building, in the office of the Solicitor of the Treasury, as I told you. The new Attorney Gen'l., Mr. Williams, has assigned me there—but several important bits of work have had to be done just now, & to-day & yesterday I have had to do them—(as the old ladies say "I guess they 'll miss me a good deal more than they 'spected"—) so I have been held on to here so far.—Mama Dear I hope this will find you well of your cold—and that you 'll have a good Sunday.—Congress convenes again next Monday—I met a man who saw Jeff [Whitman's brother] about nine days ago in St. Louis. Good bye for the time. Dear Mother—

WALT.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON.....187..

Thursday night— $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8

DEAREST MAMA, I will write you a line, to begin my letter, before I leave the office—I have been sitting here alone for a couple of hours, having a good time, all by

myself, nobody in the building besides me, but the watchman—Mama dear, I suppose you got the order in my last—I have also sent you the old Franklin Almanac—write if it arrived safe—There is nothing new or special—I am well, & only hope your cold is better—I sometimes think a bad cold is about as aggravating as anything one can have—I saw Grant to-day on the avenue, walking by himself—(I always salute him, & he does the same to me.)

* * * * *

WALT.

I send you a couple of Washington papers.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

WASHINGTON, Dec. 27, 1871.

DEAREST MOTHER,

There is nothing special to write about to-day. The new Attorney General Mr. Williams has been in once or twice—he is a tallish, western sort of man, wears a stove-pipe hat—is rather spare & a little round shouldered—sallow complexion—long legged—seems quite plain in his talk—Ashton says he is a good man—we will see—He takes his seat about the 10th Jan.

$\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 forenoon.—Mama, your letter has just come—It is too bad to have such a puppy as Stanton annoying you. He is one of the Heyde sort, it always seemed to me—

Mother write to me how it turns out—whether they leave or not.

I see you have it very changeable there too. After the severest cold spell ever known here so early, we are just now having it mild and warm enough for spring—it rained here this morning, but it is now bright & pleasant.

I suppose Lou will be with you now—I should like first rate to just drop in on you all.

Mama Dear, I hope you will have a pleasant holiday week, what's left of it. Don't let Stanton annoy you, the dirty scamp. Love to you Dearest Mother, & to George & Lou & all.

WALT.

Write by next Sunday if convenient, and tell me if the order comes safe.

Mother give the enclosed \$1 to the letter carrier, if you think proper.

There is nothing egotistical in the foregoing letters. They merely go to show that, though a poet, and made much of by a circle of clever people, he was not an egotist—at least not yet; and he was only one in an amiable way, later, as we find in this letter written while making his first visit to Boston.

TO MRS. ABBY H.
PRICE

Boston, Thursday
night, March 29.

As I know you would like to hear from me, my dear friend, I will not yet go to bed—but sit down to write to you, that I have been here in Boston, to-day is a fortnight, and that my book is well under way. About a hundred and twenty pages are set up—it will probably make from six to seven hundred pages,—and of a larger size than the last edition. It is to be very finely printed, good paper, and new, rather large-sized type. Thayer & Eldridge, the publishers, are a couple of young Yankees—so far very good specimens, to me, of this Eastern race of yours. They have treated me first rate—have not asked me at all what I was going to put into the book—just took me to the stereotype foundry and gave orders to follow my directions. It will be out in a month—a great relief to have the thing off my mind.

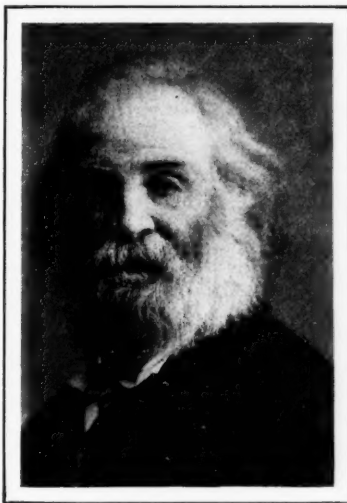
I am more pleased with Boston than I anticipated. It is full of life, and criss-cross streets. I am very glad I came, if only to rub out of me the deficient notions I had of New England character. I am getting to like it, every way—even the Yankee twang.

Emerson called upon me immediately, treated me with the greatest courtesy—kept possession of me all day—gave me a bully dinner, &c.

I go on the Common—walk considerable in Washington street—and occupy about three hours a day at work in the printing office. All I have to do is to read proofs. I wish you lived here—I should visit you regularly every day—probably twice a day.

I create an immense sensation in Washington street. Everybody here is so like everybody else—and I am Walt Whitman!—Yankee curiosity and cuteness—for once is thoroughly stumped, confounded petrified, made desperate.

Let me see—have I anything else to say to you? Indeed, what does it all amount to,—this saying business? Of course I had better tear up this note—only I want to let you see how I cannot have forgotten you—sitting up here after half past 12, to write this precious document. I send my love to Helen and Emmy. WALT.



Photograph by J. Gurney & Son, New York

WALT WHITMAN AT END OF THE WAR
PERIOD

In one of these letters we find Whitman expressing his belief in Lincoln at a time when all were not of the same mind. He writes: "I believe fully in Lincoln—few know the rocks and quicksands he has to steer through." The President was a great helmsman and brought his ship safe and sound, though badly battered, into harbor. Whitman believed that he would, and so did others; but there were doubters all along the line, and many of them got in the way and had to be thrown aside. Some of them bobbed up serenely again; others went down.

It seems that the ladies wrote to the poet about ruffles and things, just as they might have written to a brother, and it is amusing to see how he mixes up domestic matters and Washington news in this letter:

TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, April 10, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I rec'd your first letter of about a month ago, (March 9.)—I enquired of a friend in the revenue office, about the tax under the new law.—& whether ruffles would be exempted, &c.—& on or about the 11th March, I wrote you what I had learned—viz: that they were to be exempted—& also all the gossip and news,—about the O'Connors, & about myself, literary matters with me, and how I was situated here, and about things in general—*of course* a mighty interesting letter it must have been—and a dreadful loss not to get!—for I infer by your second letter April 7, just rec'd, that you did *not* get it—which I deeply regret, for I don't like to be supposed capable of not responding to those that are almost the same as *my own folks*. (I put both the old & new No's on the address—perhaps that made it miscarry.)—but let them go.

The changes in the Attorney Gen's office have made no difference in my situation—I have had the good luck to be treated with "distinguished consideration" by all the Attorney Gen's.—Mr. Speed, Mr. Stanberry & the present one Mr. Browning. I could n't wish to have better bosses—& as to the pleasantness & permanency of my situation here, it is not likely to be affected, as far as at present appears, unless Wade coming in power, should appoint Harlan, or some pious & modest Radical of similar stripe, to the Attorney Generalship—in which case, doubtless, I should have to tumble out.

My dear friends, I often think about you all—Helen & Emily in particular, & wish I could look in upon you—Sunday afternoons—I warmly thank you for your hospitable offers.

Give my best respects to Mr. Arnold & Mr. Price—I shall have a piece in the Galaxy for May—it will be called "Personalism"—is a continuation of the piece on Democracy—shall have a poem soon, (perhaps in May No.) in the Broadway magazine—I am well as usual—the Impeachment is growing shaky—it is a doubtful business—I am writing this at my table in office—as I look out it is dark & cloudy with a chill rain, but the grass is green &

I see the river flowing beyond. With love,

WALT WHITMAN.

It is not an uncommon thing for people who did not know Whitman very well to say that he was a "sponge," a man who would accept money and favors from his friends without giving the matter a thought. It is true that in his old age and helplessness he accepted support from friends who insisted upon aiding him, and who esteemed it a pleasure and a privilege to care for him in his last days, when he had nothing (at best, his income from his writings was infinitesimal). In these three letters to Mrs. Price we find him making a particular point of paying his way. No doubt, being his friends, they wanted him to come to them as a guest, but Whitman would none of it: pay, or stay away, was his cry, and he meant it.

TO MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 1, 1866.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have just received your letter, & respond immediately, because by what you have written, it may be that you can do me a great favor—I have obtained leave of absence, & am coming to New York, principally to bring out a new & much better edition of *Leaves of Grass* complete—that unkillable work!

Mother's apartments in Pacific st. are very limited, & I had decided to get a lodging room in N. Y. or Brooklyn, so as not to incommode my folks at home—taking my meals at the restaurants, &c., &c.—leaving my time free for my work &c.—Now *have you such a room for me*, at a fair price?—I hope you have, for that would be very agreeable—your going off for a week or two would not make any difference—as a lodging is my main object.—Write *immediately* & let me know, as my leave of absence will probably date from Monday next, 6th inst.

Mrs. O'Connor has gone West, with her mother, for the summer—Wm. O'Connor is



From a reproduction by the Heliotype Fig. Co., Boston, from a daguerrotype taken about 1855

WALT WHITMAN'S MOTHER, NÉE LOUISA VAN VELSOR

well—We all speak of you—The weather is almost perfect here now-a-days.

I am writing this by my window in the South front of the Treasury building, looking down the beautiful grounds in front, and across & down the Potomac for miles, & across to the green hills all along Arlington Heights, very beautiful & cool—a view of great expanse, & very comforting every way—also a pleasant breeze coming in steadily from the river.

I have an agreeable situation here—labor moderate & plenty of leisure—My principal work is to make (from rough drafts) the letters, answers, law opinions, &c. that go from the Attorney General to the President, or to the Secretary of State, & the other Heads of Departments—The rule is that none but such officers as just named have a right to require information from Attorney Generals—So you see I have to do only with the big men.

There is one regular Soldiers Hospital

left here, in K Street—I go there once or twice every week—it is still a great privilege to go—you would be amazed as well as distressed, to know how many old wounds are lingering along yet—youth & hope struggling against fate—but the latter, alas! almost always conquering at last—it is indeed a great privilege to soothe the lingering days & months of many of these cases. Mother is quite well, & comfortable—considering her age—brothers, sisters & the children all well at last accounts.

WALT.

ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, Monday, Sept. 14, 1868.

DEAR ABBY,

I shall come on in the train that leaves here in the middle of the day, to-morrow Tuesday, 15th, & gets in New York at 10 at night—so I shall be up there by or before 11 to-morrow night—(to-night for you reading this).

I am really pleased that you can accommodate me, & make great reckoning of being with you, & of my room, &c—but wish to have it distinctly understood, in all friendship, that I *pay for my room, &c.*, just the same as any body else—*positively* I will not come on any other terms—& you must just let it be as I say this time—I have lots of money—in fact *untold wealth*—& I shall not feel right if you undertake to alter this part of my programme—I am feeling well & hearty—I wish you to read my piece in the "Broadway London Magazine," just out—it was written for you among the rest—In a few hours I shall be with you.

WALT.

In the letter which I quote next he expresses the same views, though it was written six years later, when he was getting well along into his invalid days.

431 STEVENS ST., COR. WEST.,

CAMDEN, N. JERSEY.

Sunday afternoon—4½—[1874].

DEAR ABBY & DEAR H.,

Not forgetting E. & all.

As I am sitting here alone in the parlor, the sun near setting pleasantly and brightly, (though cold to-day,) I just think that I ought to write you, even if but a line,—that I am neglecting you—that perhaps you will be glad enough to hear from me. Well, I am still here—still alive, after quite a many pretty hard pulls and pressures—maintain pretty good spirits—which *would* be quite *first rate & good*—but every day and every night comes the thought of my mother.—I am not despondent or blue, nor disposed to be any more *ennuyeed* than ever—but that thought remains to temper the rest of my life.

I am probably improving, though very

slowly—go out a little most every day—go over to Philadelphia—get along pretty well in the cars & crossing the ferry, (the car fellows and ferrymen are very kind & helpful—almost all know me, I suppose instinctively)—Appetite fair—rest

at night tolerable—general strength better than at any time (it is now just a year since I was paralysed). Can't use my left leg yet with any freedom—bad spells in the head too frequent yet—then, with all these, I am certainly encouraged to believe I am on the gain. (But I am not out of the woods yet.) I write some—(must occupy my mind). I am writing some pieces in the *Weekly Graphic*—my reminiscences of war times—first number appears in *Weekly Graphic* of Jan. 24—three

or four others to follow.

We are in the new house my brother has built—very nice. I find myself *very lonesome* here, for all social & emotional consolation—(Man cannot live on *bread alone*—can he?)—I want to come & see you—*must* do so before long—want to pay a moderate board (same as I do here), if convenient for you to have me.—*Shall not come on any other condition.*

Well, Abby, I have just scurried rapidly over the sheet, & will send it to you just as it is, with love,

WALT WHITMAN.

When Dr. Bucke was preparing his "Walt Whitman," in 1881, he wrote for information to Miss Price, and she in turn wrote to the poet and asked for information as to Dr. Bucke. His reply follows:

431 STEVENS STREET, CAMDEN,
NEW JERSEY.

April 21, '81.

DEAR HELEN PRICE,

Your good letter has come & I am glad



From a photograph by H. S. Wyer, Yonkers, N. Y.

MRS. ABBY H. PRICE

indeed to hear from you & sister & father, & have you located.—All sorrowful, solemn, yet soothing thoughts come up in my mind at reminiscences of my dear friend, your dear mother—have often thought of you all since '73 the last time I saw you so briefly—so sadly—[At his mother's funeral].

About Dr. Bucke (he is a long-established medical doctor & head of the Asylum for the Insane at London, Ontario, Canada)—you can write to him freely & send him what you feel to—he is a true & trusted friend of mine—I know him well—I have just returned from Boston where I have been the past week—went on to read my annual *Death of Abraham Lincoln* on the anniversary of that tragedy—I am pretty well for me—am still under the benumbing influences of paralysis, but thankful to be as well as I am—still board here (make my headquarters here) with my brother & his wife—Eddy my brother is living & well, he is now boarding ab't 40 miles from here—Yes, Helen dear, when I come to New York, I will send you word sure—Best love to you, Emmy, father & all—especially little Walter.

WALT WHITMAN.

Miss Price has preserved the eleven letters addressed to her between the fall and winter of 1872 and the spring of the following year by Louisa Whitman, the poet's mother, who died in May, 1873. These familiar epistles evince a strongly affectionate nature, but make it very clear that Walt Whitman did not inherit his literary gifts from the spindle side. Not only do they show no sense of composition, but the spelling, punctuation, etc., are undeniably crude. The fourth of the series runs as follows:

MY EVER DEAR HELEN:

I have just received your letter and will write a few lines to tell you Walt is bad enough, but I hope, dear Helen, he will get over it. It is two weeks next Thursday night since he had the stroke of paralysis in the left side, arm and leg (the worst), but his mind is as clear as ever. He has to lay in bed as he can't move without help. . . . The doctor says he is doing

very well. He thinks it is caused by his accident of the cut and inflammation of his arm when in the hospital. He had a very slight attack soon after the war, but it seemed to pass over. . . . But O! Helen dear, how it has worried me. If he boarded it would n't be so bad, but he only lodges there. . . . Mrs. Ashton wanted him brought to her house immediately. [Ashton was a former Attorney General.] Walt said they live in such very great style that he thought he would rather stay where he was.

The tone of Mrs. Whitman's letters is rather pessimistic. She was old and rather infirm—a victim of rheumatism; and could not get reconciled to living in Camden (where she occupied two rooms in the house of her son George) instead of in Brooklyn (where she had had a house of her own). The next to the last of her letters to Miss Price, written in the month before her death, sounds a characteristically despondent note:

MY EVER DEAR HELEN:

You must not think I am the worst of all your correspondents, but I would own up to being bad enough. But O! Helen dear, I feel sometimes as if I could n't write—not even to Walt. I am very nervous at times; it comes on me and I can't shake it off, as I have no one to talk to who feels any sympathy for me. I get very much down-spirited, as there is no one here that I care about. Everyone seems so different and formal, and unlike our New York and Brooklyn friends. Such kind of half city places as Camden [are] generally quiet as this place is; but I would n't mind being here if I had a place of my own. But this living with [?] and not being boss of your own shanty "ain't the cheese."

Helen dear, I care very little for style in these days. I think sometimes if I only had two rooms and could have things my own way, I would be much happier, but maybe not; I think if Walter had n't had such a pullback, he would have had things quite different; but he had a long spell and is far from well yet. He can't do much at his work yet, but his salary goes on. . . .

MADemoiselle GENÉE

THE DANISH DANCER WHO REVIVES MEMORIES OF
TAGLIONI

By EMILY M. BURBANK



MADemoiselle GENÉE, the greatest dancer the world has seen for half a century, or since Taglioni, returns to our shores from the Empire Theatre, London, where she has practised her art with unabating success since she left us in the spring, as well as for many years before she first visited us. She is to tour the country in "The Soul Kiss," dancing for ten weeks in Chicago and four weeks in Boston. She will, of course, appear in New York during the season.

Mlle. Genée should feel well satisfied with her season in New York, for by her exquisite art she created in one winter a demand for classical ballet, and the Metropolitan Opera Company announces, to quote from a musical periodical, that

there will be classical ballet performed at the Metropolitan, which has not been seen heretofore. In every well-known opera-house there is a classical ballet. We know nothing of it in the opera in this country. The classical ballet is laid out on lines of the dance development. It is as old and as substantial in its traditions as the opera itself. . . . It is the expression of an art through rhythm, which is the very foundation of music.

In reply to the remark that many thought her French, others English, and still others Belgian, Mlle. Genée said: "Yes, and soon I shall be called

an American, for already one of your newspapers has written 'Our Genée!' I was very complimented; but I am a Dane on both sides, and for many generations back. My birthplace was in Jutland, where my family have always figured as 'country people'—no professionals among them, with the exceptions of an uncle, Alexander Genée, who is an accomplished master of ballet, and with his wife, a Hungarian dancer, the only teacher I ever had. When I was three years old, my uncle and aunt, chancing to visit my parents, discovered that I possessed all of the physical requisites of a dancer, so it was proposed that I be sent to them to train when I should be old enough.

"Few understand that just as the great singer must be born with a voice, so the great dancer must be born with a 'perfect' body, her upper arm, forearm, wrist, ankle, lower leg, upper leg and hip properly formed and joined. It goes without saying that to be knock-kneed is to be unqualified as a dancer; but there are countless other points to be considered and passed upon, in the preliminary examinations to which each candidate for Terpsichorean honors is submitted. At the age of eight, I began systematic training for the ballet, and during the twenty years which have intervened, I have never, until this winter, been separated from my foster parents. They love me, and they watch my work so closely, that I know I cannot go far wrong at any time. I made my pro-



Photographs by the Dover Street Studios



Mlle. Genée

IN THE BALLET "THE DEBUTANTE"

IN THE "BALLET COPPELIA" BY DÉLIBES

fessional début at the age of nine and a half, at Christiania. Shortly after that I danced in Copenhagen—then, of course as an "infant prodigy," so that it was with unusual satisfaction that I returned to the same opera-house a few years ago and triumphed as a mature artist."

Mlle. Genée is frequently asked if she ever thought of being an actress. She did, at one time, but that was before she had fairly "arrived" as a dancer. A careful consideration of the matter persuaded her that she would never be as good an actress as dancer and the idea was relinquished forever.

The *première danseuse*, like the *prima-donna*, must constantly practise self-denial. Mlle. Genée never indulges in sports, because all exercise, with the exception of walking and dancing, are injurious to her

muscles. Take one point alone: the constant and unvarying effort of every dancer is to turn out the toes; therefore skating and bicycling, where one "toes in," are taboo. Riding, for the same reason, is quite impossible; yet those who have seen Mlle. Genée in the Hunt Dance—her own invention—are slow to believe she has never hunted. She is familiar with riding as an interested observer only. She practises two hours every day, even when dancing on six nights and two afternoons in one week. The details of this practice would lead to a technical treatise upon the art; suffice it to say that the "finger exercises" or "scales," which form the foundation of a dancer's technique, are the so-called "five positions," each of which has a different combination of poses for head, body, arms, hands, legs and feet. This artist rarely takes a holi-



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. GENÉE IN "THE SOUL KISS"

day, because to do so, even for two weeks, means a hardening of the muscles and, in consequence, excruciating pains in every part of her body when she resumes her work.

When asked if she would like to dance at our opera-houses, she replied: "That is difficult to answer, without explaining that the ballet has been degenerating during fifty years. To-day the *première danseuse* is not more than—what shall I say? A little piece of dust! She appears for one moment—and does nothing! In Munich, at the Royal Opera, I danced thirty-three times in one year, and that was called a good season! In the opera-houses to-day, I must dance what the manager wishes, and dress as I am told to. Why do I dance where I do? Because in London at the Empire, and here at the New York Theatre, I dance *every night* and at *matinées*, which means not only very much more money (no opera in the world would pay so much to-day), but the ambitious artist has a greater chance to grow in her art, through

its constant testing as well as practice. Under these conditions I have a chance to be a 'great artist,' inventing dances, carrying out my own convictions, and dressing my parts as I think best. Much depends upon dressing the dance. One reason I am able to get certain results in grace of line is due to the fact that I wear my skirts much longer than the modern ballet-dancer. It is impossible to use the arms freely in the very short full skirts."

Mlle. Genée's dressing-room is far more picturesque than that of the prima-donna or actress, for her costumes, owing to their fluffy perishableness, are suspended from a rack at safe distances one from the other, and present the appearance of flowers of myriad hues into which this Spirit of the Dance is sooner or later to flit, whirling in first one and then another of them, out through the file of dancers, and down to the footlights, amid thunderous applause.

"Every one thinks that dancing is



Photograph by Otto Sarony Co.

MLLE. GENÉE IN THE HUNT DANCE

so easy, that one can dance anywhere, at any time! I have been asked to dance in private houses," Mlle. Genée continued, "people explaining to me that the floor was of polished wood and 'perfect' for dancing. No one understands that in two minutes I should be flat on that floor. I must have one especially adapted to my own purposes, of natural, unpolished wood. Before I

came to the New York Theatre a floor was put down for me, and the lights had all to be lowered. Abroad, the stages slope from the back down to the footlights, because our stalls are on a level floor. In this theatre matters were reversed, the orchestra seats being elevated at the back. I found it difficult to accustom myself to the flat stage, which requires a different position of the body. On the slanting stage I

hold myself perfectly erect; on this flat stage I had to learn to *lean* forward, in order to go forward! No, the dancer can no more dance without her floor than the pianist can play without his piano!"

Mlle. Genée has danced at the Royal Opera-Houses of Copenhagen, Munich and Berlin; and the Paris Opera-House has negotiated to secure her for a part of its season. She announces with much satisfaction, that her uncle, M. Genée, will come over to manage her production of "Coppelia."

Two facts make her devotion to her art seem worth while to Mlle. Genée: she has chosen to consider her

mission that of restoring to its former position by the side of Music and Verse the art of Dancing (not posturing), and *she loves her art*. "I become a different person when I hear the music," she explains; and that is how it is possible for this dignified, sensitive, keenly intelligent and deeply serious young woman to turn from her favorite pastimes—a thoughtful

conversation, a stroll in the Park to watch the squirrels, or her Danish embroidery—and reveal to the world, with the authority of a Taglioni, "a new form of dancing, a virginal and diaphanous art, instinct with an originality all her own, in which the old traditions and time-honored rules of Choreography are merged."

One can say of Mlle. Genée, as Paul de St. Victor did of Léontine Beau-grand, half a century ago:

"Her movements might inspire a designer of fine and dainty ornament; all she does is exquisite, minute and delicate as a piece of fine lace-work." Mlle. Genée creates very much the same atmosphere of artificial and romantic sentiment and coquetry that pervades Watteau's sylvan scenes, St. Aubin's Maypole-Dance in 1763, Lancret's Carmargo dancing in a woodland glade, or Grisi in the "Ballet of the Peri." It would require but a change of costume to transform her into one of Fra Angelico's dancing spirits! This remarkable artist recalls Victor Hugo's famous description of La Carmargo, Queen of the Paris opera in 1730:



TAGLIONI

The famous dancer with whom Mlle. Genée is often compared

Ah Carmargo, que vous êtes brillante!
 Mais que Sallé, grand Dieu, est ravissante!
 Que vos pas sont légers, et que les sien
 sont doux,
 Elle est inimitable et vous êtes nouvelle!
 Les nymphes dansent comme vous
 Et les Grâces dansent comme elle!

This art, as practised by Mlle. Genée, has little in common with modern theatrical dancing, even when one takes into consideration the opera-houses on both sides of the Atlantic. *Genre* dancers, such as Loie Fuller, Carmencita, Isadora Duncan and Ruth St. Denis, make no claims to be mistresses of the technique of traditional dancing.

Mlle. Genée is the artistic descendant of Carmargo, Sallé, Maria Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Fanny Elssler, Léontine Beaugrand and Lucille Graham. How many have exclaimed, at her first entrance, the moment she flashed upon the scene, against the red velvet curtain, "Ah, Taglioni!" for in appearance she is an exact reproduction of a well-known lithograph of that famous dancer, in the Bibliothèque National. She wears the same style of costume (1830), the same coiffeur—tiers of little curls on each side of the blond head, whose shapeliness is emphasized by a Psyche knot; one notes that there is much the same cast of features (Taglioni's mother was a Swede), the same animated countenance, the same exquisitely slender figure. Taglioni's is

poised in midair, as though flying, at the moment of representation; but even so, this pose is no exaggeration of one of Mlle. Genée's favorite exits, after having flitted about the stage light as thistle-down or a whirling snowflake! One is deluded into the belief that her *entrechats* ("cuts") cost her no effort, and (as the father of a famous dancer once boasted of his son) that her only reason for lighting on the ground at all, is to prevent the humiliation of her fellow dancers!

Spirit, Mlle. Genée is, even when clad in conventional habit and boots for her Hunt Dance. None tires of watching her bound upon the scene, poise herself on the toes of her dainty riding-boots for a moment, then swiftly fall into the various gaits of the horse, passing, without a pause, from trot to canter, and from a run to a jump, never once failing to pantomime the posture of rider, the requisite hold on the reins, her ever moving, laughing, winsome form in black thrown into relief by a background of autumn reds and browns, and the gray of a tumbling brook! A pack of yelping hounds, and the chorus in habits and "pink" coats get applause; but it is Genée, always Genée, who puts one in the mood of the hunt!

At each performance, as the curtain drops for the last time one turns away reluctantly, stirred by a quality of emotion which only the great among artists are capable of evoking.

ALDRICH

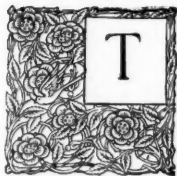
*Herrick and Landor, Keats and Tennyson,—
 Polish and grace, true genius and true art;
 And when the gods fused these four into one,
 They gave to Aldrich his song-happy heart.*

Frank Dempster Sherman.

BETWEEN ALPHA AND OMEGA

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HANSON BOOTH



HE hired man put the steers in the stock-yard, tartly asked the depot agent when the cars would be spotted at the chute for loading, and sat down on a truck. The agent said that he did n't know; and both men gazed in silence out across the tracks at the miles and miles of dark-green cornfields, picked out here and there with vivid red where huge barns glowed through the leafage like great scarlet blossoms. The air was fragrant of drying clover. A creeping west wind went through the tall corn, which rustled its broad blades and whispered of peace and plenty.

"There's no place like old Iowa!" said the agent.

The hired man scorned direct reply. He gave the agent one of the three cheroots for which he had paid a nickel, replaced one in his pocket, and lighted the third. Then, like another Ulysses, he spake.

It narrows a man [said he] to stick

around in one place. You broaden out more pan-handling over one division, than by watching the cars go by for years. I've been everywhere from Alpha, Illinois, to Omega, Oklahoma, and peeked over most of the jumping-off places; and Iowa is not the whole works at all. Good quiet State to moss over in; but no life! Me for the mountains where the stealing is good yet, and a man with genius can be a millionaire!

I was in one big deal, once—the Golden Fountain Mine. Pete Peterson and I worked in the Golden Fountain and boarded with Brady, a pit boss. Ever hear of psychic power? A medium told me once that I have it, and that's why folks tell me their secrets. The second day Brady told me the mine was being wrecked.

"How do you know?" said I.

"They're min-in' bird's-eye porphyry," said Brady, "purtendin' they

've lost the lode."

"Maybe they have," said I.

"Not them," replied Brady, who never had had any culture. "I can show you the vein broad's a road an' rich as pudd'n!"



I'VE BEEN EVERYWHERE FROM ALPHA, ILLINOIS, TO OMEGA, OKLAHOMA



"BEAUTIFUL INJURY," SAID THE LAWYER, THUMPING A HUSKY HUN ON THE LEG

I did n't care a whoop, as long as they paid regular; but Brady worried about the widows and orphans that had stock. I said I had no widows and orphans contracting insonomia for me, and he admitted he had n't. But he said a man could n't tell what he might acquire. Soon after, a load of stulls broke loose, knocked Pete Peterson numb, and in the crash Brady accumulated a widow. It was thought quite odd, after what he'd said.

The union gave him a funeral, and then we were all rounded up by a lawyer that insisted on being a pall-bearer and riding with the mourners, he and Brady had been such dear friends. The widow never heard of him; but unless he was dear to Brady, why did he cry over the bier, and pass out his cards, and say he'd make the mine sweat for this? It did n't seem reasonable, and the widow signed papers while he held in his grief.

Then we found he had awful bad luck losing friends. A lot of them had been killed or hurt, and he was suing companies to beat fours. We were going over our evidence, and another bunch was there with a doctor examining to see how badly they were ruined.

"Beautiful injury!" said the lawyer, thumping a husky Hun on the leg. "No patellar reflex! Spine ruined! Beautiful! We'll make 'em sweat for this!"

He surely was a specialist in corporate perspiration. I asked what the patellar reflex was, and the doc had Pete sit and cross his legs, and explained.

"Mr. Peterson," said he, "has a normal spine. When I concuss the limb here, the foot will kick forward involuntarily. But in case of spinal injury, it will not. Now observe!"

He whacked Pete's shin with a rubber hammer, but Pete never kicked. His foot hung loose like, not doing a blamed thing that the doc said it would if his spine was in repair. The doc was plumb dumb-founded.

"Most remarkable case of volitional control—" he began.

"Volitional your grandmother!" yells the lawyer. "Mr. Peterson is ruined also! He was stricken prone in the same negligent accident that killed dear Mr. Brady! His doom is sealed! A few months of progressive induration of the spinal cord, and breaking up of the multipolar cells, and—death, friend, death!"

The widow begun to whimper,

and the lawyer grabbed Pete's hand and bursted into tears. Pete, being a Swede, never opened his face.

"But," said the lawyer, cheering up, "we'll make them sweat for this. Shall we not vindicate the right of the workingman to protection, Mr. Peterson?"

"Yu bat!" said Pete. "Ay bane gude republican!"

"And vindicate his right," went on the lawyer, "to safe tools and conditions of employment?"

"Ay tank we vindicate," said Pete.

"Nobly said!" said the lawyer and hopped to it making agreements for contingent fees and other flimflams. It was wonderful how sort of patriotic and unselfish and religious and cagey he always was.

We quit the Golden Fountain, and I got some assessment work for Sile Wilson. Pete would n't go. He was sort of hanging around the widow, but his brains were so sluggish that I don't believe he knew why. I picked up a man named Lungy to help. Sile's daughter Lucy kept house for Sile in camp, and in two days she was calling Lungy "Mr. Addison," and reproaching me for stringing a stranger that had seen better days and had a bum lung and was used to dressing for dinner. I told her I most always allowed to wear something at that meal myself, and she snapped my head off. He was a nice fellow for a lunger.

When I had to go and testify in the Brady and Peterson cases against the Golden Fountain, old Sile was willing.

"I'd like to help stick the thieves!" he hissed.

"How did you know they were thieves?" asked I.

"I located the claim," said he, "and they stole it on a measley little balance for machinery—confound them!"

"Well, they're stealing it again," said I; and I explained the lost vein business.

"They've pounded the stock away down," said the lunger. "I believe it's a good buy!"

"Draw your eighteen-seventy-five from Sile," said I; "and come with me and buy it!"

"I think I will go," said he. And he did. He was a nice fellow to travel with.

Well, the Golden Fountain was shut down, and had no lawyer against us. It was a funny hook-up. We proved about the stulls, and got a judgment for the widow for ten thousand. Then we corralled another jury and showed that Pete had no patellar reflex, and therefore no spine, and got a shameful great verdict for him. And all the time the Golden Fountain never peeped, and Lungy Addison looked on speechless. Our lawyer was numb, it was so easy.

"I don't understand—" said he.

"The law department must be connected in series with the mine machinery," said I, "and shuts off with the same switch. Do we get this on a foul?"

"Oh, nothing foul!" said he. "Default, you see—"

"No showup at ringside," said I; "9 to 0, eh? How about bets?"

"Everything is all right," said he, looking as *worried*. "We'll sell the mine, and make the judgments!"

"And get the Golden Fountain," said I, "on an Irish pit boss and a Swede's spine?"

"Certainly," said he, "if they don't redeem."

"Show me," said I; "I'm from Missouri! It's too easy to be square. She won't pan!"

"Dat bane hellufa pile money f'r vidder," said Pete when we were alone. "Ten thousan' f'r Brady, an' twelf f'r spine! Ay git yob vork f'r her in mine!"

"You wild Skandihooovian," said I, "that's *your* spine!"

"Mae spine?" he grinned. "Ay gass not! Dat leg-yerkin' bane only effidence. Dat spine bane vidder's!"

I could n't make him see that it was his personal spine, and the locomotor must be attaxing. He smiled his fool smile and brought things to comfort Mrs. Brady's last days. But she knew, and took him to Father



AND THERE WAS THAT YELLOW-MOUSTACHED NORSKY HOLDING THE WIDOW ON HIS LAP

Mangan, and Pete commenced studying the catechism against the time of death; but it did n't take. The circuit between the Swedenwegian intellect and the Irish plan of salvation looks like it's grounded and don't do business.

One night the lawyer asked me to tell "the Petersons," as he called them, that some New Yorker had stuck an intervention or mandamus into the cylinder and stopped the court's selling machinery. "We may be delayed a year or so," said he. Pete had gone to the widow's with a patent washboard that was easy on the spine, and I singlefooted up, too. And there was that yellow-moustached Norsky holding the widow on his lap, bridging the chasm between races in great shape. He flinched some, and his neck got redder, but she fielded her position in big league form, and held her base.

"Bein' as the poor man is not long f'r this world," said she, "an' such a thrue man, swearin' as the l'yer wanted, I thought whoile the crather stays wid us—"

"Sure," said I. "Congrats! When's the merger?"

"Hey?" says Pete.

"The nuptials," said I. "The broomstick-jumping."

The widow got up and explained that the espousals were hung up till Pete could pass his exams with Father Mangan.

"Marriage," said she, "is a sacrilege, and not lightly incurred. Oh, the thrials of a young widdy, what wid Swedes, and her sowl, an' the childer that may be—Gwan wid ye's, ye divvle ye!"

Now there was a plot for a painter: the widow thinking Pete on the blink spinally, and he soothing her last days, all on account of a patellar reflex that an ambulance chaser took advantage of—and the courts full of quo-warrantoes and things to keep the jackleg from selling a listed mine, with hoisting-works and chlorination-tanks!

The depot agent took the cheroot from his lips, looked at a wisp of smoke far down the tracks, and moved to the window where he could better hear the sounder.

"I don't see much head nor tail to that story, Bill," said he, "but there come your cars."

I got this letter from Pete, or the widow, I don't know which [said the hired man, taking out a worn piece of paper], about the third year after that. Here's what it says:

"Ve haf yust hat hell bad time, savin' yer prisence, and Ay skal skip for tjens of climit to gude pless Ay gnaw in Bad Lands. Lawyer faller sell mine fer 10 tousan to vidder, an thin, bad cess to him, sells it agin to Pete fer 12000\$ an git 2 stifkit off sheriff an say hae keep dem fer fees, an Ay gnok him in fess an take stifkit. Hae say hae tell mae spine bane O K all tem, an thritteden to jug Pete, an the back of me hand and the sole of me fut to the likes of him, savin' yer prisence, an Fader Mangan call me big towhead chump an kant lern catty kismus an marry me to vidder, an Pete, God bliss him, promised to raise the family in Holy Church, but no faller gnaw dem tings Bfour hand, an Ay tank ve hike to dam gude pless in Bad Lands vun yare till stifkit bane ripe an Mine belong vidder an Ay bane Yeneral Manager an yu pit Boss vit gude yob in Yune or Yuly next, yours truely, an may the Blessid Saints purtect ye,

PETER PETERSON.

"P. S. Vidder Brady mae vife git skar an sine stifkit fer Brady to lawyer fallar like dam fool vooman trik an saddle vit him, but Ay tink dat leg-yerkin bane bad all sem an yump to Bad lands if we dodge inyunction youre frend.

PETE."

"So they got married," said the depot agent.

Just the way I figured it [said the hired man].

Well, this lunger sleuthed me out when I was prospecting alone next summer.

"Hello, Bill," said he, abrupt-like. "Cook a double supply of bacon."

"Sure," I said. "Got any eating tobacco, Lungy?"

"Bill," said he, after we had fed our respective faces, "did you ever wonder why that Swede received such prompt recognition without controversy for his absent patellar reflex?"

"Never wonder about anything else," said I. "Why?"

"It was this way," said he. "The crowd that robbed Sile Wilson found

they had sold too much stock, and quit mining ore to run it down so they could buy it back. Some big holders hung on, and they had to make the play strong. So they went broke for fair, and let Brady's widow and Pete and a lot of others get judgments, and they bought up the certificates of sale. D'ye see?"

"Kind of," said I. "It'll come to me all right."

"It was a stock market harvest of death," said Lungy. "The judgments were to wipe out all the stock. This convinces me that the vein is hidden and not lost, as you said."

"I thought I mentioned the fact," said I, "that Brady showed me the ore-chute."

"That's why I'm here," said he. "I want you to find Pete Peterson for me."

"Why?" I said.

"Because," answered Addison, "he's got the junior certificate."

"Give me the grips and passwords," I demanded; "the secret work of the order may clear it up."

"Listen," said he. "Each certificate calls for a deed to the mine the day it's a year old; but the younger can redeem from the older by paying them off—the second from the first, the third from the second, and so on."

"Kind of rotation pool," said I, "with Pete's claim as ball fifteen?"

"Yes," said he; "only the mine itself has the last chance. But they think they know that Pete won't turn up, and gamble on stealing the mine with the Brady certificate. Your perspicacity enables you to estimate the importance of Mr. Peterson."

"My perspicacity," I said, giving it back to him cold, "informs me that some jackleg lawyer has been and bunked Pete out of the paper long since. And he could n't pay off what's ahead of him any more'n he could buy the Homestake! Come, there's more than this to the initiation!"

"Yes, there is," he admitted. "You remember Lucy, of course? No one could forget her! Well, her father and I are in on a secret pool of his

friends, they to find the money, we to get this certificate."

"Where does Lucy come in?" said I.

"I get her," he replied, coloring up. "And success makes us all rich!"

I never said a word. Lungy was leery that I was soft on Lucy—I might have been, easy enough—and sat looking at me for a straight hour.

"Can you find him for me?" said he, at last.

"Sure!" said I.

He smoked another pipeful and knocked out the ashes.

"Will you?" said he, kind of wistful.

"If you insult me again," I hissed, "I'll knock that other lung out! Turn in, you fool, and be ready for the saddle at sunup!"

We rode two days in the country that looks like the men had gone out when they had the construction work on it half done, when a couple of horsemen came out of a draw into the canyon ahead of us.

"The one on the pinto," said I, "is the perspiration specialist."

"If he don't recognize you," said Lungy, "let the dead past stay dead!"

Out there in the sunshine the Jackleg looked the part so I wondered how we come to be faked by him. We could see that the other fellow was a sheriff, a deputy-sheriff, or a candidate for sheriff—it was in his features.

"Howdy, fellows!" said I.

"Howdy!" said the sheriff, and closed his face.

"Odd place to meet!" gushed the Jackleg, as smily as ever. "Which way?"

"We allowed to go right on," I said.

"This is our route," said Jackleg, and moseys up the opposite draw, clucking to his bronk, like an old woman.

"What do you make of his being here?" asked Lungy.

"Hunting Swedes," I said. "And with a case against Pete for robbery and assault. I hope we see him first!"

We went on, Lungy ignorantly

cheerful, I lost-like to know what was what, and feeling around with my mind's finger for the trigger of the situation. Suddenly I whoaed up, shifted around on my hip, and looked back.

"Lost anything, Bill?" asked Lungy.

"Temporarily mislaid my brains," said I. "We're going back and pick up the scent of the Jackleg."

Lungy looked up inquiringly, as we doubled back.

"When you kick a covey of men out of this sage brush," I explained, "they naturally ask about anything they're after. They inquire if you know a Cock-Robin married to a Jenny-Wren, or an Owl to a Pussy-cat, or whatever misdeal they trailing. You don't mog on like it was Kansas City or Denver."

"Both parties kept still," replied Lungy. "What's the answer, Bill?"

"Both got the same guilty secret," said I, "and they've got it the worst. They know where Pete is. So will we if we follow their spoor."

We pelted on right brisk after them. The draw got to be a canyon, with grassy, sheep-nibbled bottom, and we knew we were close to somewhere. At last, rolling to us around a bend, came a tide of remarks, rising and swelling to the point of rough-house and riot.

"The widow!" said I. "She knows me. You go in, Lungy, and put up a stall to keep 'em from seeing Pete alone first!"

I crept up close. The widow was calling the Jackleg everything that a perfect lady as she was, you know, could lay her tongue to, and he trying to blast a crack in the oratory to slip a word into.

"I dislike," said Lungy, "to disturb privacy; but we want your man to show us the way."

"Who the devil are you?" said the sheriff.

"My name—" began Lungy.

"Whatever it is, sorr," said the widow, "it's a better name nor his you shpake to—the black far-down, ather taking me man and



"DAT BANE LIE!" SAID PETE. "AY YUST BROKE YOUR YAW!"

lavin' me to shtarve wid me babbies he robbed iv what the coort give! But as long as I've a tongue in me hid to hould, ye'll not know where he's hid!"

And just then down behind me comes Pete on a fair-sized cayuse branded with a double X.

"Dat bane you, Bill?" said he casual-like. "You most skar me!"

I flagged him back a piece and told him the Jackleg was there. He ran, and I had to rope him.

"You're nervous, Pete," said I, helping him up. "What's the matter?"

"Dis blame getaway biz," he said, "bane purty tough on fallar. Ay listen an' yump all tem nights!"

"How about going back for the mine?" I asked.

"Dat bane gude yoke!" he grinned. "Ay got gude flock an' planty range hare, an' Ay stay, Ay tank. Yu kill lawyer fallar, Bill, an' take half whole shooting-match!"

"Got that certificate?" I asked.

It was all worn raw at the folds, but he had it. The Jackleg had an assignment all ready on the back, and I wrote Addison's name in, and made Pete sign it.

"Now," said I. "We'll take care of Mr. Jackleg, and you'll get something for this, but I don't know what. Don't ever come belly-aching around saying we've bunked you after Lungy has put up his good money and copped the mine. These men want this paper, not you. Probably they've got no warrant. Brace up and stand pat!"

So we walked around bold as brass. The widow was dangling a Skandy-looking kid over her shoulder by one foot, and analyzing the parentage of Jackleg. Lungy was grinning, but the sheriff's face was shut down.

"Ah, Mr. Peterson!" said the lawyer. "And our old and dear friend William Snoke, too! I thought I recognized you this morning! And now, please excuse our old and dear friend Mr. Peterson for a moment's consultation."

"Dis bane gude pless," said Pete. "Crack ahead!"

"This is a private matter, gentlemen," said Jackleg.

"Shall we withdraw?" asks Lungy.

"No!" yells Pete. "Yu stay—be vitness!"

"I wish to remind you, dear Mr. Peterson," said he as we sort of

settled in our places, "that your criminal assault and robbery of me has subjected you to a long term in prison. And I suffered great damage by interruption of business, and bodily and mental anguish from the wounds, contusions and lesions inflicted, and especially from the compound fracture of the inferior maxillary bone——"

"Dat bane lie!" said Pete. "Ay yust broke your yaw!"

"He admits the *corpus delicti*!" yelled the lawyer. "Gentlemen, bear witness!"

"I did n't hear any such thing," said Lungy.

"Neither did I," I said.

"I figure my damages," he went on, "at twelve thousand dollars."

Pete picked a thorn out of his finger.

"Now, Mr. Peterson," went on the lawyer, "I don't suppose you have the cash. But when I have stood up and fought for a man for pure friendship and a mere contingent fee, I learn to love him. I would fain save you from prison, if you would so act as to enable me to acquit you of felonious intent. A prison is a fearful place, Mr. Peterson!"

"Ay tank," said Pete, "Ay brace up an' stand pat!"

"If you would do anything," pleaded the Jackleg, "to show good intention! Turn over to me any papers you may have, no matter how worthless—notes, or—or certificates!"

Pete pulled out his wallet. Lungy turned pale.

"Take dis," said Pete. "Dis bane order fer six dollar Yohn Yohnson's wages. Ay bane gude fallar!"

"Thanks!" said the Jackleg, pious-like. "And is that long document the certificate of sale in Peterson *vs.* Golden Fountain, etc.?"

"Dat bane marryin' papers," said Pete. "Dat spine paper bane N. G.

Mae spine all tem O. K. Dat leg-yerkin' bane yust effidence. Ay take spine paper to start camp-fire!"

It was as good as a play. Lungy turned pale and trembled. The lawyer went up into the air and told the sheriff to arrest Pete, and appealed to the widow to give up the certificate, and she got sore at Pete, and called him a Norwegian fool for burning it, and cuffed the bigger kid, which was more Irish-looking. Pete dug his toe into the ground and looked ashamed and mumbled something about it not being his spine. The sheriff told Pete to come along, and I asked him to show his warrant. He made a bluff at looking in his clothes for it, and rode away with his countenance tight-closed.

Lungy and I rode off the other way.

That night Lungy smiled weakly as I started the fire with paper.

"Bill," said he, "I shall never burn paper without thinking how near I came to paradise and dropped plump——"

"Oh, I forgot," said I. "Here's that certificate."

Lungy took it, looked it over, read the assignment, and broke down and cried.

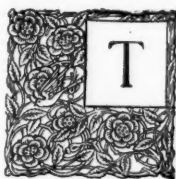
"How did it come out?" asked the agent.

Oh [said the hired man] Lungy waited till the last minute, flashed the paper and the money, and swiped the mine. The company wanted to give a check and redeem, but the clerk stood out for currency, and it was too late to get it. He got the mine, and Lucy, and is the big Mr. Addison, now. Here's the freight crew! No, me for where you can carry off things that are too big for the grand larceny statutes. This business of steers in car-lots is too much like chicken-feed for me!



THE LONDON "TIMES" AND THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

By GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM



THE recent publication of Dasent's "Life of John Delane" will recall to Americans of the older generation the part played by Delane and the London *Times* during the strenuous years of the Civil War, 1861-65.

During these years (and for not a few years both earlier and later), the *Times* and *Punch* were accepted as the most typical and the most influential of the exponents of public opinion in England. I do not say in the British Islands, because Ireland possessed then, as now, a public opinion of its own, which, being fiercely antagonistic to things English, was quite ready, irrespective of any considerations of reasonableness, of the weight of the arguments, or of wise policy, to denounce whatever England supported, and to approve whatever England opposed. It would also be inaccurate to use the term Great Britain, for the liberalism of Scotland maintained then, as now, views on affairs international, as well as on many matters of domestic policy, which were, as a rule, not in accord with the opinions and decision of the groups that controlled the policies of the British administration of the time—views decidedly opposed to the preferences and prejudices of the clubs and social circles of London.

But it was precisely the opinions and prejudices of London clubs and of London society that found expression in the cartoons of *Punch* and in

the editorials and correspondence of the *Times*. During these years, in which Palmerston was the controlling influence in the Cabinet, and also the popular idol of the voters in England, it would hardly be an exaggeration to say that the administration of the time was the administration of the *Times*—that is, of John Delane. We know now that a great part, probably the greater part of the people of England, and certainly a substantial majority of the people of Scotland, were in sympathy with the cause of the North, and were heartily opposed to the use of the influence and power of Great Britain to help to establish a nation founded on slavery. But it was undoubtedly the case that the statesmen who, in 1861, controlled her Majesty's Government, were ready to welcome the breaking-up of the troublesome republic of the West, and were looking forward with cheerful expectation to the opportunity of adjusting, and if needs be of enforcing, the terms of the separation.

It is equally true that the opinions and the prejudices of the club circles and of society in London and of the great country houses, and even of a great part of the scholars of the universities, were expressed generally, and often bitterly, in opposition to the North and in admiration of "the grand fight for freedom" that was being made by the Southern States.

Among the more important of the opponents of the North may be mentioned Palmerston, Russell, Gladstone, Lowe and John Delane. Disraeli seems to have expressed but little interest in the contest, and may

be described as neutral. The chief friends of the Northern cause were Prince Albert, the Duke of Argyll, John Bright, Richard Cobden, James Bryce and John Morley. The last two were at the time but youngsters whose careers were still in the future. Prince Albert was able before his death, at the close of 1861, to render an all-important service (which will be referred to later) in helping to prevent the capture of the *Trent* from being made the occasion or the pretext for war.

The Memoirs of Palmerston and of Louis Napoleon give evidence that the British Minister was in substantial accord with the American designs of the Emperor, and was ready to do all in his power to secure for these designs the support of England. The French and English fleets were to act in co-operation in bringing the "fratricidal strife" to a close, and while Great Britain was dictating in Washington the terms of separation, Louis Napoleon was to be left with a free hand to carry out his schemes of domination in Mexico.

It was my fortune to secure in a personal record an interesting confirmation of the keen interest taken by Palmerston in the success of the Confederacy. In 1861, some months before the appointment as emissaries of Mason and Slidell, the South had on the other side of the Atlantic three representatives, more or less official. Of these the best known was Yancey of Mississippi. The names of the other two were, I believe, Ross and Mann, the latter being from South Carolina. Some years ago, I met, as a fellow passenger on the trip to Liverpool, a judge from South Carolina, who told me that in 1861 he had been in London acting as secretary for his father who was at the time serving as Commissioner for the Confederacy. To his father's office (which was in Suffolk Street, just off Pall Mall East) Palmerston was in the habit of making frequent visits. He came on foot, possibly having thought best to leave his carriage some streets distant; but his tall characteristic

figure was, of course, easily to be recognized by his fellow Londoners. The Commissioner made a practice of sending the young secretary out of the office during the Minister's visits, but he confided later to his son some at least of the matters that had been under discussion.

"On one afternoon in November," said the Judge, "my father came into the office in such a state of elation that for a time at least he was oblivious of his usual diplomatic reserve. 'We've got them, my boy,' he called out. 'Those fools of Yankees have captured a British vessel. This means the co-operation of England in our struggle, and the recognition and the independence of the Confederacy.'

"That night," continued the Judge, "Palmerston came early to the office, and this time, my father, still excited by the prospect of immediate success for the Confederacy, did not send me out of the room. I have in my mind," he continued, "the picture of the two tall figures standing before the map of the States (never, of course, referred to by us as the United States), and deciding together where the British fleet could strike to best advantage. One force was to threaten New York, while a second was to operate on the Potomac, in co-operation with General Johnston, for the isolation and capture of Washington. Great was my father's disappointment," continued the Judge, "when a few weeks later came the news that the Yankees, not as great fools as we had hoped, had decided to surrender the envoys. He was still, of course, confident of our final success, but he felt that in the loss of this chance of immediate action on the part of England (action with which the French Emperor was more than ready to join) a great opportunity had been lost for the immediate establishment of the Confederacy, and that a long and exhausting struggle was now inevitable."

The record of the despatch demanding the surrender of Mason and Slidell is now a matter of history. As first drafted by Palmerston and

Russell, the demand was worded in a form in which no self-respecting government could have received it. The despatch had been written with the expectation and intention that the demand should be refused, and refusal meant war, and war on the part of Great Britain meant the independence of the Confederacy and the breaking up of the United States. This was the result for which Palmerston and Louis Napoleon had been hoping and scheming, and it looked as if the opportunity for the success of the scheme had been given by the rash act of Captain Wilkes. War was prevented only through the wise counsels of Prince Albert, backed by the firmness of the Queen. The responsibility for the final wording of the demand for the surrender rests (as the Memoir of Albert makes clear) with the Prince, although it is stated that, by reason of Albert's weakness (he was already a very ill man), the memorandum itself was in the handwriting of the Queen. Curiously enough, it is on record that the law officers of the Crown reported that, according to the principles of international law laid down by Lord Stowell, and enforced by Great Britain, a belligerent had the right to stop and to search any neutral, not being a ship of war, even on the high seas, if such neutral were suspected of carrying any despatches. "Consequently," reports Palmerston, in a letter to Delane (see the "Life," volume ii, page 36), "this American cruiser might, by our own principles of international law, stop the West Indian packet, search her, and if the Southern men and their despatches and credentials were found on board, either take them out, or seize the packet and carry her back to New York for trial."

Notwithstanding this opinion of the law officers, the British Government prepared for war, and war was, as said, only avoided because the despatch was rewritten in such shape that the demand of Great Britain could be assented to by the American Government without loss of dignity.

Lincoln, in fact, was able to score a small diplomatic triumph. The American administration was well pleased that "her Majesty's Government had assented to the old-time American contention that vessels of peace should not be searched on the high seas by vessels of war." This contention was, it may be recalled, one of the causes of the War of 1812-1815, but in the Treaty of Ghent, which brought this war to a close, no formal abrogation had been made by Great Britain of the right of search, the American and British Commissioners having simply agreed, as between gentlemen, that the right should no longer be exercised upon American vessels.

The great journals, headed by Delane's *Times*, placed themselves, with hardly an exception, on the side of the South, *Punch* and the *Saturday Review* making a close second to the *Times* in the bitterness of their sneers and misrepresentations. The North had the support of the *Daily News*, under the direction of John Robinson, the *Spectator*, conducted by Richard Holt Hutton, the *Manchester Guardian* and some of the leading journals of Scotland. Delane, the able managing editor of the *Times*, was undoubtedly, during the period in question, the most powerful manipulator of public opinion in Great Britain, and for Delane (and I may refer for confirmation to the pages of his *Life*) Palmerston was the ideal statesman and ruler for the Empire. The pages of *Punch* make clear that its managers shared Delane's enthusiasm for the self-sufficient, genial, truculent, autocratic, popular Minister, and accepted him as fairly representing the typical and dominant spirit of his generation of English voters and of English society.

The rôle of a journal like *Punch* is, in form at least, that of a mirror of the impressions and prejudices of society rather than of a leader or shaper of opinion, but the reiterated presentation of cleverly drawn cartoons depicting the shrewd, handsome Palmerston playing the game off his

own bat and easily getting the better of his adversaries, and of the brutal bully Lincoln devising fresh schemes of oppression and atrocity, really created, rather than reflected, the public opinion of the day. From the outset of the war, the *Times* took the ground that the attempt of the North to preserve the national existence was a futile absurdity, and that this attempt, as continued, became a crime. Through these same years, the clever cartoonists of *Punch*, working obviously in accordance with a general editorial policy,—devoted their pencils to emphasizing in every way possible the futility and the wickedness of the cause of the North, and in ridiculing and abusing the boor Lincoln and the despicable Yankee leaders generally. Confederate successes were emphasized and exaggerated and were made the text for reiterated sermons on the wickedness of the North in continuing the "fratricidal struggle," while Northern victories were either ignored or dismissed as untrue or exaggerated. Gettysburg and Vicksburg, for instance, the decisive victories of July, 1863, which marked the turning-point of the war, were not even referred to in *Punch*, whereas full measure of space had been given to Confederate triumphs. While the *Times* mentioned both events, its references can hardly be considered as examples of fortunate military criticism.

Every cartoon of Lincoln in *Punch* was drawn in a spirit of malevolence. He is presented as a boor, a churl, a sharper, a braggart, a poltroon, amusing himself with a book of Joe Miller's jokes, while his minions carry desolation into civilized communities. The references in the editorials of the *Times* are in full harmony with the cartoons in *Punch*. The influence of the *Times* and of *Punch* in shaping public opinion was, of course, not confined to Great Britain. *Punch* was to be found in the club-rooms of the leading continental cities, and was on the exchange list of their journals, and not a few of its cartoons were reproduced in Paris and in Berlin.

It is proper to remember, however, that on the arrival of the news of the President's death, Mark Lemon, who had been the controlling editor of *Punch* during the war, permitted the publication of a beautiful poem on Lincoln by Tom Taylor, which did much to offset the long series of abusive cartoons and references.

It is not too much to say that, during these years, for Europe generally the *Times* was British opinion. It was accepted, and on good grounds, not only as expressing the opinion of English society, but as indicating the policy of the administration of Great Britain. The long series of falsifications brought into print in its "leaders," and in the letters of its New York correspondent, undoubtedly delayed for years any correct understanding throughout Europe of the causes and purposes of the war, of the actual progress of campaigns and of the extent of the resources available for meeting the national indebtedness. The loss to the North in the obstacles placed in the way of the distribution of its loans, and the further loss in the higher interest that had to be paid on these loans, caused by the deliberate misstatements and vilifications of the *Times*, must be estimated at many millions of dollars.

With the group of the influential friends of the North must be named a young don of Trinity Hall, Cambridge, who was at the time hardly known outside of his University, but who was to take rank later among the leading authors and essayists of his generation. Leslie Stephen, whose first wife was a daughter of Thackeray, had become keenly interested in American affairs, first through correspondence with certain New England friends—Lowell, Holmes, Norton and others—and later, as a result of two sojourns in the States, and of a careful study of the history and conditions of the war. He now became convinced that the *Times* had, partly as a result of a definite policy for the breaking up of the Union, but largely also through sheer ignorance, bumptiousness and slovenliness, foisted upon England

and the Continent a mass of misinformation in regard to the causes of the war, the record of the campaigns, the character, the resources and the acts of the combatants, and the probable result of the struggle.

At the close of the war, in 1865, Stephen printed, under the title of "The *Times* and the American Civil War," a wicked little pamphlet in which he summarized some of the most flagrant and characteristic of the inconsistencies, blunders and absurdities in the statements of "fact," the descriptions and conditions of the record of "events" and the prophecies of results, that had found place in the correspondence and editorials of the *Thunderer* during the four years 1861-65.

It will, of course, be understood that neither Leslie Stephen nor the writer of this paper would have contended that a belief in the rightfulness of the cause of the South, or an expression of sympathy with the pluck and gallantry of its fight for independence, was in itself pernicious or even reprehensible. The argument for the constitutional right of secession was held to be well founded not only by a substantial majority of the Southerners who were ready to risk their lives in its support, but by not a few students of history on both sides of the Atlantic. The skill of the military leaders of the South and the pluck and devotion of their soldiers were deserving of the admiration they secured from all students of the war, and most of all from their Federal antagonists.

The appreciation given by such a student as Leslie Stephen, or by a Federal veteran like the writer of this paper, to the characters and to the brilliant campaigns of leaders like Lee and Jackson, could not, however, prevent either student or veteran from believing that it was to the advantage of the whole country and of the world at large that the cause of the South should fail—a belief that is held to-day by not a few of the Confederate veterans themselves. Stephen and others of his group in England were

indignant, not that England should favor the cause of the South, and should rejoice at the prospect of the destruction of the republic, but that responsible leaders of opinion, like the *Times*, *Punch* and the *Saturday Review*, should utilize in support of their contentions misstatements of fact, falsifications of the record of events and vilifications of the characters of the Northern leaders. Stephen and his friends were in a position to realize how widespread was the influence of these journals and how serious was the mischief brought about by them to the cause of the North and to a right understanding in England and on the Continent of the great issues at stake; and they felt keenly the serious injury caused to the future relations between England and the United States. It has required the lifetime of a generation to outgrow the cleavage between the two nations due to the malicious mischief of Delane and his friends.

The issues of 1861 are now matters of ancient history. The relations of England and the United States, bound together as they are by increasing common interests and purposes, are closer and more satisfactory than had before been thought possible. There is no more reason to-day for bitterness or excitement on the ground of the foolish utterances concerning Lincoln and the Civil War, than in regard to abusive language used a century earlier concerning Washington and the other leaders of the Revolution. I had thought, therefore, that the Americans of the present generation might be interested in having brought before them as a matter of history some specimens of the comments of the *Times* on the events of 1861-65 as preserved by that loyal friend of our country, Leslie Stephen. I think that they will agree with Stephen that the great English journal made a sad misuse of its responsibility, and that England was badly served by John Delane.

Stephen says that "the *Times* was during the years in question supposed to be in possession of a political know-

ledge profounder than the knowledge of any private individual, if not than the knowledge of statesmen, and that the public acquiesced in the right arrogated by the *Times* of speaking in the name of the English people." The authority thus ascribed in England was not unnaturally accepted in America, and the Americans understood that "the *Times* was the authorized mouthpiece of English sentiment, and that it expressed the mature opinions of the most educated and reflective minds of England." Finding in the *Times*, says Stephen, "a complete perversion of matters transatlantic, the American naturally attributed such aversion to malice rather than to ignorance. He could not believe that such pretended wisdom covered so much emptiness; and he attributed to wilful falsehood what was at worst a desire to flatter its readers."

The *Times* undertook from the outset to inform and guide English and Continental opinion in regard to the conditions of the war. It begins with some rather noteworthy prophecies.

Nov. 26, 1860: "It is evident, on the smallest reflection, that the South, even if united, could never resist for three months the greatly preponderating strength of the North." May 9, 1861: "The reduction of the seceding States is an almost inconceivable idea."

The character of the philosophic bystander seeing things more clearly than was given to the foolish and pig-headed Northerners who persisted in going their own way, was perhaps that in which the *Times* most delighted to appear.

Aug. 27, 1861, it appears in this character, modified by a stronger dash of the profound philosopher. England, it says, might as well attempt to conquer France, or, indeed, better; for the Northerners are not agreed amongst themselves. The only parallel in history is the French invasion of Russia, but Napoleon had far greater resources than the North, and the South is far stronger than Russia.

The *Times* never could learn, though incessantly burning its fingers, to keep clear of these dangerous historical parallels. May 3, 1864: "The present prospects of the Confederates in this fourth year of the war are brighter than ever before." Sept. 14, 1864: "The great fact that we asserted from the first is now [six months before the end of the war] placed beyond the reach of controversy. We said that the North could never subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion." March 6, 1865: Sherman's "unexampled successes expose him to a serious embarrassment. . . . The Federals have really made but little progress towards the conclusion of the war." April 19, 1865: "The catastrophe seems complete," it is now admitted, "and is calculated to impress people with the feeling that the work is accomplished, and that the Civil War is really at an end."

In the first months of the war, the *Times* accepted as well founded the Northern contention in regard to the main issues, including slavery. In January, 1861, it says: "We cannot disguise from ourselves that there is a right and wrong in this question, and that the right belongs to the States of the North. . . . The North is for freedom of discussion and the South resists freedom of discussion with the tar brush and pine faggot." Later in the month, it takes still stronger ground: "South Carolina has as much right to secede from the nation called the United States as Lancashire from England." By March 12th, it has found out that "protection is as much the cause of the war as slavery." It inclines to the South, because it has heard that the South is for free trade. Yet on June 26th it refers to the uprising of the Northern people after the fall of Fort Sumter as simply "an expression of wounded vanity." September 19, 1862: "Slavery is no longer a point at issue, and will not be interfered with, after peace is restored." October 7, 1862: "We are in Europe thoroughly convinced that the death

of slavery must follow as necessarily upon the success of the Confederates in this war, as the dispersion of darkness upon the rising sun." March 26, 1863, appeared an elaborate article, in which it is proved that, if the war for the Union fails, the South will become a great slave empire. The *Times* had now taken the position that the South was fighting for slavery, and that slavery was a good thing, and that the South would, therefore, win.

October 14, 1862: The Emancipation Proclamation is an incitement to assassination. "In truth, it is nothing else, and can mean nothing else." October 21, 1862: "Is the name of Lincoln ultimately to be classed in the catalogue of monsters, wholesale assassins, and butchers of their kind?" January 19, 1863: "The whole affair is a piece of hypocrisy intended for foreign consumption."

The American correspondents of the *Times* were not much more successful than the "leader" writers in the attempt to present an accurate or trustworthy account of events and of conditions, or in the ability to avoid abusive and malevolent statements. The letters present one long effort on the part of these correspondents to shut their own eyes and the eyes of their countrymen to the existence of any heroic qualities whatsoever in the Northern people. Every patriotic action is explained as having originated in corruption or selfishness. Scandal after scandal is raked up and exhibited as an average specimen of American affairs. If the writers were to be believed, the whole political and social machinery was rotten at the core and was worked by the most degraded motives; America is peopled by an unprincipled mob, sprinkled with charlatans and hypocrites, and governed by pettifogging attorneys. The Yankees had "hired other men to fight because they had no adequate loyalty of their own, and were prepared to abandon their liberty because they were wanting in courage."

It is impossible that these letters

could have been brought into print in the *Times* during the years in question except in accordance with the general policy, if not the specific instructions, of the manager Delane. They constituted the raw material out of which were manufactured a large portion of the "leaders"; and this was the more serious, because, as said, their statements eked out a good many hints left judiciously vague in the leading articles.

July 24, 1861, the *Times* discovered that the "volunteer force was becoming a standing army and as such dangerous to liberty." On August 12, 1861, it announced that a military dictator was not improbable before twelve months were over. January 29, 1862, it informed us that "the clank of the sabre was already heard in the halls of the Legislature." May 27, 1863, America was "about to offer the last vestige of her liberties at the shrine of that Moloch of slaughter and devastation [a playful term for Mr. Lincoln] which they have set up to reign over them." November 22, 1864: "Future historians will probably date from the second presidency of Mr. Lincoln, the period when the American Constitution was thoroughly abrogated, and had entered into that transition state through which republics pass on their way from democracy to tyranny."

In regard to the matter of the foreign element in the army of the Northern States, the statements of the *Times* are varied and curious. Having repeatedly asserted that the Northern forces consisted of not "very respectable" natives, reinforced by "myriads of German and Irish mercenaries"—"wretched emigrants drugged with whiskey," when pressed into the service, and kept from desertion by the fear of being shot, if they "skedaddled,"—it at last admitted that scarcely a family in New England lacked representation in the army, and that eighty per cent. of the soldiers were native Americans!

The military criticisms of the *Times* were no more fortunate than its reports of general conditions.

Even as late as April 18, 1865, after the evacuation of Richmond by Lee, its correspondent remains faithful to his hopes. He writes that the "closing victory was rather theatrical than substantial," and that when it took place, "Lee was retreating on a preconcerted plan." The last utterance of this logical correspondent was an attempt to prove that "Texas might still hold out for years." This letter was written after the last Texas general had surrendered!

On December 31, 1863, after speaking of the "foolish vituperation of England," which "had been fashionable with the American press," the *Times* added, with superlative calmness: "The entire absence of retaliation on the English side can scarcely be claimed as a merit; the spectator is naturally calmer than the combatant, nor is he tempted to echo his incoherent cries." It is doubtless the case that in the *New York Herald* and other American papers of the day there was plenty of unguarded and even abusive language in regard to England. No one paper of this group, however, could properly be referred to as an organ of public opinion, or as a shaper of public opinion, in the sense in which such description could be applied to the *Times*.

It may also be admitted that the provocation for sharp language from this side of the water was pretty serious. In September, 1862, the *Times* had taken the ground that the pretext made by the North that the war was an anti-slavery war was a mere pretext to blind foreigners; so far as a desire for emancipation meant anything, it meant to cover designs of diabolical malignity; it was intended to lead to the organization of "a series of Cawnpores," or to "the total extirpation of every white male in the South." "The suggestion of emancipation was introduced into the war as an afterthought." It served as "a thin superficial varnish to vulgar, and sometimes to atrocious motives." "In pursuing a wild will-of-the-wisp, the Northern armies,

utterly unable to conquer the South, overmatched in statesmanship, generalship and courage, had made an easy conquest of their countrymen's liberties." "The free, self-governing nation of English blood had become the humble slave of a despotism at once oppressive and ridiculous. Mob law had suppressed all that was noble and exalted in the nation, and was leading them to a fearful abyss of bankruptcy and ruin." Such as the war was, the North would not fight in it themselves. They "scraped together the refuse of Europe and stole the Southern negroes." "Every boast which they had ever made was proved to be empty"; every taunt which they had aimed at Europe might be retorted upon themselves. "The republic had rotted into the Empire and the gangrene had burst." This language, paraphrased by Stephen from a series of *Times* leaders, will recall to us some of the provocation which served as the texts for the fierce articles of the elder Bennett and of other American editors of the time. The space available for this article will not permit further citations from the Stephen pamphlet. The monograph constitutes a sufficiently valuable addition to the history of the time to deserve reprinting in full.

The historian Freeman was on the whole friendly to the cause of the North, but, misled by the information and authority of the *Times*, he had arrived at the conclusion that the national existence of the United States had come to an end. He brought into print, at the close of 1861, a historical study, the title page of which carried the following wording:

A HISTORY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT, FROM THE ORGANIZATION OF THE ACHAIA LEAGUE TO THE DISRUPTION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

In the second edition of the book, printed some years later, the wording of the title was altered.

Delane was typical of a certain

group of Englishmen of his generation. He was not a believer in representative government—that is, in a government selected by the people at large and representing the ideas and the interest of the people. His idea of a well-ordered state was of a state controlled by a close corporation of autocrats. He shared the admiration of his friend Palmerston for Louis Napoleon, and was not repelled by the governing methods that had been found necessary by that successful conspirator. Delane had no sympathy with, and practically no understanding of, ideals, and he distrusted and disliked men who were willing to fight for ideals, and who held that only through such fighting could there be progress for humanity. He was honestly incapable of appreciating the point of view of men like Bright and Cobden, and had nothing but sneers for their methods and aspirations; and he had no sympathy with and no appreciation of the best of the great legislative undertakings of Gladstone, those which have stood the test of later history.

Delane seems to have had no objection to slavery, and he distinctly approved of government by class domination. At the time when that wonderful epic of the defense of Rome was being enacted by Garibaldi and his associates, men willing to give their lives for their ideals, Delane expresses the hope that "some well-directed bullet will relieve Italy and Europe from that nuisance of a Garibaldi."

Englishmen of Delane's generation (who, irrespective of political preferences or prejudices, were doubtless desirous of securing the best return for their investments) had good reason for complaint against the *Times* for its bad counsel in regard to American securities: It was largely on the ground of the American information given by the *Times* and of the anti-Northern views emphasized in its correspondence and in its leaders that

Englishmen refused to purchase either the seven-thirty or the five-twenty bonds, and lost the profit that they would have secured through such purchase. The largest investments in these Civil War securities were made by the Hollanders, who secured a very good return indeed on their outlay. A certain group of English investors might also have debited to the *Times* the very serious losses incurred by them through their ill-advised faith in the value of the Confederate cotton bonds.

Delane was a man of exceptional capacity, and he was for years the trusted counsellor of Palmerston and of other statesmen of Palmerston's group. The Memoir makes it clear that Lord Palmerston depended very largely upon Delane for information and counsel on American affairs during the years of the Civil War. Under Delane's management, the *Times* became the greatest journal not only of England, but of Europe, and, as before stated, its influence was for a long series of years of first importance in shaping public opinion, or at least the opinion of the ruling classes, in Great Britain and on the Continent. The responsibility that thus came upon the director of the paper was great, and it is my contention that this responsibility was in large part badly used. The *Times* did much to bring about an unworthy standard of thought and of action for the Englishmen who accepted its guidance, and it was responsible for much of the unsatisfactory relations between Great Britain and the rest of the world; while (as an American with a loyal affection for Great Britain may properly remember) it was chiefly responsible for the bitterness between Great Britain and the United States, a bitterness which it has taken a generation to outgrow. In the use made by him of his influence and of his exceptional opportunities, England, and the world at large, were badly served by John Delane.

PANAMA AND THE CANAL

THE CIVILIZATION-BUILDERS AT WORK

By HUGH C. WEIR



IN the darkness of the Panama night, a row of ghost lights blinked at me, as I lounged on the second-floor veranda of the Cristobal Y. M. C. A. building. They were the electric bulbs of the half-circle of Government quarters at my left, blurred and shadowed by the haze of the mosquito netting stretched before them.

Over in the distance, I could see the moon-silvered Atlantic. The jangle of a cab-driver's bell sounded sharply at my elbow. A khaki-clad policeman paused in a stray beam of light and fanned himself with his broad Stetson hat. A Jamaican negress, bedecked with red ribbons, flaunted past him. It was my first night in the Canal Zone, and I was curious.

A sudden burst of shouts behind me brought me round abruptly, again conscious of the sweltering November heat of the Isthmus.

Through a long, open window of the gymnasium, I could see the climax of a vigorously waged basket-ball game, the perspiring contestants apparently oblivious of the humidity which had wilted two collars for me during the day. Dodging, leaping, squirming, the lithe figures were massed now around one goal, now around the other,—the bouncing leather ball a thing of life in their surging midst. I was watching Uncle Sam's Canal-builders at play.

A few hours before, the darting men in the "gym togs" might have been

seen among the "steam shovel" or "dirt train" gangs of the Isthmus, in the Panama Railroad shops or bent over a desk in any of the score of Government offices within a two-mile radius. These are the men—the young men—who are digging the biggest canal in the world's history, against odds which the American nation, of the three that have tried, alone has conquered. These are the men whom the average resident of "the States" pictures as lying on the red Panama mud, half dead with malaria or yellow fever, dodging snakes and eating decayed rations!

I was seeking the real life of the Canal, not that darkened by the sombre hues of the pessimist nor yet that brightened by the rose tints of the optimist, but the every day conditions of work and play of the every day man—yes, and woman and child—associated with the digging of the "Big Ditch." Was this a typical sample?

A youth, seated at a corner piano, was drumming through the strains of a late Broadway hit when I stepped back into the building. The basket-ball contestants had dispersed to the shower-baths. Across the corridor, a long row of men were turning the files of recent magazines. It was the conventional Y. M. C. A. scene at any of the compass points at home. And this was—the Panama jungle!

Downstairs, we stopped at a modernly equipped soda fountain for an iced drink, and the secretary, M. J. Stickel, stepped across to a well-filled cigar case.

"We have all brands here, for all

tastes," he said smiling. "Which will you have?"

"Is this your wilderness?" I queried. The secretary laughed grimly, as he flashed the prompt reply:

"You'll find that easily enough, perhaps more than you care to see of it! The jungle is vividly real to us down here—blacker even than it is painted—possibly to emphasize the more——"

"This?" I finished, nodding toward the inviting reception-room behind me.

"Oh, this is but a small fraction of the civilization we are building—in order to build the Canal. The 46,000 persons on the Government pay-roll cannot live in a wilderness, therefore, we must civilize the wilderness. We can't move the jungle but we can move home comforts—and we are trying to dove-tail the two. The Y. M. C. A. club-house is only a link in the chain. Yes, the jungle is here—we never forget it!—and the story of its taming is quite as wonderful as that of the digging of the Canal, only the public has n't heard it."

The red-underlined emphasis merited by this statement I was soon to discover. As yet I was only on the

rim of the true Panama—the pulsating details of the twentieth-century battle with the wilderness and the type of homes, schools, churches, stores, amusements which it has built. As we pause, let me give you a budget of items from my Panama notebook, which came to me in a rapid-fire fusillade in the night-and-day itinerary that followed.

Through a belt of land, ten miles in width and fifty miles in length, spanning the Isthmus of Panama from ocean to ocean, the American flag is dominant with the exception of two points. In the records of the War Department, this territory is entered as the "Canal Zone"—the course of the proposed waterway subdividing it almost evenly. At one extremity squats the colorless town of Colon—at the other, the historic streets of Panama rear their picturesque buildings, the only points of the Canal territory which do not owe allegiance to the Federal Government. Between the two, the thin line of the Panama Railroad wends its winding jungle-course, through a color-splash of cannas, orchids and coleus plants—in three hours carrying passengers in its grimy, dusty cars



PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT ON TOUR OF INSPECTION AT EMPIRE

from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a distance requiring three months to traverse by the present water route.

Dotted through the narrow land-ribbon are twenty-seven mushroom villages and wayside stations, some

monthly average of one million meals which Uncle Sam must serve! To meet the diversified tastes of the patrons, literally a world-restaurant must be maintained—in the tropical underbrush.



CANAL ZONE PRISONERS

nearing the dignity of a thriving American county seat, others little more than a cluster of houses perched about a telegraph office. And on both sides, stretching away for hundreds of miles, is the deep, dark, dismal underbrush of the jungle.

Under American jurisdiction, is a population of 54,325 people, dependent on the Government for food, shelter, clothing, to whose necessities, comfort and recreation Uncle Sam caters in the heart of a wilderness two thousand miles from the base of supplies.

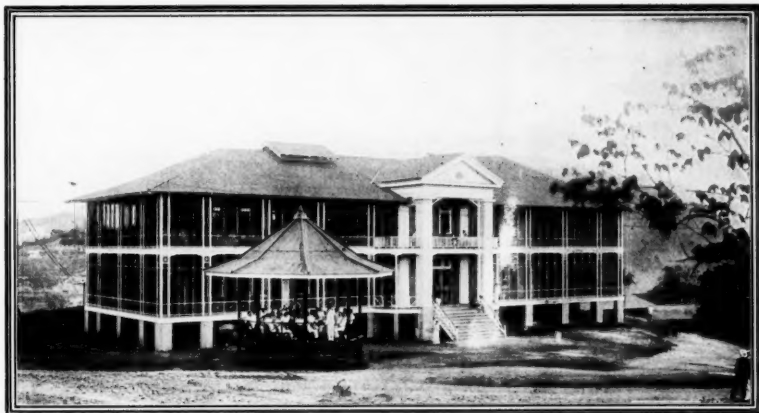
In this population are included forty nationalities, ranging from Austrians to Canadians, from Chilians to Chinese, from Jamaicans to Scandinavians.

Of the total number of residents, nearly 20,000 are fed at Government mess tents and hotels, making a

From the ten-cent rations of the West Indian negro and the twelve-and-a-half-cent meal of the European laborer, the scale ranges upward to the thirty-cent menu of the Government hotel—and not one pound of the tons of provisions consumed is obtained from the Isthmus itself. A transportation problem of nearly twenty-five hundred miles must enter into the preparation of every meal.

Further, the Government must supply provisions to those residents who do not board at Federal quarters. The commissary department carries a pay-roll of 524 employees and its monthly expenses total \$350,000. Entries such as the distribution of fifteen tons of rice and three tons of sugar a week are common in this wilderness department-store.

In the shadow of the jungle, have likewise been established a Federal



THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION CLUBHOUSE AT CULEBRA

cold-storage plant, with a capacity of 620 tons, from which 435,000 pounds of beef alone are distributed each month,—an artificial ice factory, producing sixty tons daily, seven days in the week,—and a Government bakery turning out 18,000 loaves every twenty-four hours, with no Sunday rest!

In the same list, follow a Federal laundry and a printing office, with plans under way for macaroni, coffee-roasting, pie-and-cake-baking plants, and even a tailoring establishment!

A jungle police force with 208 members has been formed, eleven fire-engine stations have been erected, twenty-four schools have been organized on this Central American frontier with 1000 enrolment, and the Canal Commission has lately added to its pay-roll eleven chaplains.

American energy has even installed 800 telephones in the wilderness!

Staggered, are you? And yet these facts do not include one mention of the Canal, the central feature of Panama. This summary belongs es-



OFFICES OF THE DIVISION ENGINEER AT CRISTOBAL



A HUT IN THE PANAMA JUNGLE

entially to the Civilization-builders, —the work of the Canal-builders is another story.

The great jaws of the jungle swallowed a village a few years ago,—during my Isthmus-roamings it was forced to disgorge. Buried under a mass of tropical vegetation, with outreaching talons like a devil-fish, the settlement was unearthed by the Government engineers after days of back-cramping labors, where even the blade of the machete seldom found room to strike. Thirty-two solidly constructed buildings—nine married quarters, twenty-two barracks and a machine shop dating from the glory of De Lesseps—were uncovered beneath the tangled tons of foliage, which had hidden them so completely that their existence was entirely unsuspected. As dusty pigeon-holes unfolded the history of the settlement, it developed that it had disappeared from the records of men when the French had been routed from the Canal Zone a generation ago—with millions of francs in useless equipment behind them and millions of francs in useless debt before them. It had needed but twenty-five years for the talons of the jungle to bury a village

large enough to shelter a thousand men!

This is the wilderness, that for hundreds of miles has not known the foot of a white man, through which Uncle Sam's Civilization-builders are stretching a twentieth-century wonder-chain.

A slow-speaking, bent-shouldered young man, who has an unobtrusive habit of talking little and listening much, smiled at me across a big, paper-littered desk when I sought the leader in this jungle-battle. Had it not been for that smile, I would have been disappointed in my first view of the man, who had been described to me as the "Backbone of the Canal."

Jackson Smith, chief of the Isthmian Department of Labor and Quarters and seventh member of the Canal Commission, has worked too hard at Panama to be prominent in the public eye in its roster of celebrities. With the silence of the man who does big things, he has laid the foundation upon which others have built. Feeding, clothing, sheltering the army of peace that is worming the Canal-course from ocean to ocean is the giant task he has faced and con-

quered—in cold figures, a greater problem than the maintaining of the entire United States regular army!

With a curiously growing enthusiasm, I probed for details. "How have you done it?" I queried without preamble, to which he made characteristic answer thus:

"By organizing a small army of experts for taking care of human beings!"

Silence stretched over the next sixty watch-ticks. Outside, the mid-morning Panama sun splashed a yellow radiance down onto the rain-washed red clay.

"And every one of these experts was made in the thick of action," continued Mr. Smith as easily as though he had not paused. "They are men who have been taught what to do and how to do in the shoulder-to-shoulder school of experience.

"Somebody has said that the Panama-Canal is the dumping-ground

weighs the bad: a half-man could not do the man's work the Isthmus is showing.

"Our experts must know men, know them as they would know a text-book. The man from Italy cannot be handled like the man from the West Indies or the man from Milwaukee. The Italian has been raised on macaroni. The juiciest beefsteak would not appeal to him if you banished his macaroni. The West Indian thrives on rice—and nothing will take its place. The man from the States is the only resident on the Isthmus who will eat anything and everything—except Panama cooking!

"We must have the menus of Spain and Italy and France and China and the West Indies—and the other thirty-four countries from which Uncle Sam's Canal-builders are gathered. It is an international menu we must serve down here, for we are really feeding the globe!



INTERIOR OF THE BAKERY AT CRISTOBAL

for other countries' cast-off citizens. This is true and not true. The good in our consignments of men out-

"Last year," Mr. Smith smiled as he circled around another bend of his subject, "3570 men were employed



QUARTERS FOR THE MARRIED AT PARAISO

in our building department. During the twelve months, 588 houses were finished—in the heart of the jungle, if you please!—with the supply always below the demand. In addition, eighteen new mess halls, four Y. M. C. A. club-houses, two lodge halls, four school buildings, one church and four post-offices were erected—by the men whom the public never hears anything about!

"Nearly 2500 electric lights were installed in Culebra alone during the year. In the twelve months, over 1,000,000 pounds of lead were used by our house painters. Paint is a central detail of house-building in the tropics. We do not use plaster or wall paper in Panama owing to the climatic effects, and the interior as well as the exterior of the dwelling consequently must be thoroughly painted. The temporary nature of most of our buildings makes it necessary to paint the floor-joints also, so that a four-room structure on the Isthmus will require as much paint as would be used on a fourteen-room building at home.

"Our work is not completed, however, even when the last nail of the dwelling has been driven, and the last plumbing fixture installed. We must

furnish as well as build the house. It is clearly impossible for the Canal-employees to bring their household furnishings with them. Therefore, the Government finds itself confronted with another civilization-problem, and answers it by supplying furnished houses.

"Uncle Sam is the most generous landlord that ever delighted a tenant's heart. Not only does he give quarters rent-free, with a liberal furniture allowance absolutely gratis, but he donates the electric-light service as well! With the items of rent and light eliminated from a family's expense account——"

"Perhaps the increased cost of living in other respects is not so heavy?" I finished, cynically.

Mr. Smith silently fumbled about his desk. He was studying a type-written table of figures when he looked up.

"I have here New York market prices for October," he said quietly, "and those of the Government commissaries in the Canal Zone. In thirty-seven items in a list of sixty-four, the shopper could buy cheaper at Panama than in the stores at home! In eight cases, the market prices here and in the States were equal, in nine-

teen instances the American stores offered slightly better bargains. Digesting the list, we find that there was an actual net saving of \$1.50 in favor of the Panamanian markets in the sixty-four articles, an average saving of $2\frac{1}{2}$ cents per item! And this in spite of the fact that the New York merchant sells at home, while we must consider a transportation expense of more than 2000 miles in the cost of every item, with the exception of our fruits."

As Mr. Smith paused to explain that the commissary department is now under the control of the Panama Railroad—like the Canal, a Government-owned institution,—I jotted down sundry items of those vividly emphasized market quotations. In battle array they follow:

		New York	Panama
	cts.	cts.	
Beef, stew	per lb.	14	10
Beef, corned	" "	12-15	10-14
Steaks, porterhouse	" "	25	22
Steaks, tenderloin	" "	22	22
Veal, loin	" "	22	12
Veal for stewing	" "	16	8
Mutton, short-cut chops	" "	22	19
Lamb, entire fore- quarters	" "	14	11
Sausage, pork	" "	25	16
Turkeys	" "	24	26 $\frac{1}{2}$
Eggs, fresh	dozen	35	34
Bacon, strips	lb.	25	23
Lard, 5-lb. tins	each	85	65
Butter prints, prime quality	lb.	39	38
Cheese, cream	each	23	22

		cts.	cts.
Oranges	dozen	60	12
Bananas	"	15	5

Dove-tailing neatly into the exhibit, is the column of figures given me by S. M. White, the Government store-keeper at Colon, as sharp-teethed illustrations of the volume of business surging through the channels of Uncle Sam's giant department-store, with its output of eighty tons of supplies daily:

WHAT THE
ISTHMUS EATS IN A SINGLE MONTH

435,000 lbs.	beef
15,000 "	mutton
12,000 "	veal
14,000 "	ribs
2,000 "	turkeys
20,000 "	butter
5,000 gals.	milk
5,000 "	fowls
2,000 "	chickens
5,000 lbs.	liver
30,000 "	pork
20,000 "	beef loins
20,000 "	macaroni
70,000 "	coffee
468,000	loaves bread.

Fifteen freight cars are needed every twenty-four hours to deliver the orders of the jungle Commissary department. Five cars of ice and cold-storage supplies leave Colon every morning—their wares coming as a godsend in the tropical wilderness. Two more cars are loaded to their greatest capacity with the daily output of the American bakery. One car is filled with fresh vegetables,



INTERIOR OF ISTHMIAN CANAL COMMISSION MESS-HOUSE, CULEBRA



CATHEDRAL PLAZA, PANAMA

and seven cars with staple groceries from the mammoth warehouse every evening, ready to begin their journey across the Isthmus soon after midnight.

This is how the Americans are winning at Panama—in the blackened trail of other nations' failures.

At the wayside stations, bordering the Panama Railroad, modernly equipped commissary wagons are waiting, ready to carry to the purchaser the list of goods, large or small, ordered the day before. A twentieth-century delivery system in the recesses of the wilderness!

Through ten branch stores the commissary department is extended through the jungle—and in not one station can a purchase be made for cash! A system of coupon-books has been established, whose checks range from one cent upwards in value. These only are accepted for Government purchases. One book may be used at any or at all stores, and is listed at a cash basis of \$15.00, individual accounts being kept with em-

ployees in good standing, when their books are exhausted before the monthly pay day. To prevent a possible conflict in prices at the various commissary branches, a general price book is issued every thirty days, and oftener in the case of the grocery department, which enables the purchaser to know in advance what his week's or month's provisions will cost him, whether they are bought on the Pacific or the Atlantic coast.

In vivid comparison with these strides of progress, is the story that only a little more than three years ago it was necessary to knock the old French machinery of the Canal apart to obtain nails for the erection of bunks!

Those were the "early days" as reckoned by the old-timers—1904!—when mirrors were at a premium and men were forced to shave by the aid of the window-panes, when the deadly black scorpion was an all-night bed-fellow, and a man was allowed only one hand to eat, using the other the

while in a frantic effort to keep the mosquitoes at bay!

Like a fantastic nightmare these conditions appear to-day to the man who, for thirty cents, may order a menu like the following at any of the fifteen Government hotels:

Oyster stew; roast turkey (stuffed), with cranberry sauce; beef à la mode; sliced tomatoes, sugar corn, mashed potatoes, rice fritters with vanilla sauce, asparagus on toast; banana custard, cake, watermelon; tea, coffee and cocoa. Or this sample:

Mixed pickles; Rhode Island clamchowder; lobster with mayonnaise; roast young turkey (stuffed), with cranberry sauce; French toast with fruit sauce; asparagus with melted butter; potatoes in cream; chocolate ice-cream; jelly cake, cheese, crackers; tea, cocoa, coffee.

Can you surpass these meals—served in the shadow of the Panamanian jungle—for the same figure at an American restaurant?

As a business proposition, does it pay? During the month of September, 1907, there was a loss of roughly \$3000 from the \$150,000 receipts of the subsistence department. The month of October, on the other hand, furnished a profit of practically the same figures. As the balance sheets of the two months were spread before me, Superintendent J. M. McGuire, of Ancon, explained that the additional one day in October was responsible for the difference—so close is the margin of the department that a month of thirty-one

days will show a gain, while a month of only thirty days will indicate a corresponding loss. Uncle Sam does n't make any profit, but he gives his men good meals!

In the city of New York, the death-rate is estimated at the ratio of eighteen persons to the thousand. Among the white employees of the Panama Canal, the death-rate during the month of August, 1907—the worst season on the Isthmus—was only 8.57 to the thousand, less than half of the New York figures!

And yet this is the plague spot, which at various times during the early eighties wiped out forty per cent. of the Canal employees of the old French régime!

Negro residents at Panama furnish the bulk of the mortality, although here again the amazing work of Colonel W. C. Gorgas and his superb sanitary department is conspicuous. Five years ago, the death-rate among the blacks was 120 per 1000. To-day it has been reduced to one quarter of that figure.

In New Orleans, Venice, St. Petersburg and Moscow, the rate of mortality ranges from 22 to 28 per 1000,

in all cases higher than the average at Panama; in Alexandria, Cairo, Calcutta and Bombay, it ascends from 30 to 48 per 1000. In Madras, it even reaches the height of 58 per 1000. It is apparent that the Canal Zone has become the most healthful spot which the tourist can find throughout the length and breadth of the tropical belt of the globe—a triumph of



A PANAMANIAN "WASH LADY"

American sanitary methods, which only the Panamanian of yesterday and to-day can fully appreciate.

Last year, the postal service of the Canal Zone transmitted \$2,318,965 in money orders. The bulk of this amount, \$1,724,382, represented the savings of the 5000 American employees, forwarded to their families or to banks at home!

The Civilization-builders at Panama believe, as a fundamental principle, in working with the right kind of material—and men.

The women at Panama?

They are there, in quantity and quality. The Labor and Quarters Department has over 500 applications

for married quarters on its waiting list at the present time, and the last census of the Canal Zone showed 982 white women and 758 children already established under Panamanian roof-trees.

It is related that an overworked justice of the peace at Colon married eight American couples in less than eleven minutes! The brides were newly arrived from "the States" and the wedding ceremonies were performed on the dock, the young women ready to follow the flag in its wilderness path from ocean to ocean—fit helpmates for the heroes who are not soldiers, the khaki-clad men of the Panama jungle.

THE INTELLIGENT MUSIC-LOVER SELF-REVEALED

By ANNIE NATHAN MEYER



FOR years have I stood in secret awe of the intelligent music-lover. If there were moments when I ventured deep down to question if he were truly getting a higher enjoyment than I, a disdainful look from the eye that tore itself for an instant from the score before it, promptly relegated me to the humble place which I deserved. If I had a suspicion that in order to get the full flavor of a musical performance it was not imperative to be able to recognize a diminished fifth from a perfect fifth, or the Authentic Modes from the Plagal Modes, I kept that suspicion carefully to myself; for while Music is with me a passion, I have never yet attained to those heights of appreciation whereon music is "a well-ordered language."

But at last the intelligent music-lover has spoken in a language to which I am no stranger. He has come out into the open, away from the maze of metaphor; he has dropped his talk of Diatonic Scales, of Inversion, and Primary Harmonies, and has sought to elucidate his theories by entering into the realm of poetic literature. Into this realm I have no qualms about following him. One may stand "at gaze" when solemnly informed that "*it is not enough* to have keen delight in observing changes of color, contrasts of harmony, conquests of technical difficulties, and all the other outward characteristics of a musical performance."* But there is no doubt what is meant when one is admonished as to "the only proper way to enjoy Shakespeare." Let the author speak for himself:

* "Musical Education and Automatics," by Leo Rich Lewis, *Atlantic Monthly*, March, 1908.

The lover of literature, if he seeks acquaintance with a play of Shakespeare, must first decipher the meaning of many a richly significant or ornate period. He must interpret for himself many an archaic phrase. . . . He takes a scene from a Shakespearian play, reads it slowly, frequently halts and re-reads, looks up unknown words, traces allusions to their sources, compares one passage with another; and thus, by a process frequently laborious, builds for himself a conception of the work. This conception is subject to extensive revision under the suggestion of a great commentator or of a great interpreter.

At last! I have long suspected it, but was unable to prove it. The intelligent music-lover is henceforth to be identified with him of the Literary Concordance, with him of the "little notes barking at the text." Stripped of all the confusing musical phraseology, he stands naked and unashamed, the studious student of literature, the little Jack Horner of poetry, the worshipper of the annotator, the delver into roots and sources. Lover of literature, forsooth! Lover of the dry bones of literature's grave-yard! "How readily," says he, "we get the maximum effect of the spirit, when we have understood the verbal substance of the utterance!" But do we? It is just this false premise that is responsible for the average college boy's

loathing of poetic utterance. As well tell me that the full beauty of a doll can be realized by the child only when the yellow sawdust oozes from its collapsed form!

No, I know I love my Shakespeare. I know I get more from him than he who approaches by a "process which is frequently laborious." I love my Shakespeare for the sheer joy of the story, which holds at the twentieth reading as well as at the first; and for the joy of the beautiful word; I am as keenly interested in the outcome of the choice of Portia's lovers to-day as at the beginning. I delight in the sparkle of Rosalind, in the brave pride of Hermione, in the exquisite imagery of passages like that of Julia's, beginning

The current that with gentle murmur glides as intensely as on my first reading. But I really do not concern myself whether the idea of Caliban came from Eden's "Historie of Travaile," or from a play by Greene; nor am I greatly curious to know whether "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was borrowed from the Portuguese or the Italian.

No, never again shall I quail before the Intelligent Music-Lover. I shall be able henceforth to enjoy my concerts with a light heart; for verily I shall even come to pity that worn figure drooping painfully over the heavy volume on its knee!

A WOMAN TO HER HAND MIRROR

(SUGGESTED BY A FRENCH SONG OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

AM I,—tell me,—am I fair?
 Youth were wont in other days
 These eyes, these lips, this brow to praise,
 And all this wealth of golden hair.
 Yet now—ah, tell me,—am I fair?

HAROLD S. SYMMES

A FOREIGN TOUR AT HOME

A POSTSCRIPT



HAVING travelled my "Foreign Tour at Home" over again in the publication of the notes, I find myself wanting to say two things.

The first is that the Western civilization is far beyond anything I had anticipated. Except that, as already remarked, Seattle's homes have not kept pace with the wonderful development of her business buildings, houses in all the cities were about as in Eastern cities of the same size, and hotels and restaurants better; the people were as well-dressed and well-mannered; and the ways generally, except in one particular, as "up to date." There's more refinement about the treatment of Mount Tamalpais, especially in the unobtrusiveness of the site of its hotel, than about any similar Eastern matter that I can recall; and as I think over the very best-mannered men I have known, one, who comes up perhaps oftenest, is a Californian. These cannot be solitary instances.

But (and this is the second thing I want to say), under it all, here and there crops out the crudeness of a new civilization, especially in an excessive sensitiveness to criticism. Crudity not only hates criticism, but is always on the alert for it; people who have "arrived" are comparatively indifferent to it; and those of the highest development welcome it.

Regarding comment from the East, there is not unknown among Western editors a tendency to carry a chip on the shoulder, and, no matter how far the comment may come from fairly knocking off the chip,

the editor himself is apt to wriggle it off, and find cause of offence where none was meant. Here are some illustrations:

Speaking of the Eastern newspapers, I remarked that as far back as the Chicago Exposition in '93, I noticed that they did not abound in that city as they did in '62. Whereupon the following comment was made by a minor Western editor, in an article headed by the old joke: "New York Provincialism"—which, by the way, whatever it may be, is not the incontestable provincialism of super-sensitiveness to criticism:

It does not occur to the dear old gentleman that Chicago and other Western papers, since 1862, have developed into journals that are quite as good in every respect, except to a New Yorker, as the metropolitan papers, and that Western people have no need for New York papers in order to get the news. Probably he would not believe this if he were told. Provincialism as deeply ingrained as it commonly is in the born New Yorker cannot be cured by one easy lesson.

I don't know where, unless under his chip, he got the evidence that "it does not occur" to me. Few things have occurred to me more distinctly for several years past—so distinctly as to have materially affected some of my business arrangements.

Still another chip was wriggled off by a San Francisco editor, who said: "Mr. Holt, by the way, does not think we are rebuilding 'as fast or as well as those whose sole information is from . . . newspapers . . . suppose.' We are led to infer from Mr. Holt's estimate of our rehabilitation that his own Boston would have done much

better." This inference is, of course, purely gratuitous—as gratuitous as giving me any ownership in Boston. And after his deprecation of my comment on the building, he went on to confirm it by making excuse for the slowness which I had intimated myself! This article was headed, "A Badly informed Critic," and it began: "Henry Holt, the Boston publisher and author, has been 'discovering America.'" (Chip again.) Of course I am not the one to judge whether a critic who thus locates a "publisher and author" in the wrong place should have a little charity for "A Badly informed Critic," especially when the only instance of bad information that the critic's critic quotes is a confusion of the California names Flood and Fair. In addition, however, he does find matter of criticism in some of the legends which the editor put under illustrations of his own selection.

Nearly all of this sort of editorial comment has related to trifles, while regarding my account of quite possibly the most important circumstance in the United States to-day—Los Angeles's handling of its graft and trade-union problems,—I have not seen a word. The nearest approach is a statement that I "hit upon Los Angeles for a typical California city, notwithstanding the fact that Los Angeles is purely Eastern in every phase." As I hit upon nothing of the sort, and agree regarding Los Angeles's Easternness (except that the city has a stir that the East does not dream of), this fling is simply another illustration of the chip.

Now for a few more samples of the general attitude:

In the first bunch of the notes, I dropped the remark that there was not an Havana cigar to be had in my Kansas City hotel. That cigar that was n't there seemed to set the State on fire, and the conflagration spread, here and there, throughout the entire West. Somebody in the aggrieved city at once wrote to the editor that I had "stopped at a third-class hotel," or was "a liar." I authorized the

answer that if the absence of Havana cigars made a hotel third-class, I had stopped at a third-class one; but it was the best they had—and a very good one. I had forgotten the name of the hotel, and some citizens demanded profound researches to nail the slander of the State. In time word came from a special investigator that, notwithstanding the organized attention that had been devoted to the subject, he could not find an Havana cigar in *any one of the best three hotels in the place.*

But the cigar did not raise as much smoke as some other matters in the first article. I ventured to suggest that to the Garden of the Gods had been given a name that its impressiveness hardly justified, and I expressed inability to admire some of the sandstone freaks in and near it, or even to derive from Pike's Peak the class of emotions inspired by the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. A Colorado Springs paper honored me with a column which has probably given more amusement, at least to my friends and myself, than anything I have been able to say about the trip. The editorial was called, "Impressions of a Dyspeptic," and said that,

judging by the skill with which Mr. Holt managed to see all the disagreeable things about each place and the country *en route*, and to shut his eyes to their pleasanter aspects, he must have had just the kind of fun that appeals to a man with a disordered liver—the joy of hunting up disagreeable things.

My readers know whether I have been incapable of admiring anything else in the trip. I sent the funny article to an eminent author and nature-lover of California, who wrote me:

This is almost too good. You will remember that I warned you. I had a good laugh when I read your article, over what I imagined would be the consternation of the natives when they read it. As this Garden of the Gods is the Holy of Holies to Colorado, and the railroad has so long driven the idea home that it is really one

of the great wonders of the world, it is nothing short of murder to attack it.

Another friend, for whom the name of the Garden of the Gods had secured a disappointment, went so far as to say: "I'm glad somebody has spoken out about that humbug at last." I should hardly call it a humbug, and if I have made any implication of the kind, it was regarding the label, not the goods.

Funnier than the Colorado editor, however, was the bookseller, who wrote to the publishers of this magazine, enclosing the funny article, declaring that he would no longer deal with people who could publish such stuff as mine, and shrieking as his culminating plaint: "He criticized the hotel in Denver, but had not a single word for our splendid 'Antlers,' the pride and glory of our town," or words to that effect. I did not "criticize" the hotel in Denver (though it presented the most able-bodied bill I met in the course of the trip), but praised some features of its architecture; and had I been writing a guide-book, I should have praised the Antlers too, though possibly not its architecture. But, although my book-world colleague probably wanted me to praise its architecture, I hope it will be some balm to his wounds for me to declare that I felt, perhaps, more at home there than at any other hotel on the trip. I fear, however, that with the views some of our Western friends take of me, they will regard that as likening the hotel to the infernal regions.

I am glad of the opportunity to say here that I did write more about things that pleased me in Colorado than the editor of PUTNAM'S found space for.

One adverse comment was of a very different class from those I have noted. In response to my remarking that the apparent indifference to home attractions in the prairie countries seems to indicate a low grade of

civilization, I was told that "it might interest Mr. Holt to learn that the percentage of illiteracy in that section is so infinitely lower and the per capita wealth so much greater than in his beloved New York, that comparisons would be odious." As if that meant anything more than that the prairie countries are not burdened as New York is with illiterate and pauper immigrants!

Of course there have been many gibes at "discovering the small part of the country west of the Hudson," "a new country beyond Jersey City," etc. Now nearly everybody of any consequence at the East has seen such a country, but comparatively seldom west of the Mississippi, and more seldom, perhaps, north of Chicago. That places like Seattle (where the American Bar Association has recently held its annual meeting) and Portland can be what they are, it has not entered into the mind of many of us who have not been there, to conceive.

Regarding this ignorance I have made confession, and avoidance—if I may confuse Court and Church—avoidance not merely negative, but positive and laborious, in the long journey; but instead of getting absolution, I have had a degree of reprobation strangely at variance with the generosity and broad-mindedness our Western friends manifest regarding everything but criticism.

I end these notes as I began them, by intimating that they will have failed if they do not lead some other Easterner to similar avoidance. The pleasure and instruction of the tour will abundantly offset all disadvantages. Outpourings of wrath may descend upon the traveller if he ventures into candid print, but to print is to live it all over again; and I may even hint that the outpourings of wrath will not be among the least amusing elements of a rich and wonderful experience.

HENRY HOLT.

LESS THAN KIN

By ALICE DUER MILLER

VIII



EMMONS stopped at the Lee house the next morning on his way to the train. Vickers, fortunately, had already left. Emmons came in reality to explain, but like so many of us, he made the mistake of thinking that his explanation would be strengthened by a little reproach.

"Well," he said, "I came to find out whether you got home safely. I was really alarmed, Nellie, when I heard you had been at the fire after all. I don't at all like the idea of your running about the country by yourself after nightfall."

"I don't think there was much danger, James."

"You don't? Let me tell you we are all very much afraid something dreadful happened after the fire. Several of us heard hideous screams in the direction of Simm's woods."

"What did you do?"

"We went there, of course, but we could not find anything. They ceased in as mysterious a way as they began. Some of the men went out at sunrise to-day to search the woods. I have not heard whether they found anything. But you will see the folly of imagining a place safe just because you have always lived there. I have been anxious all night. I kept imagining it might be you—"

"Bob took me home," she answered quickly.

"Well, as long as you're safe that's all I care about. I just stopped in," he ended, moving slowly down the

steps, but at the foot he could not resist adding:

"I suppose you saw that grandstand play of your cousin's?"

"Yes."

"And what *did* you think of it?"

He looked at her insisting on an answer, and after a moment got it:

"I thought, James, that you would never had done anything so foolish."

"I most certainly would not," he returned; and he had walked as far as the corner before it struck him that as an answer it was not entirely satisfactory, but it seemed too late to go back.

Later in the morning she had a visit from Louisa Overton, who drove over from her own house, in her umbrella-topped phaeton with the bay cobs which her father had so carefully selected for her. She came, as she explained, to welcome her dear Nellie, but her dear Nellie noted with uneasiness the unusual promptitude of the visit. There could not of course be the smallest chance of seeing Bob at that hour, but Nellie's heart sank as she observed how often her cousin's name was introduced into the conversation. It seemed to grow up spontaneously like a weed, and yet Nellie was sufficiently experienced in the peculiarities of her own sex, to know it was a danger-signal. She wondered if the time had come for delivering the warning against her cousin which Emmons had advocated. She felt strangely adverse to delivering it.

She tried a new mode of attack as the girl rose to go, after a final comment on Vickers's conduct at the fire.

"Upon my word, Louisa," she said, good-temperedly, "Bob seems to have made a most flattering impression on you."

Miss Overton smiled. "He is a charming person," she answered. "A-propos, Mrs. Raikes says that the three best things in the world are a good novel, a muskmelon, and a handsome cousin."

"She has not the last, or she would not value it so highly," Nellie returned.

Miss Overton did not immediately answer. They had walked to the front door, and as she climbed into her trap, she observed that it was warm.

Nellie put up her hand to her face. It was warm. She hoped her own heightened color had not suggested Louisa's remark.

The heat, she could see, wore on her uncle. He looked older and frailer than ever. Even Vickers showed it after three almost sleepless nights; and Emmons's temper, she thought, was not quite as smooth as usual. He scolded her about Overton's manner to Bob. The great man had actually sought him out in the train and had been seen walking along the platform with a hand through his arm. Emmons thought it a mistake to show approval of such a person as Bob.

"Really, I think you are a little too severe, James," she answered; and all she could say for herself was that she showed less irritation than she felt. "It seems hard if as long as Bob is behaving well he should be denied all human companionship."

"Oh, if you consider that Bob is entirely rehabilitated by two or three weeks without actual crime—"

Nellie turned away. She thought the heat was affecting her temper, too. Mr. Lee's slavish devotion and Emmons's continual criticism of her cousin alike angered her. She found herself wondering whether James were not rather a trying employer—whether he did not take it out of Bob down town. For the first time she felt a little sorry for her cousin. At least he never complained.

He did not complain, but a steady contempt for Emmons grew in his mind—a contempt which would have

been hatred, if he had really been as bound down as Emmons thought him. As it was, he still played daily with the idea of flight. Certainly, he told himself, he would wait no longer than to get the farm on its feet under a new farmer. To make the situation more trying his friendship with Overton had not been without results. He and the great man had had several long talks over the farm and the condition of Mr. Lee's affairs. Overton had been impressed. The morning after Louisa's visit to Nellie, he had offered Vickers a position of some importance. The offer gave Vickers satisfaction. As the Lees' lawyer, Mr. Overton must know all about Bob Lee's past. Vickers felt that at last his own individuality had overcome Bob's. Nevertheless he had declined. The position would have taken him to another city. He saw that Overton was puzzled and not very much pleased at his refusal.

"If the difficulty is with your father," he said. "I think I could arrange that for you."

Vickers said that it was not with his father, and Overton said no more. Vickers was sorry to see that he had lost ground.

He came up by a later train than usual. He felt put out with life and with himself, and stood frowning on the station platform looking for the trap that would take him to the house, when suddenly he saw that not the coachman, but Nellie, was driving it. For an instant his heart bounded. He looked round to see if Emmons were there, too. But few people patronized the late train. He was alone on the platform when Nellie drew up beside it.

"If anyone had asked me in the train," he said, "what was the most unlikely thing in the world, I should have answered 'that Nellie should come and meet me.'"

To his surprise she assented quite gravely. "I wanted to see you before you went home. There is a man at the house asking for you."

"What sort of a man?"

"A very queer-looking man, Bob,

—an old man. He speaks very little English, and has very dangerous-looking eyes."

"What's his name," said Vickers. He had begun to be nervous about Lee's past. He could not tell what was about to overtake him.

"He won't give his name. He just bows, and says to tell you a gentleman. He keeps calling you Don Luis, and then correcting himself and saying Meester Bob Lee."

"The deuce," said Vickers. He thought for a moment that the Señor Don Papa and the lovely Rosita had found him out. "Is he old?" he asked

"Yes,—middle-aged, or more."

Then seeing his obvious anxiety, Nellie went on quickly: "And so I thought, Bob, if it were anything very bad—I mean if you did not want to see him, that you might go on to Mr. Overton's, and I would tell him you had gone away."

"Tell a lie, Nellie?"

"Oh, don't be stupid and irritating, Bob. My uncle has not been well lately. He could not bear anything more. It is of him I am thinking. It would be too terrible, if, if—"

"If they juggled me at last. Well, I don't think that they will."

His light-heartedness did not entirely relieve her mind, and at their own gate, she stopped again.

"Do be careful. Think before you go in, Bob," she said; and then, seeing him smiling, she added, "Oh, I almost wish you had never come back at all."

"What!" he cried, "am I more trouble than the two hundred dollars a month is worth?"

"Yes," she answered crossly.

"Perhaps if you tell that to Emmons, he will raise my salary."

She was not at all amused. "Bob," she said as she drew up before the door, "don't go in. I really do not feel as if I could bear another scandal. Don't be foolhardy. This man is terribly mysterious."

"Why, you excite my curiosity," he said, and gently putting her out of his path, he went into the house ahead of her and found himself confronted by Doctor Nufiez.

The ensuing conference was long. Dinner came and went; but still Vickers was shut up in the little library with his strange visitor. Mr. Lee had gone to bed, Emmons had long since arrived, but his fiancée gave him but a strained attention. She sat listening for the opening of the library door. If the voices within were raised enough to become audible, she thought that a quarrel was in progress; if they sank, the silence terrified her more.

"Now some people like a straight southerly exposure," Emmons was saying, "but give me a southwesterly. You get the sun in—"

Nellie suddenly stood up. "What can they be doing?" she said. "That queer-looking man has been here over three hours."

"Up to no good, the two of them. I have no doubt," said Emmons, and added, "I hope you don't keep much money in the house."

She turned on him sharply. "How absurd you are, James. You can't suppose—" but she was cut short by the opening of the library door, and the sound of the two men's voices, as they crossed the hall.

"Do you know any Spanish, James?" she asked quickly.

Emmons shook his head.

"I speak no language but my own," he answered proudly.

As the front door shut, Nellie left him unceremoniously, and went out to the front piazza, where Vickers was standing after having said good-bye to his visitor. His head was bent and his hands were in his pockets.

Nellie came and stood silently beside him. She was conscious of being nervous. She could feel her heart beating. She felt that something important had happened. They stood like this for several seconds, and then fearing that Emmons would join them before she had heard, Nellie said:

"Bob?"

The monosyllable was plainly a question, but he did not answer it. He merely took her hand and drew it within his arm and continued to

stare meditatively at the boards at his feet.

Driven to desperation by the thought of the shortness of her time, Nellie at length asked:

"Was it very serious?"

He looked at her.

"Pretty serious, Nellie."

She felt frightened.

"I don't want to be too curious, but you must tell me. Are you in danger?"

"I am in danger," he answered, "of the only thing which at the moment I fear. I am in danger of having to leave you."

She withdrew her hand quickly, and stepped back. He made no effort to detain her.

"Yes," he said, "go back to Emmons, or we shall have him ramping out here to know what the matter is. I am going up to the Overtons'."

Nellie turned and went into the house.

Emmons was sitting with his elbows on his knees, tapping his feet up and down so as to give a rocking motion to his whole body. He did not like being left alone.

"And where is Bob?" he asked.

"Gone out," and Nellie, added more candidly: "Gone to the Overtons'."

"Oh, of course, naturally," retorted Emmons. "And may I ask who his visitor was?"

"He did not tell me."

"He has gone, I suppose, to confide it to Louisa Overton."

Nellie looked at him quickly. She had not phrased the notion quite so clearly to herself, and yet it had been there. Bob had never mentioned Louisa Overton's name, and yet his cousin could not be ignorant that he was at the Overtons' house almost every day. She glanced at James. Would anyone turn to James in a crisis? She thought all this before she became aware that he was saying:

"I think we shall have to inquire into this a little more. There is something behind these constant visits to the Overtons', if I am not very much mistaken. Why a clever man like Balby Overton allows it, is more than I can see. Is it possible that Miss

Louisa can have taken a fancy to him? Is it possible that any decent girl could take a fancy to him?"

There was a long pause. Perhaps Nellie was not listening, for he had to repeat his question before he got an answer.

"Very possible, I should think."

The answer did not please Emmons.

"Well, not so very possible," he said contemptuously. "I am afraid the kind of man he is sticks out plainly enough. Inexperienced as she is, I fancy she can see his game—an heiress and so young. I should feel responsible if any thing happened, unless I had said a word to Overton. Oh, yes, I know. You *suppose* that he knows all about Bob's record, but in a case as serious as this we have no right to suppose. It is our duty to speak plainly, and if you wont, I will."

"I am the person to do it, if it must be done," said Nellie.

"I am not so sure of that. There are very pertinent little incidents in your cousin's past, which I hope you don't know, but which you certainly could not repeat."

"I know quite enough, I'm afraid," she answered with a sigh.

"Oh, well, don't sigh over it," said Emmons. "If you feel so badly about it, I'll go myself."

"No," she returned firmly, "I will see Mr. Overton to-morrow. I promise you I will, James."

There was a short pause.

"Now about that bay-window," Emmons began; but glancing at his betrothed he was surprised to observe tears in her eyes. She rose to her feet.

"Suppose you go home, James," she said not unkindly. "I feel tired. I think I'll go to bed."

"I can see that blackguard worries you," said Emmons; but he obeyed.

Yet strangely enough after his departure she did not go to bed, but sat on in the little parlor trying to read. But her chin was often raised from her book to listen for footsteps. At eleven she went up-stairs, but she was still awake when after midnight she heard Vickers return.

IX

Procrastination is the thief of more than time;—it is only too often the thief of opportunity. Vickers, who knew very well that he might have made his escape any time in the course of the last month, if only he had been sure he wanted to, now saw before him the prospect of making a more hurried flight than suited his purpose. He had allowed himself to drift, had asked how the present situation was to end without attempting any answer. And now he had to give an answer within a few days.

He found Overton in his library. Books, mostly in calf-skin covers, stood on shelves that ran almost to the ceiling. Overton was reading—not one of those heavy volumes, but a modern novel in a flaming cover.

"Well, young man," he said, looking up without surprise, for it was no longer unusual for Vickers to come in like this, "I warn you that I am in a romantic mood. I don't know that I care to talk to common, everyday mortals like you. I wish I had lived when men wore ruffles and a sword. Then you got romance at first hand."

"Well, I'll tell you what it is, Balby G. Overton," said Vickers, "there is just one place you don't want romance, and that is right here in your own life, and that is where I have got it at the moment, and I've come to you to help me get it out."

"You talk as if it were a bad tooth," returned Overton.

"Will you extract it?"

The other smiled. "Not a little of a lawyer's business," he said, "is extracting romance from the lives of his clients."

"It's a lawyer's business, too, to know when people are lying, and when they are telling the truth, is n't it? I hope so, for I am going to tell you a yarn which sounds uncommonly impossible."

"You encourage me to think it may be amusing."

Vickers laughed. "Well, it begins well," he said. "In the first place, I am not Bob Lee."

"Indeed," said Overton. "Let me congratulate you."

It was impossible to tell, from his tone, whether he believed the statement or not, and Vickers made no attempt to determine, but went on with his story.

He told, with a gravity unusual in him, of the death of Lee, and the incidents which had led him to assume the dead man's personality. When he had finished there was a pause. Overton smoked on without looking at him, until at last he observed:

"Vickers—I was once counsel for a railroad that had a station of that name, I think."

"Vickers's Crossing. It was called after my grandfather, Lemuel Vickers. The name is well known in the northern part of New York."

"But there is still one point not clear to me," said Overton. "Why is it that you did not come home under the interesting and well-known name of Vickers?"

"Is that really difficult for the legal mind to guess?"

But Overton would not guess. "A desire for change?" he suggested; "an attraction to the name of Lee?"

"The simple fact that I had committed a crime."

"Of which a jury acquitted you?"

"I had not sufficient confidence in the jury to leave it to them."

"What! You ran away?"

"I did."

"And what was the crime?"

"I had killed a man."

Nothing could be calmer than Overton's expression, but at this he raised his eyebrows. "Murder?" he said, "manslaughter? homicide? With what intention?"

"With none. I did not mean to kill the fellow; I knocked him down in a good cause."

"A woman, of course."

"At the earnest entreaty of his wife, whom he was chasing round the room with a knife."

"And is it possible," said Overton, "that the juries in the northern part of the State of New York are so un-

chivalrous as to convict a man who kills in such circumstances?"

"So little did I suppose so," returned Vickers, "that I gave myself up as soon as I found the man was dead."

"But later you regretted having done so?"

"You bet I did. The lady in the case went on the stand and testified that my attack was unprovoked and murderous—"

"These people were your friends?"

"Well, the woman was."

"I understand. That made it more awkward."

"Oh, lots of things made it awkward. You see I had broken in a window when I heard her screams. Besides, everyone wanted to know how I came to be passing along an unfrequented road at one o'clock in the morning. In short, I saw that there was only one thing for me to do, if I wanted to save my precious neck. I broke jail one night, and slipped over the Canadian border, and from there managed to get to Central America."

"You still had some friends left, I see," said Overton with a smile. "I suppose it is for legal advice that you have come to me."

"No, you are wrong," answered Vickers. "I have not finished my story. I came north with a real desire to settle down—with a real enthusiasm for a northern home. I thought I should like to jolly an old father, and a pretty cousin, for the rest of my life."

"How did you know she was pretty?"

"Well, I was n't mistaken, was I? But what happened? Lee turned out to be a rotten bad lot. I have been very much disappointed in Bob Lee, Mr. Overton. He is not a pleasant fellow to impersonate, I can tell you."

"His record is not a desirable one, I believe," answered the lawyer.

"I don't know whether you have heard that, among other things, he stole the small capital left to his cousin," Vickers went on."

"Yes, I have heard it rumored."

"As you may imagine, that did not help the home atmosphere. It did not tend to make Nellie cordial. In fact, you must often have wondered at my indifference to your offers of better positions. Nellie had threatened to have me arrested as a thief if I should attempt to leave Hill-top; and though it would not have been very difficult to prove that I was not Lee, it would have been confoundingly awkward to defend myself as Vickers, and be extradited back to New York."

"Yes, it is a pretty predicament," said Overton, "but there are still some minor points I do not understand. For instance, why have you not told your cousin—Miss Nellie, I mean—that you are not Lee?"

"Why, I have. I did at once. She laughed in my face and intimated that I had always been an infernal liar. You see one of the troubles is that as soon as I told them that I was Lee, everyone remembered me perfectly. Why, sir, it was like a ray of light when you said you found me changed. No one else did."

"I see," said Overton. "And now one thing more. Why did n't you bolt at once?"

"I've just told you."

"What, a threat of arrest? Hardly strong enough as a motive for a man like you. You have taken bigger risks than that, in your time. Why did you not take the chance now?"

Vickers paused, and a slight frown contracted his brow. "It would be hard to say—" he began, and stopped again. The two men looked at each other and Overton smiled.

"Might I offer a possible explanation?" he said.

"Oh, very well," returned Vickers.

"Yes. I don't want to leave her. Is that so odd?"

"So natural that I guessed before you said it. You are, in fact, in love with her?"

"I suppose that is about what it amounts to," the other said; and added with more vigor, "and if I stay here another day, I shall do bodily

violence to the man she is engaged to."

"In that case," remarked Overton, dispassionately, "I advise you to go. Emmons is an honest, able little fellow, who will take care of her, and her life has not been an easy one."

"Don't say that to me," said Vickers; "the mere idea of his taking care of her sickens me. For that matter, I could take care of her myself."

"Possibly," said Overton, "but by your own showing you would have to choose your State."

Vickers rose and began to walk up and down the room. "Well," he observed at length, "if you advise me to go without even having heard the offer that tempts me—This evening a very good old friend of mine turned up from Central America. It seems they have been having an election down there—an election which bears some resemblance to a revolution. A fellow called Cortez has been elected—"

"Odd," murmured the lawyer. "I read the item in the paper, without the smallest interest."

"I have known Cortez for some time, and served him once or twice. He sends up to offer me a generalship in his little army—a general of cavalry. But I must take Saturday's steamer."

"Plenty of time. This is only Monday."

"Plenty of time—if I am going."

"Is it a pretty uniform?"

"I tell you the offer tempts me," retorted Vickers.

Overton rose, too. "My dear fellow," he said, "of course you are going to accept it. Heaven knows I shall be sorry to see you leave Hill-top, but no good will come of your staying. Go to-night—at once. Be on the safe side. Let me see." He drew out his watch. "The last train has gone a few minutes since, on this road, but there is a branch about five miles from here that has a train about ten. You can catch that. Get into my trap, and I'll drive you over there with one of my trotters."

"Why the deuce should I go to-night," said Vickers, stepping back as if to avoid Overton's enthusiasm.

"The sooner the better. If you don't go now, how do we know you will ever go?"

Vickers did not look at his friend. "At least," he said, "I must go back to the house and get my things."

"My dear man, she won't be up at this time of night."

"I don't expect to see her. I don't even know that I want to see her again. But I must get some money and clothes. I won't trouble you. I'll walk the five miles." He moved toward the door.

Overton held out his hand. "Good-bye," he said with a good deal of feeling.

"Good-bye, sir," said Vickers, and he added: "By the way, did you believe that story of mine?"

"Yes," said Overton, "I did."

After the door closed, he repeated to himself: "Yes, by Jove, I did; but I wonder if I sha'n't think myself a damned fool in the morning."

But the processes of belief and disbelief are obscure, and Overton, so far from finding his confidence shaken, woke the next morning with a strong sense of the reality of Vickers's story; so strong, indeed, that he turned a little aside from his shortest road to the station in order to drive past the Lees' house, and see if there were any signs of catastrophe there.

There were. Nellie was standing at the door, and though to the casual observer she might have seemed to be standing calmly, to Overton's eyes she betrayed a sort of tense anxiety. He pulled up.

"Anything wrong, Miss Nellie?"

"My uncle is ill—very ill, I'm afraid," she answered, and then as he jumped out of his brougham and came to her side she went on. "It's his heart. The doctor is not very hopeful."

"Dear, dear," said Overton, "I am very sorry to hear that"; but inwardly he was wondering whether he had not advised Vickers wrongly. If the old man died, he would have

been free to go openly under the name of Lee. "Can I do anything for you?" he asked aloud.

"No thank you," Nellie answered. "My uncle is asleep now, and Dr. Briggs will be back before long." And then, a sudden thought striking her, she asked. "Have you a spare minute, Mr. Overton?"

He said that all his time was at her disposal.

"Then you can do something for me. Come into the house. I want to say something to you. If my uncle had not been taken ill, I should have come to pay you a visit to-day."

"I am sorry I was done out of a visit from you," he returned. He signalled to his man to wait, and followed her into the little library where only the evening before Vickers had had his interview with Nuñez.

She shut the door, and though she smiled a little as she did so, plainly it was only to relieve the effect of her fateful manner.

"It was n't going to be just a friendly call," she said. "I have something to tell you, and I hate to say it." She hesitated and then went on again. "You have been very kind to Bob, Mr. Overton."

Overton's conscience gave a twinge. Did she know that he had advised his escape? "Oh, I don't know about that," he said. "I have had an extraordinary amount of pleasure out of his company."

"He is a pleasant companion," said the girl, "but I do not know whether you know much about his real self."

Overton laughed. "Why, Miss Nellie," he said, "I was just thinking that same thing about you."

"Yes," she agreed, "of course it must be absurd to you for me to be offering advice, considering your knowledge of the world and my ignorance—"

"Knowledge of the world," said Overton, "is not entirely a matter of experience. I should often prefer to trust the opinion of the most innocent women to that of experienced men. Am I to understand that you entirely distrust your cousin?"

How was it possible that she could be ignorant of Vickers's escape? Or had it failed?

"No," answered Nellie. "I don't distrust him entirely. But you see in small superficial things Bob has such unusually nice qualities that one forgets. Last night when my uncle was taken ill—"

Overton looked up. "Oh, your uncle was taken ill last night, was he? At what hour?"

"About one, I think. I went and called Bob and asked him to go for the doctor—I was very much alarmed at my uncle's condition—and in the most surprisingly short time Bob had dressed and gone out and come back again. It was like a conjuror's trick. And he has been so kind throughout this dreadful night; and yet—" She paused, and gave a little sigh.

"Where is Bob at this moment?" said Overton.

"Oh, with his father. Uncle Robert will not let him leave him for an instant."

Overton did not answer. He felt unreasonably annoyed with Nellie for her attitude toward Vickers. The younger man's avowal of love rang in his ears. She ought to be able to tell a man when she saw one, he thought.

He stood up. "Well, I suppose I can't see him, then."

His tone did not please Nellie, nor the ease with which he dismissed her warning.

"But I have not finished what I wanted to say," she returned.

"Forgive me. You wished to warn me still further against the contaminating influence of your cousin?"

"I wanted to do nothing so futile," said Nellie, with spirit. "I had not come to the point yet. It was of Louisa that I was thinking."

"Of Louisa?" he repeated.

Nellie nodded. "I do not think that he is a good or safe friend for Louisa. You may say it is none of my business, but I am largely responsible for his being here, and James and I both thought I ought to speak to you."

"Am I to understand that Emmons thinks your cousin likely to attract Louisa?"

"James? Oh, I don't know whether James's opinion on that point would be very valuable. But I do."

"You surprise me," said Overton.

"I know. It must surprise you to realize that women should ever be attracted by men they cannot respect, and yet it does sometimes happen, Mr. Overton. For myself I cannot imagine it, but I know there are girls to whom a man's mere charm—"

"Oh, but you misunderstand me entirely," said Overton. "Of course I have seen quantities of just such cases as you have in mind—handsome scoundrels who fascinated every woman whom they came in contact with. But surely you do not think your cousin such a person."

"Very much such a person."

Overton wagged his head. "Well, well, you surprise me," he returned. "A jovial, amusing fellow—a favorite with men, perhaps. But what would you say a girl could see in him?"

His malice was rewarded as malice ought not to be.

"Why," said Nellie rather contemptuously, "think a moment. In the first place his looks. Any girl, at least any very young girl, might easily be carried away by such striking good looks."

"Humph!" said Overton, pushing out his lips dubiously. "You think him good-looking?"

"Don't you?"

"A well-built figure," he answered, yielding a point.

"An unusually well-shaped head, and a wonderful line of jaw," said Nellie. "I may be prejudiced against Bob, but I never denied him looks."

"Well," said Overton, "we'll grant him looks. Has he anything else?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "the fact that he is amusing. Seeing him as I do, day in and day out, I realize how unfailingly pleasant and kind he is—in small things. And then he has another quality more difficult to

define—a sort of humorous understanding of another person's point of view, which leads to a kind of intimacy whatever your intention may be."

"Bless me," cried Overton, "you begin to alarm me. I fear you are describing a pretty dangerous fellow. My only consolation is that Louisa has never mentioned his name, nor indeed done anything to make me think she was interested in him."

Nellie did not look relieved. "Perhaps," she answered, "it is not the sort of thing that a father is the first person to know."

Overton shook his head sadly as he rose to go.

"Perhaps not," he agreed. "Perhaps one is not always the first person to know it oneself." And he hastily took his departure.

As he was going out he met Emmons, who stopped him, and after a brief interchange on the subject of Mr. Lee's illness, observed that he had been wanting a few words with Mr. Overton for some days.

"About Bob Lee, Mr. Overton. Do you know his past history?"

"I do," said Overton. He held up his hand and signalled to his coachman.

To so simple an answer Emmons for a moment could think of nothing to say, but feeling that so important a matter could not be so quickly settled he went on:

"Oh, of course in that case I have nothing to say. It is no business of mine."

Overton was pulling on his gloves and did not reply.

"But have you ever thought, Mr. Overton, what sort of example your friendship with such a man offered to the community?"

"A very good example, I should think."

Again Emmons was confused. "Of Christian charity?" he asked.

"Of an even rarer virtue, Mr. Emmons—common-sense." And the great man got into his brougham and drove away.

(To be concluded)

A PLEA FOR CRITICS

By EUGENE WENDELL HARTER



AN American author has recently said that her books, those children of the mind, were more entirely hers than her flesh and blood children.

She never knew what traits the latter might evince. Their feelings and instincts were often alien to her. But her books were the full expression of her entire being. They were all that she would lovingly make them. She had toiled and suffered for them, but they were very part of her. She probably gloried in that feeling of sole parentage which Zeus felt in the case of Athena. And such are the beings—these children of the soul—that are exposed to the tender mercies of that monster the critic. One would surely be justified in remonstrating with a fiend for putting out the eyes of one's child, but one must accept with what Spartan fortitude he can muster the impaling of each beautiful shining thought, the product of one's heart's blood, on the pen of a critic. The despairing writer looks upon the critic as a creature who tears the heart out of a book and casts it, warm and palpitating, at the feet of an indifferent public.

But in this day, when the fiends of history are all being more or less successfully whitewashed, when Nero appears as an unappreciated genius, Henry the Eighth, with Froude's help, as an unfortunate and henpecked but worthy monarch, Mary, Queen of Scots, as the incarnation of chastity, and Catherine de' Medici as the victim of regrettable circumstances and not as a demon's spirit in a woman's body, can we not venture

with propriety to say a word for that universally execrated creature, the critic?

Many writers have exulted in Disraeli's epigram: "You know who the critics are? The men who have failed in literature and art." But in the first place we must remember that the author of this sentiment had written some of the very worst novels in the English language, and the speech betrays pure resentment. Then, even if it were so, it should excite our sympathy and not a smug satisfaction.

A man who has a passionate love for literature, one who has been vouchsafed many talents but who has somehow missed the last supreme gift, that of creative genius, is to be pitied when he has put forth his every endeavor—and has failed. The very keenness of his appreciation of his own failure should increase his ability as a critic, enabling him often to do full justice to the point of view of a writer. No one who has that final spark, the ability to create, to produce the highest kind of literature, would doom himself to play perpetually the part of major-domo in the world of letters. Yet Matthew Arnold, some of whose poetry has the last essential touch of distinction, is probably a greater critic than poet. And criticism must be allotted a very high position even if it can never attain to the highest. It is almost amusing to see how impatient of criticism some of our modern gods are. They resent any suspicion of fault found with the nectar and ambrosia they deign to place before mortals. It is a bit surprising to hear how that great critic Ruskin looks upon criticism. He is giving "the notions of

a man who has dabbled in it many years." "I believe," he says, "that criticism is as impertinent in the world of letters as it is in a drawing-room. In a kindly and well bred company, if anybody tries to please them, they try to be pleased; if anybody tries to astonish them, they have the courtesy to be astonished; if people become tiresome, they ask somebody else to play or sing or what not, but they don't criticise. For the rest, a bad critic is the most mischievous person in the world, and a good one the most helpless and unhappy—the more he knows the less he is trusted. A strong critic is every man's adversary—men feel that he knows their foibles—and the art of correction, which he has learned so laboriously, only fills his hearers with disgust." Dr. Holmes puts the same thought succinctly: "Good breeding never forgets that *amour propre* is universal." In the "Battle of the Books" Swift pictures with some bitterness the Goddess of Criticism, with Ignorance and Pride for her parents, Opinion for her sister, and for her children Noise and Impudence, Dulness and Vanity, Positiveness, Pedantry and Ill-manners.

Emerson shows us how few even of the great books of the world a man can read in a lifetime. And so the critic is invaluable in presenting us with the menu of the possible feast and suggesting as a tried butter the delicacies which he believes are suited to our tastes. It is inevitable that we should accept some mentor. Imagine what it would mean to be cast adrift on the vast sea of literature with no pilot and no compass to direct us! There might indeed in some cases be the delight of personal discovery, but what a reckless waste of time! How many books manage to put on an attractive appearance and lure the unsuspecting to an unprofitable perusal, whereas the critic with one incisive sentence can put the worth or worthlessness of a book clearly before us. As the yearly output of books gets more enormous, the value of the critic becomes indisputable.

The critic is born, *then* made. He must by birth and heritage be endowed with the gift of keen observation and appreciation. We have heard a pupil of Leschetizky say that it was torture for her to listen to music as a rule because of her too exquisite appreciation of the inadequacy of the usual interpretation. It is something of this sensibility which a critic must possess. Then the education of the critic must be the broadest. Henry James declares that a novelist must know everything. How much more essential is this in the case of an adequate critic. Some would go as far as to declare that no one can attempt an appreciation of Dickens unless he is an authority on the picaresque novelists, or venture to criticise George Ade or Mr. Dooley with authority unless he is conversant with the wit of Aristophanes and can compare modern essays in slang with the *argot* of the Athenian of the age of Pericles. The doctrine of "the continuity of ancient and modern literature" is receiving a new impetus in England at present. One prominent English journal says: "To instance one or two famous efforts of literary imagination—who can fully appreciate More's Utopia or Gulliver's Travels without reference to Plato or Lucian? Who could omit Greek philosophy from the influences that color Wordsworth or Shelley, or Homer, Virgil and Theocritus from a classical appreciation of Tennyson?"

We are to expect then from a critic the wisdom of the ages combined with a simple impressionable nature upon which the most delicate stroke may tell as a zephyr upon an Æolian harp. This combination is naturally a rare one.

We like to picture the ideal critic as a benevolent, genial-looking, omniscient old fellow with an abundance of sympathy and a keen eye for the discovery of possible beauties. The budding geniuses of to-day, however, are so rampant that the gentle hints of such a censor would be like to go unheeded. This is not the age when the critics can kill a sensitive poet

with a stroke of the pen, as it was claimed they did in the case of Keats. We do indeed have an ebullition of wrath on the part of the author at times which reminds us vaguely of Byron with his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." It seems almost incredible now to conceive of the *Quarterly Review* so stultifying itself as it does when it speaks of "Mr. Keats, if that be his real name, for we almost doubt that any man in his senses would put his real name to such a rhapsody. The author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt, but he is more unintelligent—almost as rugged, twice as diffuse and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype." This is almost as bad as Byron on the same subject when he exclaims: "There is no bearing the drivelling idiotism of the manikin."

It was the critic who sent George Eliot back to prose after her disastrous excursion into poetic fields. It was the critic who proved to Thackeray his unfitness for work of any final value in art and sent him to literature. Had Shakespeare not been condemned as a bad actor, he might not have become the best of playwrights.

Many a list has been collated of the anomalies of criticism and the interest they excite usually arises from the surprise they occasion. It would be flippant of course to hint that it might be on the principle "Set a rogue to catch a rogue" that many of our literary gods are so hypercritically minded towards their brethren. Matthew Arnold in discussing the peculiar atmosphere of England declares that it tells unfavorably on men of genius and "may make even a man of great ability either a Mr. Carlyle or else a Lord Macaulay." Carlyle, in turn, with his usual lack of gallantry, says that George Eliot is "simply dull," and the only unpleasant spot in the Autobiography of Mrs. Oliphant is her incurable antipathy to George Eliot, from both a personal and artistic standpoint. George Eliot combines a sly dig at the sterner sex with an entirely unfeminine impersonality of view when she says, "As an artist,

Jane Austen surpasses all the male novelists that ever lived." Madame de Staël could not endure "the commonness" of Jane Austen, while on the other hand another French critic declares "Tout ce que sa plume traçait était parfait." What is a mere layman to think! A recently published letter of Ruskin's contains some decidedly radical criticism and is startling enough to bear repeating. In speaking of books which he considers rubbishy and poisonous, he speaks as follows of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire": "No one but the malignant and weak study the decline and fall of either state or organism"; and again, "Gibbon's is the worst English that was ever written by an educated Englishman. Having no imagination and little logic, he is alike incapable either of picturesqueness or wit; his epithets are malicious without point, sonorous without weight and have no office but to make a flat sentence turgid." Against Voltaire he fulminates thus: "His work is in comparison with good literature what nitric acid is to wine—literary chemists cannot but take account of the sting and the stench of him, but he has no place in the library of a thoughtful scholar. Every man of sense knows more of the world than Voltaire can tell him, and what he wishes to express of such knowledge he will say without a snarl."

Voltaire in turn insisted that if any one read Dante any longer, he would soon be dislodged from the position he holds, while Horace Walpole calls the famous Italian "a Methodist parson in Bedlam." Southey with characteristic density says that "Coleridge's ballad of 'The Ancient Mariner' is, I think, the clumsiest attempt at German sublimity I ever saw."

Who does not remember Sydney Smith's *mot* on Macaulay?—to the effect that his conversation, was relieved by occasional flashes of silence! Pepys declared "Romeo and Juliet" to be "a play of itself the worst I ever heard."

Nahum Tate and Colley Cibber did not rest content with criticising

Shakespeare as did Samuel Johnson. To fit their own ideas of dramatic art they altered and polished him. And what are we to think of Emerson, when he calls Poe "a jingleman" and "The Marble Faun," "mush"? Whistler declares that Ruskin's "high-sounding, empty things would give Titian the same shock of surprise that was Balaam's when the first great critic offered his opinion." Even in regard to criticism itself, our critics do not agree. Taine declares that "True criticism is a high calling"; Wordsworth calls it "an inglorious employment."

The list of qualities which we demand of a critic is certainly a comprehensive one. With a keen, penetrating intellect he must remain as impressionable as a child. He must feel the perfect joy that the *juste mot* gives and be ready to do full justice to any Sentimental Tommy who is willing to forfeit the prize if he but find it at last. He must be ready to say with de Senancour, "Pour moi, je ne pretends pas vivre, mais seulement regarder la vie." In his bird's-eye view of the world's literature present and past, he must be quick to detect similarities and to announce anything which has about it anything unique or even novel. He must widen the view of his audience and show them that because mutton is good, a dinner should not consist entirely of courses of mutton variously served.

With all his breadth of view, he must not fail in definiteness or in incisiveness. He must delight in the whimsical mood of a Lewis Carroll, and not miss a point of the preciosity of a Browning. M. Brunetière tells us that criticism to be valuable must be impersonal and scientific. We listen with respect to the French on this point, for they unquestionably produced the most valuable criticism of the nineteenth century and have really revolutionized and given form to English criticism. But however important certain laws of criticism may be, to insist on the excision of the personal element would deprive us of some of our most delightful and valued criticism. As Henry James

says, "Criticism is the critic." It is the record of a soul. Why are we eager to read a new militant critic on some old subject? It is not always or often that we really hope to get valuable light or information. It is the effect of genius on some unique fresh personality which charms us. Anatole France says, "We know only ourselves. Whatever you are trying to explain, you are only explaining yourself." Faultlessly scientific criticism is, according to this view, an impossibility. Still it is true that the flood of irrelevant, ill-digested criticism makes us view with respect any attempt at defining and confining the profession within legal bounds. The efforts of some pigmy to give us his Lilliputian impressions of some Colossus of literature would raise inextinguishable laughter, were it not for the fact that often these effusions are received by an impressionable public in perfect good faith and with a solemn awe.

The intimate friends of an author are often quite sure that they can unerringly tell just what kind of literature and even what subject he could undertake most successfully. Some of these suggestions are happy, others less so.

We are glad that Longfellow got the story of Evangeline from Hawthorne, as it was a theme he was eminently fitted to treat. George Lewes made no mistake in directing George Eliot to the fields of fiction, but Frederick Harrison admits that he was less fortunate when he advised the same author to attempt the form which she gave us in "Theophrastus Such."

An anecdote is told of the famous actor Frederick Lemaître in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and repeated by De Bury. His friends had great confidence that he would make a great Tartuffe, and urged him to undertake the part. He was asked if he had ever thought of playing the rôle. "*Mon dieu, yes*," replied the artist, "but I have made up my mind that I won't play it." "Why?" "Because I prefer that minds like

yours should continue to think, 'What an admirable Tartufe Frederick would have made had he wished!'"

This repression, this diffidence of greatness, is conspicuous for its absence in contemporary letters. The least suspicion on the part of a man that he has talent is enough to launch him headlong on the sea of letters, and we find him rushing in where angels and geniuses fear to tread. It is to the critic alone that we must look to check all this. For a true critic is the surgeon of the world of books, cutting away the noisome growths which would injure or destroy the body literary.

The critic on the hearth is perhaps the most difficult to please and the most tonic in effect. Writers from time immemorial have found their friends and relatives quite ready in their perfect candor to tell even a little more than the brutal truth about the weaknesses which their officious microscopes have discovered in the work of their ugly duckling with swan-ward aspirations. We quite wonder what the emotions of Solomon were if he ventured to submit the proof of his "Song" to the tender mercies of a critical harem.

With feelings of awe we approach as a fitting climax to this discussion the subject of the editor-critic. This is a sphinx-like creature, preferring usually to keep to his lair, where with hungry and baleful eyes he employs himself in sucking the marrow from the bones of would-be contributors. This monster, if ever brought to light, would instantly be torn to bits by furious authors of rejected addresses. But seriously, what reading the confessions of an editor-critic would make. Rousseau and Mary Adams entirely discounted! We would suggest that there should be appended to the confessions a collection of the letters accompanying manuscripts. Nothing surely could so effectually reveal the banality of human nature at its slyest. But what a clearing-house for the world of contemporary literature that identical editorial sanctum proves! How much in time and patience it has saved us! La Fontaine's ass was delighted to find that when he breathed on the flute he succeeded in eliciting some sound, and exclaimed, "Moi, aussi, je joue la flute!" It is this fatuous attitude that we look to the editor-critic to correct or discourage.

THE BRANDED

THEY pass me ev'ry day with furtive glance
 From hollow eyes that once were clear and fair;
 Their feet move slowly with a hid despair—
 The feet that once tript lightly in the dance.
 One paid to Appetite a price too dear;
 One shunning Poverty enslaved her soul.
 The Past from out their lives the rarest stole;
 The Future's clouds hang pitiless and drear.

I would not curse them tho' they branded be;
 I would remember we are common dust.
 He lifted you, O Mary, from your lust,
 And it is He Who gives you purity. . . .
 Great Master, guard me lest I cast a stone,
 Who should for sordid sins myself atone!

ROSCOE GILMORE STOTT

YOURS IN CONFIDENCE

By JANE CLIFFORD

VI.—MRS. DOWE CONGRATULATES THE HAPPY PAIR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILLIAM J. GLACKENS



MRS. JARED DOWE paused as she closed Aunt Polly's gate just long enough to be able to join Miss Wilson who was walking up the shaded avenue.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Dowe; what a perfect day this is!" began Miss Wilson cheerfully, as she moderated her rapid stride to the leisurely pace of our friend.

"Yes, Olive, it is a lovely day, it certainly is; and, my dear child, how happiness has added to your beauty—for of course you must be happy. I certainly do hope you will be happy, Olive. June and youth and love are all yours now. June will soon be gone, but it will come again; youth will never come again, but love may last always—I certainly hope it will last, Olive. I was just telling Aunt Polly how surprised I was to hear you and Percy Hamlin are engaged. Of course, it's natural for young people to fall in love—especially in June; and we should expect it; but this time I declare I am surprised, but—" seeing the look of consternation on the young girl's face she added—"if you are still keeping it a secret, you may trust me, Olive, with your confidence."

"But, Mrs. Dowe, I don't understand how," interrupted Miss Wilson—"how could any one dare to—"

"You don't say so, Olive; well, I am relieved. Of course, if it had been true I should have felt it my duty to congratulate you; but seeing it is n't true, I will tell you, in confidence, I am relieved. You know how wild every one says Percy is. You know Colonel Dowe never speaks ill of any one, but last night he certainly spoke regretfully about Percy. I declare I wonder if Percy ever remembers his heritage—you know what a long line of noble ancestors he has,—and all such good men, too. Why, Percy is named for his great-uncle, who was the pastor of our church for fifty years. I certainly was grieved when I heard some one say that on election night Percy Hamlin was intoxicated. I never would say it myself, Olive, not unless I had seen it, because I never repeat gossip—and then the things I heard about his trip to Atlanta! They do say the way he carried on in Atlanta last month was scandalous—but of course I can't even repeat what I heard about that to you, and as you are not engaged you won't feel the same interest in it as if you were going to marry him.

"But, Olive, I will tell you confidentially I am relieved it is n't true. I want you to know just how relieved I am, Olive, and to feel sure that when I hear any more stories about you and Percy, I will repeat every word you have said to me this morning—yes, every word, Olive; you can trust me: you will have one friend to take your



MRS. JARED DOWE PAUSED AS SHE CLOSED AUNT POLLY'S GATE

part. Well, I declare, this is my corner. You are so entertaining I nearly walked by; you certainly are entertaining, Olive. I see Percy coming, and of course he will walk back home with you. You see I know young people, and I certainly do sympathize with their feelings and enjoy their confidences. Good-morning, Percy—Good-bye, Olive; it certainly is a lovely day."

And Mrs. Dowe passed quietly and slowly on her homeward way, leaving the young people together. She had scarcely seated herself on her own veranda, however, when she saw Percy Hamlin, flushed and indignant, coming rapidly up the walk. He began impetuously: "Mrs. Dowe, I am going to ask you to tell me just what you heard about Miss Wilson and me, and who said it, and——"

"Yes, Percy, my boy, certainly. Let's sit down here on the gallery; we can talk so much better when we are comfortable, and we have so

much to say to each other. I declare it's a real grief to me not to see you oftener. You know, Percy, how Colonel Dowe loved your father—he certainly was a gallant soldier; and then, Percy, your great-uncle baptized me; so naturally I am very fond of you." Seeing the color gradually fading from his face, Mrs. Dowe drew her chair nearer and continued softly: "There's no one I enjoy talking to more than I do to you. You always understand. You know, Percy, we always think the same thing about people; that's one reason I was so surprised when I heard you and Olive Wilson were engaged."

"Percy, confidentially, I will say it's a real joy to me to know it is n't true. Now, Percy, my boy," noting his returning color, and putting her hand tenderly on his arm, she continued: "I know just how chivalrous you are, and naturally I expect you to say just what you want to say, and I want you to know I approve of your

saying it. Your chivalry makes you want to put every young lady you are devoted to in the position of continually rejecting you. You certainly are like your father, Percy. He was a great beau. When you came in the gate, I could n't help thinking how like your father you are; but now you are looking at me with your dear mother's eyes. You can't remember her, my son, but I can; and I grieve for her every day of my life."

Mrs. Dowe's voice faltered and her eyes filled with tears. Percy Hamlin, bewildered and irresolute, waited silently. After a moment she continued:

"I certainly do appreciate your manliness in coming to me with your confidence, Percy—it was a graceful thing for you to do. I shall tell Olive just how honorable you are; and, Percy, remember—I am always ready for your confidences; you know how willingly I would always take your part. Why, when Olive tried to talk about you, this morning, I never allowed her even to begin when she wanted to repeat something she had heard. Colonel Dowe was speaking of you last evening when you passed by—you remember little Bettie was down by the gate. 'Well,' Colonel Dowe said, 'Kate, that boy makes me long for a son of my own'; and would you believe me, Percy, that is the first time Jared ever said anything about having a son. You know how proud he is of the girls. I know you agree with me that they are beautiful.

"Now, I must ask you to excuse me—it's such a warm day, and I always make Jared's mint-juleps myself. He says they are more refresh-

ing when I make them. You are too much like your great-uncle for me to offer you one; and then you know I never do offer anything intoxicating to young men. After a man is married, though, I do think it's different for his wife to make a mint-julep for him on a warm day. It's an old Southern custom, and I love to conform to old Southern customs, and to think about my husband's comfort. Percy, my girls are going to be just like me, I feel sure they are."

Now he was standing and gathering himself for a last word, when she also arose, and continued:

"Yes, Percy, you may trust me with your confidence—I certainly am glad you came to see me, and I always do enjoy seeing you and listening to you talk. We were so interested in your success in the county election, and the speech you made on election night Colonel Dowe said was the wittiest piece of oratory he's heard in many a day. You certainly did elect Joe Waters, and it just shows what a loyal friend you are, Percy: that's one reason we are so congenial, for you know how loyal I am—loyalty certainly is a Southern trait. I was thinking this morning of how your father really died from a wound he received when he was a drummer-boy at the battle of Gettysburg. After that his health never was what it would have been, and he carried that bullet to his grave. It did seem to me to be a curi-

ous coincidence that Olive Wilson's father fought in the Northern army. Of course, her mother's a Southerner and naturally came South as soon as he died: but, Percy, Olive Wilson's father, for all we know



PERCY HAMLIN, FLUSHED AND INDIGNANT, COMING RAPIDLY UP THE WALK

or ever will know, may have been your father's murderer. Knowing your loyalty to the South and how you worship your brave father, I knew you would never even think of marrying a girl whose father may have fired that bullet. No, Percy, no one could ever make me believe that. I'll see Olive at Mrs. Garnett's tea, this afternoon—I declare I had forgotten all about that tea. I certainly am obliged to you for reminding me of it. There comes Jared now, and I must go. Do come to see me real soon. Good-bye, Percy; I certainly have enjoyed every word you said."

Mrs. Dowe was gone and Percy Hamlin walked slowly away—wondering.

It was late when Mrs. Dowe, accompanied by Sallie Potts, arrived at Mrs. Garnett's reception. After greeting her hostess and stopping to speak to a number of her friends *en route*, she made her way to the alcove where Miss Wilson, surrounded by half a dozen girls, was busily pouring tea.

As Mrs. Dowe approached, she saw the significant glances Miss Wilson exchanged with her friends and knew (Mrs. Dowe was not the last to judge a situation) what was expected of her, and that she was not unequal to the task.

"Good-evening, Olive. I declare you are even more lovely than you were this morning, and speaking of this morning reminds me: that dear boy, Percy Hamlin, came right to see me as soon as he left you. I certainly was charmed to see him. Of course, it was natural for you to speak to him about that report of your engagement. When he told me about it I could n't help thinking about Miss Lancaster and Captain Roberts. You remember, Sallie Potts, I told you how it all reminded me of the time they became engaged." (Sallie, as usual, was by her mother's side.)

"I told Sallie Potts the story coming over here. It certainly is interesting. Miss Lancaster heard, or said she heard, that she and Captain Roberts were engaged and was very indignant,

or said she was, anyway; so she went straight to the Captain. Well, Captain Roberts said he never thought of courting anyone, and certainly not Miss Lancaster, and he told her so. Then of course they both said a lot more, and it all ended by their being engaged that very day, and they were married the next month. But of course, Olive, you know the story better than I do, because Miss Lancaster was your mother's second cousin—I declare, I never once thought about that: it certainly was romantic. But naturally Percy is n't like Captain Roberts. Percy is such a beau, and Captain Roberts was a confirmed old bachelor, and said he never in his whole life had talked to any woman as much as he did to Miss Lancaster the day they became engaged. So naturally this time it all ended differently. As I was saying, Percy came straight to me—it was a handsome thing for him to do. After he told me the whole story I could see how perfectly impossible it was for you ever to be engaged to each other.

"I felt that all the time, but I was surprised—you know how surprised I said I was, Sallie Potts—when he was so indignant. A girl always is indignant when people say she is engaged before she is, but a man, and especially a Southern gentleman—and you know, Olive, in spite of all you said this morning about him, Percy Hamlin is a Southern gentleman—Olive, he was indignant. You remember how indignant I said he was, Sallie Potts. It certainly did surprise me, Olive, to see how indignant he was. When he left me he went straight to see Aunt Polly, and she said Mrs. Green told her; then he went to see Mrs. Green, and she said Dr. Peyton told her; so he went to see Dr. Peyton, and Dr. Peyton said Miss Vergie Moore told Mrs. Peyton, and Miss Moore said she heard it from a friend in Atlanta who said she saw it announced in an Atlanta paper, but she could n't remember which paper it was. And so it's all ended, and of course everybody is talking about it and wondering why Percy was so in-

dignant. Of course it's only natural people should wonder, but it certainly is embarrassing for you, Olive—it certainly is."

As Mrs. Dowe paused a man's voice began. "I can tell you why he was indignant, Mrs. Dowe," and Mrs. Dowe turned to look into the handsome face and laughing eyes of Percy Hamlin. Before she had time to speak he continued:

"You see I promised Olive not to tell anyone until after she made a visit in Savannah and—"

"Well, Percy, I am charmed. You know after our talk this morning how dear your happiness is to me, and I am flattered to be the first to congratulate you. But it was only natural; you always do confide in me, Percy."

Mrs. Dowe's expression matched her soft words, which fell like oil. She took Olive's face in both hands, kissed her tenderly and said:

"I certainly do congratulate you, Olive, I certainly do. You remember, I said this morning how I regretted not being able to congratulate you then, and it's a great joy to me

to do so now—and you too, Percy. What a beautiful romance it has all been—isn't it romantic, Sallie Potts? You know how I always do enjoy a romance. I know you are both going to be happy, and I do feel proud of the part I've had in bringing you together. A tender, motherly interest is always so helpful to young people and, Percy, this morning I tried to talk to you as your dear mother would—I certainly did try to be a mother to you this morning, Percy. I know you won't forget anything I said. It is a real joy to me, and you and Olive are so congenial. You both had soldiers for fathers and that's sure to be a bond. You remember we talked about that this morning, Percy. I shall never forget your coming to me with your confidence, Percy, and allowing me to be the very first to congratulate you.

"Come, Sallie Potts, it's getting late and we must be going and I have n't had any ice-cream yet. I declare, I was so interested in this romantic engagement I forgot all about the ice-cream, and Sallie Potts, you know how I do love ice-cream."



MORE OF MORE

By CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS

TIME and trouble and woe
Over the heart of her pass;
She that hath loved the overflow
And the merit of early grass.

Wail and worry and death
Into the grave they go;
Craftily heavy with wavering breath
Caught in the afterglow.

Into the rush of life
Into the lonesome years,
Heart of my heart with potency rife
Quiet my sin-born fears.

I have put Miss Ruyter Little More's latest poem at the head of this review because I could not myself say anything as striking.

Miss More is getting to be a master—or shall we say mistress?—of lilt.

There are those among the poets who carry us along as if we were riding in a tumbril at a joggling, nerve-racking pace: there are others whose meter is smooth as a Pullman flying through the night. Miss More of old affected the tumbril rhythm, nor has she yet attained the absolute

ease of the midnight flyer: rather is her present meter to be likened to the free flow of a midsummer brook across a meadow whose fall is slight but regular. Her lines water the parched heart of the yearner after poetry; and he says "Away with sense; let sound be now my guide." A sound guide.

For in poetry it is the ear rather than the eye that should be ministered unto. A waterfall is just as musical when its waters are muddy as when crystalline purity is its content. If you paint me dainty pictures in verse and torture my ear the while, I will go to the landscape painter for my next meed of poetry. Before correct ears had been fastened to men's heads there was no such thing as metrical poetry. If this be treason make the most of it.

But we have wandered far afield. Let us hasten back to the one who does ravish our ears and who lets the sense go hang. Why should we seek to get at the heart of Miss More's meaning? When a lawn hose bursts and sends a jet of iridescent water athwart the green background of oft-cropped grass, we do not (if we are true lovers of the beautiful) seek to explain why a break in a rubber pipe should cause beauty—we accept the beauty with thankfulness.

Miss More's pipe—her pan pipe—has burst, and she treats us to a lyric display of softly falling words that have a magic power to soothe and quiet and lull.

Time and trouble and woe
Over the heart of her pass.

A greater poet (if Miss More will pardon us) has said:

She shall be the heir of sorrow
All to-night and all to-morrow.

We do not wish to be considered as for a moment insinuating that Miss More is not original—she may never have seen the lines just quoted but the likeness is remarkable. But if a poet stopped to ask himself whether the line he is about to pen has ever been approximately penned before, how much of loveliness had ne'er seen the light.

Miss More does not stop to ask—she outs with it. Let earlier comers look to their laurels. So Shakespeare poached; and, brethren, we are poachers all; and it is the Sir Thomas Lucys and not the encroachers that are held up to condemnation. Miss More's work may resemble that of others even more gifted, but she always manages to arrange her mosaic of words just a little differently and the variation of a single stone makes a new pattern. Precious are the stones that go to make up Miss More's glittering bursts of song.

A forgotten poet once said:

Who brings not to a poem, or a picture, or
a song an open sympathy,
For him the poet, and the artist, and the
singer did not strive.

If you do not understand Miss More (and her only meaning is sound) then hasten to the examiner of bumps. She sings for those who cannot choose but hear, and her song is woven of twilight and singing birds and crescent moons in vapory clouds and "tossels of spring" and splintered gems from plashing oars and "cabbages and kings."

Sing on sweet More,
Sing as thou sangst of yore,
You have the floor
Once more.



AN ILLUSTRATED ARGUMENT

By ELLIOTT FLOWER



WHILE it is sometimes advisable for a fire insurance adjuster to make a secret investigation, the general rule is that he shall not enter the burned building except in company with the assured or some representative of the assured. The property passes from the control of the owner when the fire takes place. The fire department is supreme first, and then the insurance company has control until the loss is adjusted. The representative of the company is privileged to enter and make such investigation as he deems necessary, but it is only in exceptional cases that he does this alone, for it may give the assured an opportunity to charge that trickery is practised to escape the payment of a loss. Gifford Oakes had made the mistake of investigating alone once, thereby incurring an unnecessary loss for his company, and he was determined that his evidence should be conclusive thereafter.

"The next time, I'll have a way of clinching the evidence that no tricky scoundrel can beat."

He was further strengthened in this resolve by the fact that, in another case, certain things had been shifted after he and the assured had first viewed them. Some one had secured entrance to the building after his first visit and had so changed things that evidence upon which he relied was sadly weakened. Thereupon the whole matter became a question of veracity between himself and the owner, and he had won his point only after much trouble.

After these two experiences, Oakes, the outwardly careless and confident, became taciturn and depressed. Although both Deckler and Randall, his superiors, were extremely considerate, recognizing that no man is infallible and that Oakes had an exceptional record of successes, these things seemed to him a reflection on his work, and he gave much thought to devising a method of recording actual conditions in some incontrovertible way. Then it was that the use of the camera occurred to him.

"They can't go back on a picture very well," he decided.

At the office they joked him a good deal about abandoning insurance for photography. He said nothing about his plan, and it was not generally realized that the photography was in any way related to his insurance work, but every one knew that he was giving a good deal of time to experimenting with a camera. Many men do that as a diversion, however. So far as outward indications went Oakes had taken the thing up for amusement, for he was too wise to attempt to make business use of it until he had mastered every detail of its operation. He deviated not at all from his previous methods of work, except to be more careful, but he fitted up a dark room in his home, and his leisure was given to taking, developing and printing photographs. He did not seem to go in much for pictures of individuals, to which amateurs usually give most of their attention, but he took views of the office, of various buildings and of every room in his own house. These he developed painstakingly, some with fair success and some with no success at all, but in time he became

fairly expert. Then his old confidence returned.

"You watch the camera," he told Deckler one day. "I don't intend to let anybody shift the evidence on me again."

"Going to adjust losses by photograph?" asked Deckler.

"That's exactly it," asserted Oakes.

"Well," Deckler conceded, "photographs occasionally have been of great value in adjusting fire losses, but, except when a professional has been engaged now and then, they usually have not been photographs taken for that express purpose. Hope you get the value of your camera out of it."

Oakes was too big a man in his profession for others to make a burlesque of him, but there was some good-natured joking over the way he toted his outfit around, and for a little time this seemed to be justified: he had no occasion to take a picture that was of the slightest value. In the case of an honest loss there was really no use for it; only when there was evidence that the goods were not as specified or that the origin of the fire indicated arson could it be used to advantage. But his chance came finally.

"Go to Salmah," he was instructed, "and investigate the Anderson fire. It was a residence property, quite heavily insured, and the local agent telegraphs that there are suspicious circumstances. Perhaps your camera will do you some good there."

The agent at Salmah was very positive in his belief that the house had been deliberately burned, but he had only the flimsiest circumstantial evidence to support his claim.

"Anderson's domestic troubles have been notorious here for some time," he explained. "There has been promise of divorce proceedings, but they finally settled on a basis for separation without going into court. This agreement was that they were to divide their joint possessions equally, but this had not been done and they were still living under the

same roof when the fire occurred."

"Well?" queried Oakes, as the local agent paused.

"It is easier to divide the insurance than it was to divide the house," said the agent significantly. "The house and lot and furniture represented more than three fourths of all they had to divide. Neither had the cash to buy the other's interest in this real property, and the house and lot could not well be separated. After agreeing to divide, they quarrelled over the method of division as fiercely as they had quarrelled over other things before. Both of them have discussed the matter with other residents of the town."

"Why did n't they sell and divide the cash?" asked Oakes.

"They have been trying to sell for three months," answered the agent. "and they have been unable to find a purchaser. The fire solved the difficulty for them."

"They must have been desperate," remarked Oakes. "Fire does not provide the best way to get the full value of property—unless it is over-insured."

"They *were* desperate," returned the agent. "I don't think the property was over-insured."

"I'll go up and take a look at it," said Oakes. "Can you get some one representing them to go along now?"

"I think they will both insist upon going," laughed the agent. "They don't seem to place much confidence in each other."

To Oakes's surprise, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson gave no indications of the strained relations that were said to exist, when they arrived in response to a telephone message. There was nothing of affection in their bearing toward each other, but there seemed to be some sort of an understanding. Something had brought them together temporarily, and they helped each other out in all explanations.

"Which seems to give force to the theory Beggs has advanced," thought Oakes, Beggs being the name of the agent.

The house had been badly damaged, the upper floors being completely wrecked; but much of the lower floor had been left, and there could be no question as to where the fire started. There were evidences of kerosene on the charred rug in the parlor.

"A lamp upset," said Anderson.

"Where's the lamp?" asked Oakes.

"I threw it out of the window," replied Anderson, "but the oil had spilled and the fire was started."

Oakes stepped to the window and looked out at the lawn beneath it.

"There's no lamp out there."

"Somebody must have taken it away as a relic," suggested Anderson, but he gave his wife a quick, uneasy look.

"Possibly," conceded Oakes, as he turned and gave further attention to the room.

The fire had spread from the parlor to the hall, from which it had reached the upper stories and the dining-room at the end of the hall. It also had spread from the parlor to the library, through the folding-doors, but had done less damage in the library than anywhere else. Oakes glanced into the various rooms, but he was principally interested in the parlor.

"I think I'll take a photograph of this room," he remarked at last.

Anderson and his wife exchanged glances again, but naturally they could not object, and Oakes arranged his camera. He took two views of the room, and then went into the library, where Mrs. Anderson had preceded him. He found her looking sadly at the scorched books. As some question as to the extent of the loss here might arise, he took another photograph. Then, glancing out of the window, he noticed a lamp partly imbedded in the soft earth beneath. He glanced quickly at Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, but neither seemed to be noticing him.

"Perhaps that is the lamp that did the business," he suggested.

Mrs. Anderson was at his side in a moment.

"Why, of course it is!" she exclaimed. "Don't you remember, Al-

onzo, the parlor window was closed and you ran into the library."

"Did I?" returned Anderson in a dazed way. "I was excited and everything happened so quickly. I thought it was the parlor window."

"No," said Mrs. Anderson decidedly. "I remember it distinctly now. You ran to the library window with the lamp, and the rug was all blazing when you got back. I don't think I did anything but scream."

Oakes said nothing, but went down and picked up the lamp. It was a small affair of cut glass, supported by a bronze figure. The glass part had a large crack in it, but was not shattered, and there was no sign of a chimney or a shade. There was broken glass in the parlor, where the lamp was said to have been upset, but nothing that seemed ever to have been part of a lamp chimney. The pieces appeared to be parts of gas globes and window panes.

"It is remarkable," commented Oakes, when he had completed his investigation and was returning with Beggs to the latter's office, "that no trace of that chimney can be found and that the lamp apparently had no shade. The chimney naturally would have broken in the parlor, where the lamp upset."

"The firemen were tramping through that room a good deal," suggested Beggs. "A lamp chimney is about as fragile as anything in the glass line and the pieces might have been ground up too small to show the shape of the original chimney."

"I have thought of that," returned Oakes, "but there ought to be something recognizable left."

"For my part," said Beggs, "it seemed to me that the finding of the lamp threw a different light on the affair."

"It would have thrown a stronger light," retorted Oakes, "if there had been more oil in it. In view of the position in which it was lying, I can't see how all the oil ran out, and, as it only cracked and did not explode, it seems impossible that the parlor rug could have got all the oil before

the lamp was thrown out of the window. On the other hand, there are indications that the rug got more oil than the lamp could possibly contain."

"You don't like the looks of things?"

"I do not, but there is nothing legally convincing in any of the suspicious features discovered."

"The discovery of the lamp almost allayed the suspicions I had previously entertained, even if there were some peculiar features about it."

"Mrs. Anderson was in the library alone for a few minutes, while I was busy with the camera," said Oakes. "The lamp fell on soft earth, and no glass was shattered in a way to make a noise. Anderson remembered that he had thrown it out of the library window only when reminded by his wife, and she remembered only when the lamp was found."

"But you found it," said Beggs.

"I found it," admitted Oakes, "but it may be that Mrs. Anderson was merely wise enough to give me the chance. Did you see a lamp in the library when we first went in there, before I took any pictures?"

"No."

"Neither did I." Then, after a brief pause: "I think I'll throw that camera away. It has merely distracted my attention when I ought to have had my eyes open for other things." He walked along moodily for a few minutes, and then asked: "Did the Andersons keep a maid?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to see her."

The maid, however, when found, could give little information that was of value. She remembered the lamp and she knew that it was sometimes in the parlor and sometimes in the library. She also remembered that the shade had been broken a short time before and never replaced.

"That disposes of one question," commented Oakes. "Do you remember when the lamp was last filled?"

"Mrs. Anderson was very particular about that lamp," answered the maid. "She always filled it herself.

There were several things about the house that she never trusted to me."

"Did they use it very much?"

"Mrs. Anderson used it some for a reading lamp, but Mr. Anderson never used it at all," explained the maid. "They did n't often sit in the same room. They did n't get on very well together."

"But they seem to have got together for the fire," commented Oakes with a glance at Beggs.

The maid did not know whether they were both in the parlor at the time of the fire or not, as she had gone to bed.

Before returning to headquarters Oakes made one unsuccessful attempt to overwhelm Anderson and his wife. He hurled at them the story of their intended separation, their quarrels, the unsuccessful attempts to sell, the missing chimney and shade, the lack of oil in the lamp, and the apparent excess of oil where the fire started. They admitted the proposed separation, corroborated the maid in the matter of the destruction of the shade and the care of the lamp, denied knowledge of any oil except that spilled from the lamp, and again claimed that the failure to remember where the lamp had been thrown was due to the confusion and excitement of the moment. They also explained that they were together for the purpose of discussing their differences and had just reached an amicable agreement when the accident occurred. The explanation was not convincing, but there seemed to be no way of disproving it. The amount of oil spilled could not be definitely determined: Oakes's suspicion rested upon the apparent course of the fire, it having burned deeper than elsewhere along an almost direct course to the hall—the quickest way to get it to the upper floors.

All in all, it was a very puzzling case, and Oakes so reported it.

"I am morally certain that the place was burned for the insurance," he explained, "but there is no legal certainty of it. A jury is n't going to find people guilty of arson just

because there was n't much oil in a lamp and the pieces of a broken chimney can't be recognized in a lot of broken glass. The facts connected with the proposed separation and division of property show a motive, but they *prove* nothing. There are a number of things that are suspicious, but nothing that is legally convincing; and, if they did n't burn the house, they are entitled to the insurance. Everything else is perfectly regular."

"How about your boasted camera?" asked Deckler.

Oakes laughed without much merriment.

"I am afraid I took the wrong picture first," he said. "I did n't get a picture of the library until after Mrs. Anderson had been in there. I was more interested in the room where the fire started. But I am going to finish the pictures. There is no man whose eyesight is so perfect that he may not overlook some trifling but important detail. That's the advantage of having the scene for future study."

"Theoretically, you may be right," conceded Deckler, "but in practice it does n't seem to work out."

A few hours later Oakes disconsolately returned with his prints.

"Nothing there," he reported. "I am so sure there is fraud that I think the case is worth fighting, on the chance that we may uncover something more at the trial or while preparing the case. The Andersons may weaken. But the photographs show nothing. I thought possibly I might locate that missing chimney with a microscope."

"Let's see them," said Deckler.

"There were two views of the parlor," explained Oakes, as he produced the prints, "but one of them blurred a little. I left that home, for the other covers everything in the room, although from a slightly different point of view, and is unusually distinct. It's the library that interests me, anyhow. Thunder and guns!" with irritation, "I know the story of that fire, but I can't prove it."

"What we can't prove does n't help us much," laughed Deckler, as he picked up the picture of the library.

For an hour he and Oakes went over the photographs with a magnifying-glass, looking for something that would help to substantiate the theory evolved. Then Oakes went sadly back to his house, fully realizing that some of the other men were privately joking about the photographer who got the wrong picture. Once at home, he picked up the blurred print, to which he had given little attention before, and examined it critically.

"If I had taken only this picture of that room," he mused, "I would always think there was something there that could have been discovered in a clear print."

While it was not a perfect picture, it was far from an absolute failure. It was a trifle out of focus, and most of the objects were blurred, but they still could be distinguished, and the more distant ones were fairly clear. Oakes went at it with his magnifying-glass in an idle sort of way.

Fifteen minutes later he jumped up from his seat excitedly and called for his "grip," which, from the nature of his business, was always packed and ready for him.

"I've got it!" he exclaimed. "I've got that fire now."

"What fire?" asked his wife.

He looked at his watch, unheeding her question.

"I've just time to catch a train," he said. "Telephone the office that I've gone to Salmah to knock spots out of the Anderson case."

Oakes was usually reasonably calm, but this case had troubled him a great deal, and his discovery was entirely unexpected. However, he regained his composure by the time he was in a cab, and at Salmah he went about his business in a quiet, methodical way. His first visit was to a local photographer, his next to Anderson.

"I wish," he said to Anderson, "that you and your wife would come to Mr. Beggs's office at three o'clock this afternoon. I have finished my

investigation of your fire, reported to headquarters, received my instructions, and I think we can now settle the matter."

Then he mystified Beggs by informing him that he had arranged for a little dramatic entertainment there that afternoon.

"I don't go in for the drama in business very much," he explained, "but sometimes it helps to clinch a case, and the Andersons have annoyed me so much that I would like to do the thing up right."

At two o'clock he appeared with a copy of his photograph, very much enlarged, which he fastened to the wall behind a closet door. The enlargement had accentuated the blurring, but the objects were more easily distinguished because of their increased size. He did not explain to Beggs, and Beggs saw nothing in it to in any way affect the Anderson case.

A little before three the impatient Andersons arrived.

"As a matter of form," said Oakes, "I wish you would write out briefly a statement of the origin of the fire."

They were surprised and puzzled, but Anderson wrote the statement, telling where the lamp stood, how it had been upset and how he had rushed to the library window with it because the parlor window was closed.

"Now describe the lamp," instructed Oakes.

"You saw it," objected Anderson.

"But it will expedite the settlement of this case to have it described," insisted Oakes. "No need of minor details; just a general description."

Anderson hesitated, but both he and his wife were unfamiliar with insurance forms, and, for all they knew, this might be the customary method of procedure. So, prompted by his wife, he described the lamp.

"Was that the only lamp of its kind in the house?" asked Oakes.

"Yes," answered Anderson.

"Put that in your statement."

It was done.

"Now, sign it."

Anderson pushed the paper away.

"What's all this for?" he asked.

"Sign," insisted Oakes; "both of you sign, if you are telling the truth."

"Of course we're telling the truth," asserted Anderson aggressively.

"Then sign," said Oakes. "You surely can't object to signing a true statement of the facts, and the company is entitled to it."

They looked at each other, hesitated, and then signed.

"Now," said Oakes, pushing the closet door shut and disclosing the photograph, "please look at this picture."

"The picture you took of the parlor!" exclaimed Anderson.

"An enlarged copy of it," corrected Oakes. "Come closer, please. I want to show you an interesting little detail." He used his pencil as an indicator. "I took two pictures from different points of view. This seems to have been the right point of view. It shows a part of the library through the folding-doors. It shows a book-case in the far corner. On top of the book-case are some books and magazines. Partly concealed by these books and magazines is a lamp. In the original picture it was almost indistinguishable to the naked eye, but it is easily recognized in this—a lamp without a chimney, a glass lamp supported by a bronze figure, the lamp that started the fire, the lamp that was thrown out of the window; and this picture was taken after the fire but before Mrs. Anderson slipped into the library. Do you understand the situation?"

Anderson and his wife were both pale, but she flushed suddenly and turned on him.

"You always were a fool!" she declared. "You forgot about the lamp we had fixed, and carried it out, after the fire, with some other things. I never knew about it until too late."

"I—I thought I smashed it," returned Anderson weakly. "I was excited after the fire started; it spread so fast."

"Well, it's the divorce court for us!" she declared angrily.

"Or jail," Oakes added grimly.

PROBLEMS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT

By CHARLES DEKAY



ANXIETY regarding the inevitable term to one's life, alarm concerning the conditions to be met with after its conclusion, as pictured to saint as well as sinner by the votaries of many religions, despair at the thought of all those whom one loves better than life going through the same experience, have embittered the generations of men and have contributed largely to suicide, the habit of drink, the filling of insane asylums, and cowardly flight from the battlefield of life. Speculations and experiments which tend in the main to lessen these horrors of the imagination (which seem confined to mankind alone among the vast crowd of sentient beings on earth) are certainly to be received and examined without religious or scientific bias, for they deal with problems that no intelligent person can ignore.

In an age which looks, or pretends to look, with concern upon the slaughter of mankind in wars, establishes Peace Congresses, and at the same time allows the people to divert the enormous taxes under which they groan from beneficent investments to those which augment the number of engines of destruction, it is, to say the least, somewhat inconsistent that these same people should be deeply concerned as to the shortness of their lives. In an age that experiments with automobiles and flying cars at the expense of human lives, until the death list rivals that of famous battles, is it not somewhat

incongruous to see attacked, as never before, the problem how to prolong man's days on earth? Never was there so much murder, suicide and reckless taking of chances of sudden and horrible death as at present. Yet even the most unscrupulous and self-seeking nation adopts the tone of moral reform when preparing to invade a neighbor state, or to wrest from some weaker people its commerce or its land. And along with a passionate anxiety to discover the means of staying off inevitable death goes a craze for enjoyments which leave behind them a trail of the dead and maimed.

Professor Metchnikoff approaches the question* whether the average age of mankind should not be greatly prolonged, by a careful study of the phenomena that appear with old age in plants and animals, including man, and takes up various theories which have been mooted to explain the advances of senility. He points out that the human mechanism appears to be naturally calculated to last far longer than it does in fact. There are many centenarians alive to-day, and it should not be uncommon for people to live to the age of one hundred and fifty years, as exceptional persons have already done. That such longevity is comparatively rare must be due to some defect in the machine which may be discovered and corrected, so that persons of naturally good constitution may look forward to a term of years twice that of the scriptural threescore and ten. Few there are,

* The Prolongation of Life. Optimistic Studies by Elie Metchnikoff. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

and they commonly persons of shattered constitution and ruined nerves, who do not long to remain alive in a world however much condemned.

Like certain animals which are not very long-lived, human beings are so arranged internally as to offer ample room for the waste material from food where dangerous bacteria develop and poison the system. In other words, the digestive and excretory apparatus of mankind is far from perfect, however that statement may offend those who have accepted as a finality that man was made in the likeness of God. Experiments on persons who have had to undergo certain operations involving a discontinuance of function in part of the alimentary canal, go to prove that we have inherited from remote ancestors a digestive system which may have met the requirements of their savage life, but does not meet ours.

We carry about with us in the large intestine a focus and abiding place for grievous and sometimes fatal bacteria, which some animals escape owing to a simpler and better internal organization. It would be inconvenient for us to remove this portion, though we might be the better for its absence. The alternative is to fight the deleterious bacteria with such means as experiments have shown to be efficacious. Professor Metchnikoff believes that a remedy has been found and that thereby a decided prolongation of life may be attained.

The excellent health and the vigor in extreme old age of pastoral peoples who live largely on sour milk have been observed by many travellers. Careful experiments on animals and men confirm this fact and explain it. Sour milk contains bacteria that eat up or neutralize those which produce putrefaction in the lower intestine, poison the system and are chiefly instrumental in setting up those evils from which old people suffer. The lower classes of Russia, who furnish a surprising number of robust centenarians, live largely on rye bread which contains lactic acid, on "kwass," a drink of which sour black-

bread forms the principal part, and on soured milk as a drink or in the form of cheese. The Balkans furnish the largest proportion of centenarians to the population, and there, too, the people live on soured milk. The latter is the staple food of Asiatic pastoral people and of Africans who enjoy long lives. Experiments on the Bulgarian drink of this sort called "yahourth" have shown the existence of a peculiarly active lactic bacillus. It coagulates milk rapidly, giving it a strongly acid flavor and often also a disagreeable taste. The milk is skimmed of cream to reduce the fats, then boiled and rapidly cooled, and pure cultures of the "Bulgarian" microbes are introduced. Fermentation lasts for some hours, varying according to the temperature, and finally produces a sour, curdled milk, pleasant to the taste and active in preventing intestinal putrefaction. This milk, taken in quantities of from 300 to 500 cubic centimetres, controls the action of the intestine and stimulates the kidneys favorably." Persons who can not take milk can take the bacilli in a pure culture with some sweet food, such as a jam, or in a vegetable broth to which sugar has been added, or in the form of powders or tablets.

A reader who has little knowledge of such matters may be surprised by my recommendation to absorb large quantities of microbes, as the general belief is that all microbes are harmful. This belief, however, is erroneous. There are many useful microbes, amongst which the lactic bacilli have an honorable place. Moreover, the attempt has already been made to cure certain diseases by the administration of cultures of bacteria.

For more than eight years I took as a regular part of my diet soured milk, at first prepared from boiled milk inoculated with a lactic leaven. Since then, I have changed the method of preparation and have adopted finally the pure cultures which I have been describing. I am very well pleased with the result and I think my experiment has gone on long enough to justify my view. Several of my friends, some of whom suffered from

maladies of the intestine or kidneys, have followed my example and have been well satisfied. I think, therefore, that lactic bacteria can render a great service in the fight against intestinal putrefaction.

This is the practical part of Professor Metchnikoff's book, which deals directly with the means for attaining great age by a careful attention to diet. And before passing to other sections it may be noted that he rejects the teaching of Fletcher and others regarding prolonged mastication of food, and passes over such whims as nut food, grass food and the condemnation of meat as deleterious to man.

It would be a great mistake if the reader were to suppose from the foregoing that Professor Metchnikoff's book is a dry treatise or a medical work. It is a series of very readable essays on old age, longevity as shown in the animal kingdom and investigations on "natural" death—that is, on the slow and painless extinction of persons and animals who have not suffered from disease or accident. He shows that "natural" death is an agreeable sensation in lieu of the terrible thing our imagination pictures it. Another essay answers the question, "Should we try to prolong human life?" It is from this essay that the above extracts were given.

Even more stimulating is the essay on psychical rudiments in man, with a consideration of somnambulism and hysteria as mental relics from a previous existence as animals, including the "psychology of crowds." Professor Metchnikoff is an evolutionist and often uses the habits and natures of apes and other animals for comparisons. His work includes interesting chapters on the social animals, on insect societies and the position of the individual in the human race. Essays on pessimism and optimism lead up to a very striking analysis of the development of Goethe's mind as shown in the first and second parts of "Faust." The young Goethe reflected himself in Faust as the betrayer of Margaret and a pessimist; he did the same as the lover of Helena,

in a Platonic way and as an optimist, in his old age. Certainly the famous dramatic poem in its two incongruous parts has never been explained from so novel a viewpoint as this. Nor can it be denied that if one accepts the essayist's theory as to the more common existence of pessimism among the young, but of optimism among the old, and follows his explanation of such phenomena in the human mind, a great deal that is obscure in the second part of "Faust" takes form and purpose. It is only one of the surprises this book contains.

Four years ago, Professor Metchnikoff published in English "The Nature of Man," in which he took a decidedly optimistic view of things here below, when compared with the gloomy predictions of good people laboring under the shadow of mediæval forms of religion. Those who have read the earlier work will not find so much novelty in the present one, as will others who are fresh to the subject. This is a sequel and is addressed rather to the rising generation than to old people; but both classes of readers will enjoy its simple, straightforward statements, its avoidance of polemic, and its always interesting though unsensational presentation of facts.

Dr. Pearce Kintzing offers a very different book on the same general theme, for while Metchnikoff only incidentally gives advice, leaving it to the reader to consider the ways and means, the Maryland Medical College professor produces in "Long Life and How to Attain It" * a *vade-mecum* for those who look forward with anxiety to the end of life. It is, in fact, a little handbook for the elderly, though it speaks to all. A great deal of solid and useful advice is packed into its 285 pages. Once in a while there is a slip on some unimportant point, as when (p. 100) Dr. Kintzing speaks of the North American Indians as neither agricultural nor pastoral, and of the Mexican Indians as both agricultural and pastoral, whereas neither our In-

* Long Life and How to Attain It. By Pearce Kintzing. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

dians nor the Mexican were shepherds when the whites arrived, yet both sections were agricultural. Safe and sane are the remarks of Dr. Kintzing regarding the best methods of preserving health; but the limits of the handbook would hardly permit him to go thoroughly into any one department of a very large question. Like Metchnikoff he has little good to say of the popular fads which would reduce our food to one or two objects with the idea that our ancestors lived perforce on a very simple diet and are supposed to have attained thereby great physical power and longevity.

The question of long life depends largely on the constitution a person inherits from his parents and the ancestors of his parents. Professor Arthur Thomson of Aberdeen University has prepared a very useful account of the latest discoveries bearing on the inheritance of radical characteristics and more superficial traits, illustrating his story with colored and other charts and pictures taken from recent authorities. "Heredity"* is the name he chooses for a very painstaking, thorough bit of work. He makes a distinction between heredity and inheritance, the former meaning the relation one generation bears to another. Environment is of great importance to the results of life, and function or training no less; but heredity means far more, since it is the fixed factor in one generation after another from the human being back to the earliest form of life on the globe. Professor Thomson makes room for the different theories which have reinforced, corrected or deeply modified the ideas of Darwin and Wallace and Haeckel; but it is evident that among all the scientists since Darwin he is most drawn toward Weissmann and his profound modifications of the earlier theories of evolution. "We do not know of any instance of the transmission of an acquired character."

It must be confessed that Weissmann is far more a destructive than

a constructive philosopher, and the careful reader of "Heredity" is likely to feel that the author has followed him in weakening the bridge of speculation as to the origin of life on the planet, without adding any material props. Theories of evolution are only hypotheses. They are stones laid down to allow the mind to cross the mire of uncertainty, and it is therefore of little value to laymen if another scientist comes along, pries out a stone here and there and fails to put anything solid in its place. He leaves one with the idea of an unbroken chain of cells stretching from the earliest thing of life on earth down to man, and of these cells practically uninfluenced by all the experiences met with on the way. Not that such negative results should be blamed, for to the scientist it should not make any difference what effect his reasoning on experiments and observation of living things may have on laymen. But it must be confessed that the public looks at such matters from a different point, demanding results that tend to make the situation clear, instead of provisos, shadings, refinements on previous statements; and—very unreasonably perhaps—expecting definite and comprehensible statements from men of science just because they are such, and not dreamers.

However, Professor Thomson has not written a book to expound his own or Weissmann's ideas, but to present a fairly complete picture of the situation to-day. As he modestly puts it, the book is intended as an introduction to the study of heredity. While it is not meant for scientific readers, it is yet not calculated for the merest beginners, but rather for the fairly well read, who are interested in the greatest problem of science and can follow the argument. His discussions are fair and unbiassed and revolve mainly round these three methods of investigating the process of life: the study of the germ cells under the microscope, the use of statistics and the employment of experiments. The volume, if not quite so readable and

* *Heredity*. By J. Arthur Thomson. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

full of suggestion as Metchnikoff's, is yet of more immediate application to the problems that confront them. It might be added that believers in revealed religion, who reject the modern ideas as well as the ancient regarding the appearance and progress of life, will find no lack of interesting points developed in a spirit of courtesy such as is conspicuously absent from certain fiery militant men of science, like Professor Haeckel.

A DREAM-CHILD

WHERE tides of tossed wistaria bloom
Foam up in purple turbulence,
Where twining boughs have built a room
And wing'd winds pause to garner scents,
And scattered sunlight flecks the gloom,
She broods in pensive indolence.

What is the thought that holds her thrall,
That dims her sight with unshed tears?
What wounded heart-songs droop and fall
In broken music on her ears?
What wakened voices thrill and call
From half-remembered, happier years?

She dreams 't is not the winds which pass,
That lisp along the shaken vine;
Whose footsteps stir the rustling grass
None else that listened might divine;
She sees her child that never was
Look up with longing in his eyne;

Unkissed, his lifted forehead gains
A grace scarce earthly, and more rare,
For since her heart but only feigns
Wherefore should love not feign him fair?—
Put blood of roses in his veins,
Weave yellow sunshine for his hair?

All ghosts of little children dead
That wander wistful, uncaressed,
Their seeking lips by love unfed,
She fain would cradle on her breast
For his sweet sake whose lonely head
Has never known that tender rest.

And thus she sits, and thus she broods,
Where drifted blossoms freak the grass;
The winds that move across her moods
Pulse with low whispers as they pass,
And in their eerier interludes
She hears a voice that never was.

DON MARQUIS



Idle Notes

By An Idle Reader



THE Carnegie Institution at Washington is not to be confounded with the Carnegie Institute at Pittsburgh; the close similarity in the names of the two foundations is, however, a natural source of confusion, and regret must be felt that a more distinctive title was not chosen for the former, which is the junior concern and was established for quite different purposes from those the Ironmaster had in view in establishing the latter. The Institution, so called, was richly endowed to aid in the prosecution of researches too costly to be borne by individuals or even by establishments constrained, as most establishments are, to consider the necessity of making ends meet. Hitherto it has confined itself somewhat strictly to the pursuit of scientific ends, and the present publication is the chief, if not the sole, undertaking of a literary character in which it has engaged. What it has done, in the present case, is to reproduce in photographic facsimile the 260 pages of type and script (mainly the former) comprised in the pamphlets bound up together in the vellum-covered book on which Robert Browning based his poem, "The Ring and the Book"; and to supplement this with an English translation thereof—complete save as to the legal authorities cited at the trial of Count Guido Franceschini and his companions for the murder of his wife Pompilia and her putative parents. Next come a translation of a contemporaneous account of the execution of the assassins, from the Philobiblon Society's reprint of the Italian text, as given in a pamphlet found in London and presented to the poet, by whom it was used as a secondary source-book; and a translation of a somewhat later pamphlet, rehearsing the crime and its punishment, which

**Browning's
"Old Yellow
Book."**

was embodied in a volume (somewhat similar to the "Old Yellow Book") which was discovered a few years ago in the Royal Casanatense Library in Rome, but was never seen by Browning, though it confirms his conjectures in certain matters where definite data were lacking. These reprints and translations are followed by an essay on "The Making of a Great Poem"; and there are 541 "Topical Notes" and a comprehensive index.

The frontispiece is a photogravure from R. Barrett Browning's portrait of his father, clad in his robes as an honorary Fellow of Balliol College, and holding the original "Book" in his hand—a painting which hangs in Balliol Commons, Oxford, the book itself being the property of the college library, to which it was given by the poet. The other pictorial illustrations reproduce a pen-sketch of Franceschini, supposed to have been made in Rome shortly before his execution; and the coat-of-arms of the impoverished nobleman's family. This sketch belonged to the poet, to whom it was presented by some one who happened to come upon it at a sale in London; and the coat-of-arms—copied for him, in water-colors, by Baron Kirkup—is now pasted in the book.

It is not to be supposed, of course, that this work was prompted by the institution whose imprint it bears. As a matter of fact, we are primarily indebted for it to Mr. Charles W. Hodell, of the Woman's College, Baltimore; who, at the instance of Professor Hiram Corson of Cornell, made an intensive study of Browning's poem some fifteen years ago, and embodied the result in his thesis for a doctorate. His interest in the literary problems raised by this study led him to examine, at the first opportunity, the data to which the poem owed its

**Watching a
Poet at Work**

the crime and its punishment, which

existence; and as "The Ring and the Book" is the only poem of magnitude and importance whose original source is not only accessible but has been used by only a single literary craftsman, he found irresistible the temptation to base upon it an enquiry into the creative process of turning the plain prose of sordid facts into a master work of the imagination. Having made this inquiry for himself, it was but natural that the student should wish to offer its results to his fellow-lovers of literature; and this could best be done by presenting with the study itself the materials on which it was founded. The poem being within the reach of all, it remained to render accessible the documents from which it sprang; and while, for the general reader, a translation was to be preferred, scholars could hardly be satisfied if the Italian and Latin originals were withheld. The possible loss or destruction of the unique "Book" was an additional incentive to its duplication; and of course no other copy could have the same value as a photographic reprint. As the work could not be undertaken on a commercial basis, Mr. Hodell applied to the Directors of the Carnegie Institution, who agreed to assume all the expenses of the work—a work which must reflect lasting credit on American scholarship and on the Institution itself.

It was characteristic of Browning that he should take as the subject of his most important poem—in many respects the most remarkable English poem of the nineteenth century—a true but unknown story, which probably would never have emerged from the obscurity in which it had lain for over a hundred and fifty years, had it not chanced to fall into the poet's possession. How faithfully he has retold the tale in his own way, the world has hardly guessed till now; and the editor of the present volume refrains from answering the question he himself raises, as to the wisdom of adhering so closely to the facts and the text as Browning did—a fidelity that has caused

many a passage in the poem to be merely a paraphrase of the documents in the poet's hands, the very words, in certain cases, being literally rendered from the original. To trace the relation between the old yellow "Book" and the golden "Ring" which Browning fashioned from it, is a fascinating as well as an instructive task. In putting at our disposal the means for tracing it, Mr. Hodell—who, by the way, is equally happy as translator and commentator—has linked his name inseparably with that of one of the greatest poets of the century just passed. One's only regret is that the circumstances of the book's publication prevent its coming into the possession of many who would be glad to own it—unless one may regret also that the volume is printed on such handsome and heavy hand-made paper, that it is a laborious task to cut the pages!

It would be safe to say that no American critic of to-day could be trusted to write so sound, so heartfelt and so eloquent a eulogy of Sidney's "Defense of Poesie" as Mr. George E. Woodberry contributes as an introduction to a reprint of that essay which appears in the fourth volume of the Humanists' Library, edited by Mr. Lewis Einstein, copyrighted by D. B. Updike and issued under the imprint of the Merrymount Press. The book contains Henry Olney's preface to the essay, "Foure Sonnets written by Henrie Constable to Sir Philip Sidney's Soule," Philip's "Letter to Queen Elizabeth" on her prospective marriage to "Monsieur," and his defense of the Earl of Leicester. Mr. Woodberry finds in this perfect knight—best remembered by giving to a dying soldier the water he himself so sorely craved—a complete example of the modifying power of Italian humanism on the genius of England. Already at twenty he had travelled widely and well on the Continent, imbibing "language, literature and knowledge in many kinds" and

Mr. Woodberry's "Defense" of Sir Philip Sidney

"fitted to become one of the best masters of learning in the kingdom. . . . He was as inquiring as he was observant; and his mind had singular adhesiveness—everything stuck to it. He had more than intelligence; he was as quick with sensibility and imagination. He was more than assimilative; he was naturally imitative, and a creator in his turn. He was a stimulating presence, an agitating influence; everything, where he was, became a living question." Though his famous "Defense" is a compendium of Continental thought on the subject, he has made it an English classic of criticism—the first in date as in renown. According to Mr. Woodberry it owes its vogue, not merely to its beauty, or to the fact that it is a panegyric on the poet's art, but to the fact that "it contains the truth about poetry." Whether for its truth, its beauty or the author's point of view, there can be no doubt that it has become "a precious volume to later English poets, one of the few books which it is reasonably certain that they all have read." As only 303 copies of the present edition of the "Defense" have been printed, it will fall into the hands of few who are unfamiliar with the essay; so there is no harm in its retaining the old-time spelling. For those, however, who have not read Sidney before, a reprint in which the spelling is modernised would be preferable, as removing an obstacle to the immediate apprehension and enjoyment of the author's thought.

It is sad to be considered obtuse—and not only to be so considered, but to be so called—by so clever a woman as Miss Ellen Burns Sherman, whose "Words to the Wise and Others" are addressed to me, only so far as I am one of the unwise for whom, according to the title, they were partly written. I am made aware that I am not of the wise, but of the otherwise, by her characterization of those who fail to see at the extremity of the long arm of coincidence the fine Italian hand of

their subconsciousness. In an essay on "Serendipity" is told an anecdote of a journalist who wished to find a certain quotation from Abraham Lincoln, and "happening (?)"—the interrogation is the author's—into the room of a fellow-boarder within less than a week, the day being Lincoln's birthday, saw the quotation on a calendar that chanced (?) to be hanging there. Several such anecdotes are told—another of this same subconscious newspaper-man, who when he wanted to find a serviceable cover-paper "happened (?) to be shown "several large books of sample cover-paper" by another fellow-boarder—this time (strange to say) "a little girl." (If I were "Mr. W.," I should certainly "stick to my last," in the matter of boarding-houses.)

Miss Sherman regrets that, although hundreds of such extraordinary "happenings" as this might be cited by her readers, there is some difficulty in collecting "phenomena" of this kind, because of "the habit most people have of either ignoring the significant incidents of their experience or obtusely dismissing them, when noticed, as 'coincidences'." So there we are—docketed and pigeon-holed as obtuse. A happier lot is reserved for Emerson and Thoreau: "On the other hand, wherever we find the powers of observation and wonder especially keen (as in Thoreau and Emerson), there we shall find the gift of serendipity highly developed." Emerson, by the way, is a King Charles's head to Miss Sherman. Inapt as I am to note the significant facts of my experience, I have yet observed that there is scarce an essay in her book in which he is not formally or casually cited as a witness for the proponent.

But she is bright enough when she lets her subconsciousness (and ours) severely alone, as she does in the greater part of these "Words"; and in "Modern Letter-Writing" she clearly proves her argument that the art of epistolary correspondence is not yet a lost one, despite the typewriter, the telephone, "canned" speeches and wireless telegraphy.



The Lounger



IN CELEBRATING Count Tolstoy's eightieth birthday the Russian newspapers concerned themselves with their distinguished fellow-citizen's literary rather than with his political

whose fangs and claws it considers no longer dangerous. At the same time it restricted the celebration to the author, not the socialist. More than two thousand telegrams were sent

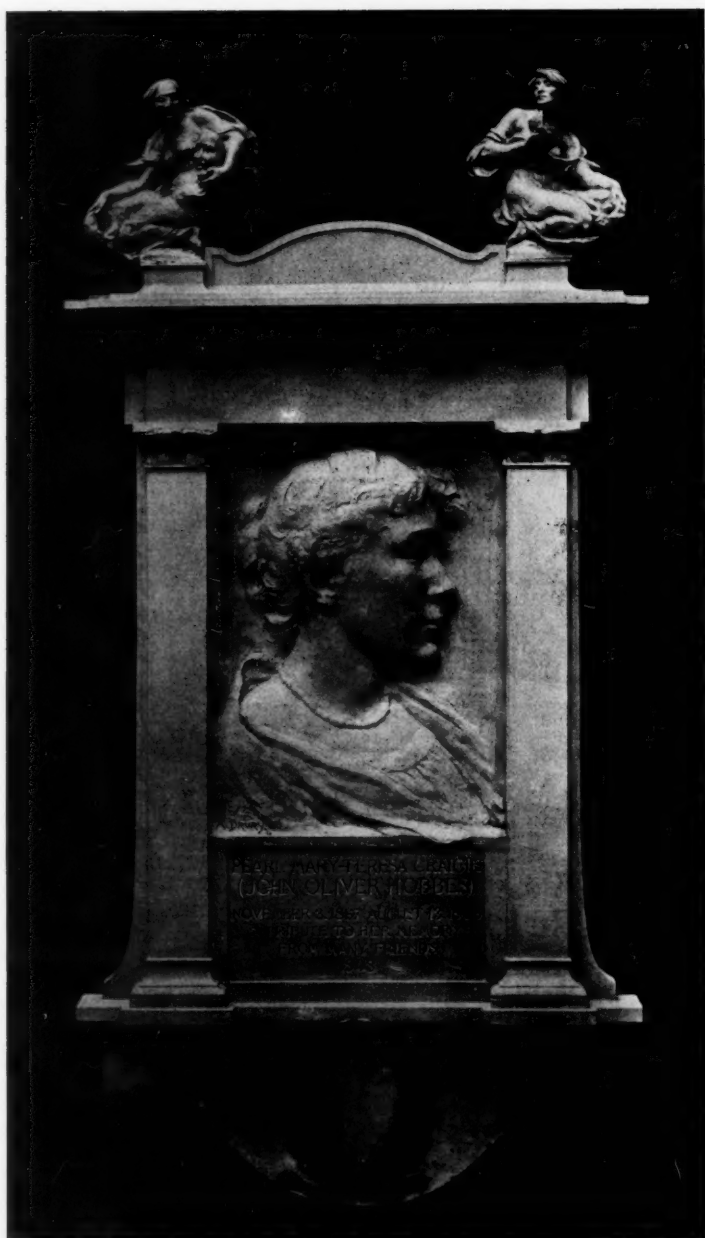


From *L'illustrazione Italiana*

TOLSTOY AND HIS WIFE AT HOME

fame. They discussed his novels, and some of them went so far as to call him "the Shakespeare of the nineteenth century," and his "War and Peace" they pronounced the Russian "Iliad." His novels, they said, will live when his attacks upon nationalism will be forgotten. At eighty a man may not be a very formidable foe, so the government is inclined to forgive much in an enemy

from all over the world and extra operators were despatched to Zaseika, the nearest station, to cope with the increased business. It was a great day in Russia. No other country could get up such a celebration over a writer who was principally a novelist. France might have done it in Victor Hugo's day, and for the same reason; for Hugo was as violent a republican as is Tolstoy.



By permission of the Authorities of University College, London

PEARL CRAIGIE ("JOHN OLIVER HOBBS")

A medallion of the late Mrs. Craigie was unveiled, early in July, in the library of University College, London, where the distinguished author had once been a student, and a sum of money was handed over to the Treasurer for the foundation of the John Oliver Hobbes scholarship in modern English literature. On the occasion of the unveiling Lord Curzon of Kedleston made a sympathetic address that would have been most gratifying to Mrs. Craigie could she have heard it. Considering that Mr. Alfred Drury, who made the medallion, never saw his subject he has been most successful.

The *Century Magazine* has been most fortunate in securing the *Reminiscences* of Lady Randolph Churchill. Since this series began there has not been a dull instalment. In the September issue there was much about the late Mrs. Craigie, whom Lady Randolph knew well, and to whom she pays a deserved tribute. "I often wonder," she writes, speaking of that meteoric quarterly the *Anglo-Saxon*, "how I should have succeeded without Pearl Craigie's intelligent help and advice." Then she goes on to say what every one who knew Mrs. Craigie will agree with:

A woman of great sympathies, her unselfishness was realized by all who ever came in contact with her. Her valuable time was always at the disposal of any one she could help. . . . A brilliant and clever talker, she could hold her own with all manner of men, and yet, in the more frivolous company which she often frequented and thoroughly enjoyed, she never talked over people's heads. She had the art of drawing people out and making them appear at their best, so different from some clever women writers I have met.

In reply to a letter written by Lady Randolph to Mrs. Craigie, the latter says:

You are quite right—*too* right, my dear, about the squalid side of literary life. Sometimes I get so sick of it that I long to retire to some lonely hill top and medi-

tate upon the Four Last Things. But—after all—we cannot make terms with existence: we must cultivate our garden and a sense of humor; and for the rest, Almighty God and the devil can deal with *that*.

Mrs. Craigie lived up to her belief, for she certainly cultivated her garden and a sense of humor, which latter she had developed to a degree not common with women writers.

Lady Randolph has a sense of humor, or perhaps I should say wit, as exemplified in a short passage at arms with Mr. Bernard Shaw. She wrote a polite note to that gentleman asking him if he would come to a luncheon party; to which he curtly replied:

Certainly not; what have I done to provoke such an attack upon my well-known habit?

To which she answered:

Know nothing of your habits; hope they are not as bad as your manners.

To this telegram Mr. Shaw wrote a long letter excusing himself on the ground that he did not eat "the unfortunate dead animals and things" that were usually provided for luncheons. As one always expects Mr. Shaw to be amusing, even at the expense of politeness, one is seldom disappointed.

If the indifference of the public to the Fluffy Ruffles of the stage succeeds in driving that ubiquitous young woman out of print the play will have done a good work. When Miss Carolyn Wells introduced Fluffy to the readers of the *Herald* she did so in humorous lines and ingenious conceits, but when other hands took up the wondrous tale the spice was gone. It is doubtful if even Miss Wells could have kept up forever the pace that she set, and it is forever that the Sunday newspapers want their Buster Browns, Foxy Grandpas, Yellow Kids and other creatures of the comic-supplement zoo.

are so many who do like them that every one he writes proves a gold mine to all concerned. Of course, "Peter Pan" did not take in Paris. No one supposed that it would—not even Mr. Charles Frohman, I imagine.

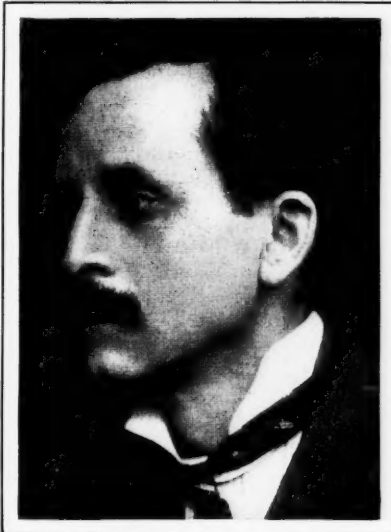
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There ought to be a law for the suppression of unauthorized snapshots. Because there is no such law the most abominable pictures of distinguished people appear in print. Take President Roosevelt, for example: he has been snapshot-at in every conceivable attitude and with every inconceivable expression on his face. To one who did not know him, who had never seen him as he actually is, it would be easy to imagine him always with his teeth showing and his eyes squinted up by the sun's rays. The most flagrant case of snapshot distortion is in a recent picture of Mr. J. M. Barrie and Mr. Henry James. These two well-known authors are supposed to be walking somewhere in London. The picture of Barrie is not so bad, but that of Mr. James is atrocious. His hat is a size too big for him, he is all bent over and his mouth hangs open. Altogether he looks so flabby and knock-kneed that if I did not know what manner of man he is I should think that he was incapable of walking and that Mr. Barrie was taking him home by the shortest cut. Such a picture is an insult to a man of Mr. James's distinction and fine appearance.

M. Hugues Le Roux is attracting more or less attention to himself by his wholesale criticisms of American women. He says that the ocean is white with the skirts of American women who cross the water in search of titled husbands. Evidently someone has been guying M. Le Roux. The ocean is black with the coat-tails of impecunious noblemen crossing the water in search of rich wives. It is very seldom that an American heiress

goes abroad to find a titled husband. It is quite unnecessary, for every coronet that needs regilding is brought to this country for that purpose. There is one thing that can be truthfully said and that is that no American heiress visits Europe without having impecunious noblemen thrust upon her. It is by no means an uncommon thing for American girls to flee the pursuing title. When an American girl wants to exchange her gold for dross she can

do so without crossing the water. Her opportunities are many—too many, sometimes, for her peace of mind. After all, the number of international marriages is very small compared with the number of marriageable heiresses. There are thousands of rich American girls and there are not thousands who have married European titles. Another thing to be remembered is that all international marriages have not turned out unhappily—nor a much larger proportion of them than of national marriages, if we are to judge from the number of divorces granted here in America.



Photograph by Beresford

MR. J. M. BARRIE

Those who are interested in pathology will be absorbed in the case of the late Professor John Churton Collins, the English critic and educator, who was found lying dead in sixteen inches of water in a dyke in Suffolk some weeks ago. The jury rendered a verdict of accidental death. That Professor Collins was suffering from great mental depression is proved by extracts from his diary published after his death. It is a tragic and remarkable showing:

Aug. 26.—I am at Dr. Daniel's, at Oulton Road, having had for nearly a month one of the worst attacks of depression I ever experienced. It began in London, got worse at Cardiff, and reached its climax at Oxford. The doctor insisted I must leave at once, and it was arranged I should come here, where I have been better, but am still suffering terribly at times. I can trace the cause of the attack to great stress of work and its sudden cessation. This undoubtedly set it up. My agony at times has been intolerable.

Aug. 26.—Slept well, but soon became depressed. Toward evening, quietly smoking on the porch, I thought without horror of future work—a good sign. God grant I may do my duty, and may He give me peace.

Aug. 27.—Much better; then came a reaction for the worse. I am now in the extreme of misery and depression.

Aug. 28.—Complete collapse again—intense depression.

Aug. 29–30.—Wretched time, with occasional alternations, but nothing lasting. I can sleep well, God be thanked, and then wake up depressed.

Aug. 31.—Fearful depression, sensation that I was worn out mentally, fearfully sleepy. What will become of my children if I get worse?

Sept. 2.—I am now in a dead, dull, suicidal misery.

Sept. 3.—Very good news—rest from awful depression. Then came on a terribly acute attack.

Sept. 4.—Woke up as usual without depression, but it soon began.

Sept. 5.—Miserable depression all day

till about 6, when the cloud lifted and I got peace and began to think contentedly about future work.

Sept. 6.—Terrible in morning; better as day advanced.

Sept. 7.—Very mixed day.

Sept. 10.—Last night I was so calm and contented when I went to bed I thought I was out of the woods. I felt perfectly well; but, alas! morning came and I had a terrible relapse into utter depression. Better after breakfast. Now, sitting on the porch at 12 o'clock, I feel calm.

The last entry has no date.

I have been through an awful time. My nerves are completely shattered. I have taken a drug this morning to get a good sleep and appease my agony.

On the inner side of the cover of the diary the professor has written this quotation from Voltaire: "Après tout, c'est un monde passable."



A friend travelling in the Austrian Tyrol sends me this note:—"The ancient Romans bathed in the waters of Bad-Gastein for the good of their nerves, and modern scientists claim that they contain radium. True it is that they come hot from the earth up here among the snowy mountains and a glacier—at least these are a part of our 'stage-setting.' Among the noted artists 'curing' here are Paderewski's master, Theodore Leschetizky of Vienna, now aged about eighty, with his former pupil and present wife (his fourth, by the way), aged five and twenty—herself a professional pianist, as well as a very pretty and fascinating woman. Sonenthal, the great Viennese actor, is also here; and so was Mr. Dippel, the Managing Director of the Metropolitan Opera House. Though professedly resting, Mr. Dippel worked almost all day long with three people. He comes here every year. Franz Josef, the Austrian Emperor, has visited the baths: and hither Kaiser Wilhelm I. was wont to come annually."



MR. H. G. WELLS

Mr. H. G. Wells has departed from his usual manner in his new book, "First and Last Things." It is the final—that is to say, the present—version of the writer's personal religion and social creed. In his preface Mr. Wells says:

The frank confession of what one man of the earlier twentieth century has found in life and himself, a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties and the expedients with which he has met them.

So the managers have combined against the first-nighters, whom we take to be the playgoers who are sufficiently interested in new plays to subscribe for their seats weeks in advance. These are not dead-heads, mind you, but lovers of the stage who find it interesting to assist at the first performances of new plays or the débuts of new actors. "The death-watch" is the affectionate name by which these patrons of the drama are called by the managers of the theatres whose shows they patronize. No more favors to the "death-watch" say Messrs. Frohman and Mr. C. B. Dillingham. So far as I am able to learn the "favors" consist in permitting these people, men and women of society and others, to put their names down for first night performances, more or less as subscribers.



This privileged class must buy its tickets in the open hereafter. "First come, first served," says Mr. Charles Frohman. When asked the objection to the first-nighters, Mr. Dillingham said that they do not laugh. They sit through a play without as much as a smile, which is enough to damn the performance and blight the actor. They give no encouragement to actor or manager; in other words, they turn first nights, which should be nights of gayety, into nights of gloom. What the managers want is an audience composed of people who seldom go to the theatre, who know nothing about acting, who will roar with joy at the stalest jokes and down whose cheeks the tears will run in streams at every line of mawkish sentiment. An audience of "Rubes" would be altogether to their taste. As a matter of fact, I have always found the average first-night audience the most easily pleased of any class of people. Many a play has been applauded, even cheered, by a first-night audience that second-night audiences have condemned to oblivion. It has seemed to me after many years of experience, that first-

night audiences are the soul of amiability. They will call an author before the curtain when he should be ashamed to come and they will applaud a play that the next night is hissed off the stage. Miss Mary Mannering and Mme. Alla Nazimova add their valuable testimony to that of the managers against "the first-night death-watch." It will be interesting to see how the old guard of the front orchestra stalls take this attack upon their faithfulness to the theatre and its stars.



There has been a good deal of talk in and out of the newspapers on the subject of ticket speculators. Managers wish us to believe that they are fighting the evil tooth and nail. They advertise that they are and we are bound to believe them. The *Times* in an editorial on the subject blames the people who buy of the speculators:

The idea of some New York theatre-goers seems to be that there is a sort of distinction in purchasing seats for a play at an advanced price, and that the seats thus bought must be better than cheaper ones.

I dislike to differ from a journal whose editorials I enjoy as much as I do those of the *Times*, but I think that the writer of this editorial has the wrong idea. It is not that the people who purchase their tickets from speculators enjoy doing so, it is because they are better served. They go to the box-office only to find that there are no good seats left and they go to the hotel speculator and find that they can get the best from him by paying fifty cents extra. This happens so often that they open an account with the speculator and buy all their tickets through him. It saves time and temper and is therefore worth the additional price. When the general public finds that it can be served at the box-office as well as it is served at the hotel ticket-office the speculator trouble will be remedied, but not until then.

Last month I gave a French caricature of Thackeray; this month I reproduce a famous French caricature of Dickens. It was made by André Gill in 1868 and originally appeared in a paper called the *Eclipse*. The cut from which I have taken this picture is from the *Sketch*, to which paper it was loaned by M. Paul Hemon, of St. Brieuc.



Apropos of the fifty-seven varieties of Salomes now gyrating before the public I quote these lines by a poet who does not sign his name. Looking over the first volume of the lamented *Chap-Book* I came across them. The writer refers to Aubrey Beardsley's illustrations for Oscar Wilde's drama:

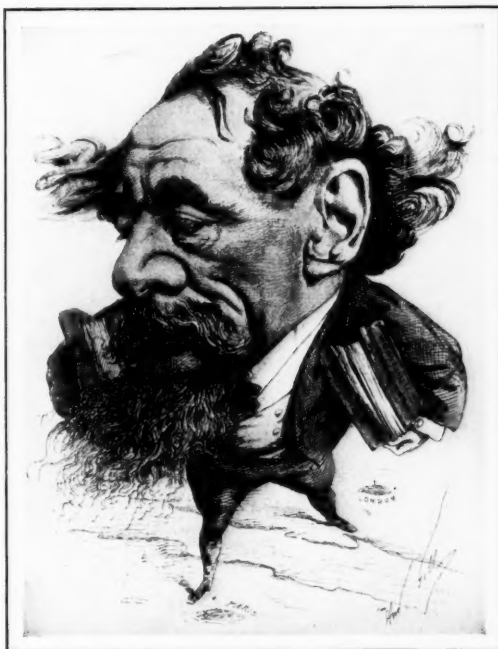
He drew the bold, bad Salomee,
The Biblical daughter of glee,
With ludibrious smile
As she danced to beguile
Poor Herod, the king of Judee.

In a manner remarkably free,
With her dancing skirt up to her knee,
She astonished the King
With a marvellous thing,
Half modern, half ancient Chaldee.

It is all very well in Judee
For a hypnotized, doting grandee
To order a dance
And pay in advance
With a holy man's head for a fee;

But the monarch was simple, you see,
And wily was young Salomee,
By her mother well-schooled;
So the monarch was fooled,
And the saint was dished up to the three.

Yes, Herod was "pinched" to agree
To a very unrighteous decree.
What a lesson to men
Is the good prophet, then,
Done up by an impudent she!



A FRENCH CARICATURE OF DICKENS

The *Chap-Book* was the first "magazinelette" of its day. Its editors, Messrs. Stone and Kimball, set the pace. Many others followed, but they were miles behind in wit and wisdom. After gaining a wide circulation in its miniature size it enlarged to the size of the *House Beautiful*, and that was its undoing. Up to the day of its death, however, the *Chap-Book* was a unique publication. I wish that we had something like it to-day. It was at times flippant, but it was never dull, and one can excuse a lot for the sake of brightness. In the *Chap-Book* there was sure to be some clever criticism and not too much of it, some striking verse, a witty essay and a discovery. The names of the men and women who are now well-known writers that were seen in their vigorous youth in the pages of the *Chap-Book* are legion. The only other periodical ranking with it in this particular was the *Critic*; but the

Critic, with all its brilliant writers, was never quite as original, or should I say bold? as the *Chap-Book*. It was more serious, on the whole, and more scholarly, as any list of its contributors will show. It is of the *Critic* as a weekly that I speak.



I quite agree with an editorial in the *New York Times* that "music, as an aid to digestion, is not to be despised when it is soft and remote, but that a blaring band in a restaurant is a nuisance." And yet most of the music in restaurants is of the blaring kind, and most of the people who eat in restaurants are of the blaring kind. Of course the majority of these people are not epicures. They do not choose their eating place because of the quality of its food, but rather because of its quantity and the surroundings in which it is served. They are in the main noisy folk and they like noise—blaring bands, high-pitched voices, "loud" dressing, and "loud" decorations. Your true epicure eats his dinner where there is no music, or if any it must be soft and low. He likes to talk as he eats, for talk at meals is the true aid to digestion, and he does not want his talk drowned by noisy bands playing cake-walks or waltzes.

Such restaurateurs as the founder of the house of Delmonico, or the less well-known Sieghortners of Lafayette Place, would have died of indigestion if forced to eat against such music as is served to customers in most of our fashionable eating places. Their surroundings were simple, but their food was of the best, as we who remember it can testify.



Like Delmonico, Sieghortner was a Swiss. He looked more like a well-fed priest than a cook, for he was smooth-shaven and always dressed in black broadcloth. I remember once being on a Sound steamer where I was to join the late "Uncle Sam" Ward, an epicure of international

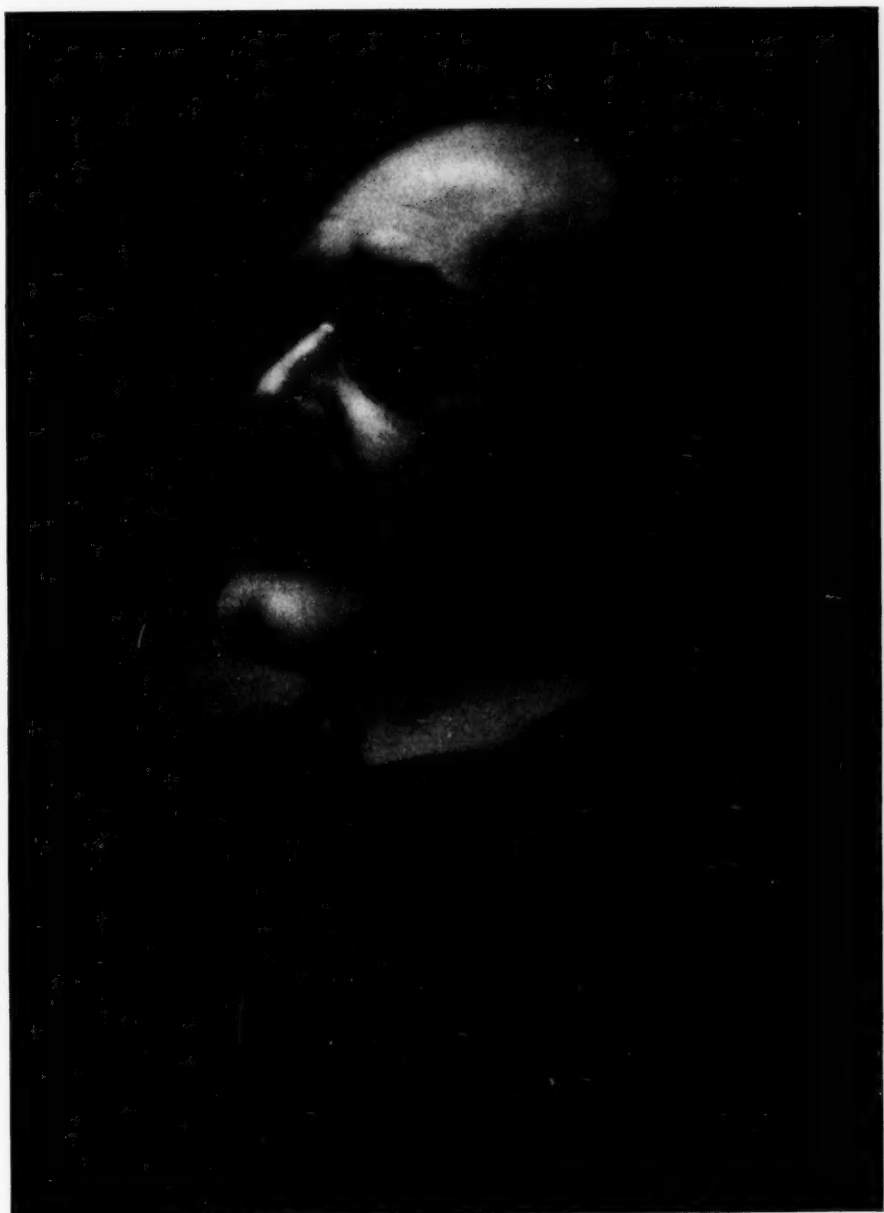
fame, for we were both bound for the same country house. I had not seen Mr. Ward for several years but I picked out a certain man who, I thought, must be he. At the same time I saw Sieghortner coming down the deck. If that is "Uncle Sam," I said to myself, he will nod to Sieghortner. As the old man came along I saw the face of my suspect light up and in a moment the two men were shaking hands like old friends. Then I knew that I had found the famous lobbyist, who was also the inventor of many dishes and many drinks.



The greatest scientific shock that we have received since the late Charles Darwin told us that we were descended from monkeys comes from his son, Francis. In an address delivered at Dublin this savant looked his audience squarely in the eye and declared that plants must be classed as animals! He said that he could prove that plants have memory, can develop habits (good ones, let us hope) and that they have moods the same as other people. Apparently they have "temperaments" also, for he went so far as to say that they have a nervous system very much like that of animals, and that in them "there exists a faint copy of what we call consciousness in ourselves." I have always known that there was such a thing as a "sensitive plant," for it is quite common, but a nervous plant is entirely new to me. It seems a pity that there should be such things as nervous plants, for they seem to live such quiet lives with nothing to do but grow and flower, if they happen to be the flowering kind.



This is one of the best portraits of Mr. Kipling that I have seen—certainly one of the very best photographs of a much-beportraited "celebrity." The famous author has been famous for so many years that it is hard to realize he has not yet celebrated his forty-third birthday.



Copyright, 1906, by Sidney Carter

RUDYARD KIPLING

The request to omit flowers at funerals is quite common, but never until recently did I hear of the request to omit presents at a wedding. At the wedding of Colonel Edward Turner of the Royal Artillery to Miss Clara Philip of Kingston-on-Thames, there were no wedding-presents by request of the bride and bridegroom. When one receives an invitation to a wedding, it is usually couched in these words: "Mr. and Mrs. — request the honor of your presence at the wedding of their daughter," etc. The "presence" in this case is safely interpreted as "presents" and the hint acted upon. It may be that the fact that wedding-presents are exhibited and that lists of the gifts with the donors' names are printed in the newspapers induces people who cannot afford to make expensive presents to strain a point and make them. In England the custom has become such a nuisance that Colonel Turner determined to make a decided stand against it. If he has started a permanent reform of this abuse, a statue in a public square is the least recognition that can be given him. The next reform should be in the giving of Christmas presents. If one cut out all the perfunctory presents he makes he would save himself a lot of time and money.



Apropos of wedding-presents, I see by the papers that the record of those received by Mr. and Mrs. Winston Spencer Churchill filled two columns of fine type as reported in the daily papers. As Mr. Churchill is a writer, as well as a statesman, he received twenty-two inkstands; and as he is a smoker he received a round dozen of cigarette-cases. Not only were his presents duplicated, but they were repeated many times over. Would it not be a good idea for the friends of prospective brides and bridegrooms to meet at some time before the wedding and decide upon the gifts, so that there would be more variety? A man, even though he be a writer, does not need twenty-two

inkstands, particularly in these days of typewriting and stenography. A dozen cigarette-cases he might manage; this would give him one for every change of the day—you know that Englishmen wear as many suits of clothes in a day as an American wears in a week. The duplicating of canes, clocks, candlesticks, etc., was of small moment. A newly married couple is supposed to have an insatiable appetite for clocks, so that a dozen more or less hardly counts. It used to be that an enterprising silversmith of our own Bowery made a specialty of buying duplicate wedding-presents, but he has been out of the business for a long time. Usually givers of wedding-presents make arrangements with the jeweler or silversmith from whom they buy them to allow the recipients to exchange them if they desire. An embarrassment goes with this plan, as the price of the gift becomes known to the recipient. Sometimes the giver is pleased when this discovery is made, at others he is chagrined. I know of an instance where an ornate piece of silver was taken back to the silversmith without instructions from the giver. It had been marked, so the receiver argued with the salesman, that another monogram could be substituted and that he, the receiver, might in turn give it to a friend who was going to be married in a distant city. The salesman took it to the manager for final verdict, and the word came back that the monogram had been changed so often that the name-plate was worn too thin for any further changing! The recipient raised his eyebrows and whistled softly as he left the store, while the gentlemanly salesman looked at his counter-mate and winked.



Sarasate was a disappointment to me. From what I had heard of him and from what he looked like, I expected a violinist all fire and flame. On the contrary his performance was to me cold and technical. He looked as wildly passionate



PABLO DE SARASATE

as anything that his country ever produced, but I found his playing passionless. In this particular Wilhelmj, although from a country supposed to be much calmer in its temperament, was all that one could desire; and to come down to a later day there is Kubelik, whose performance has all the fire that one

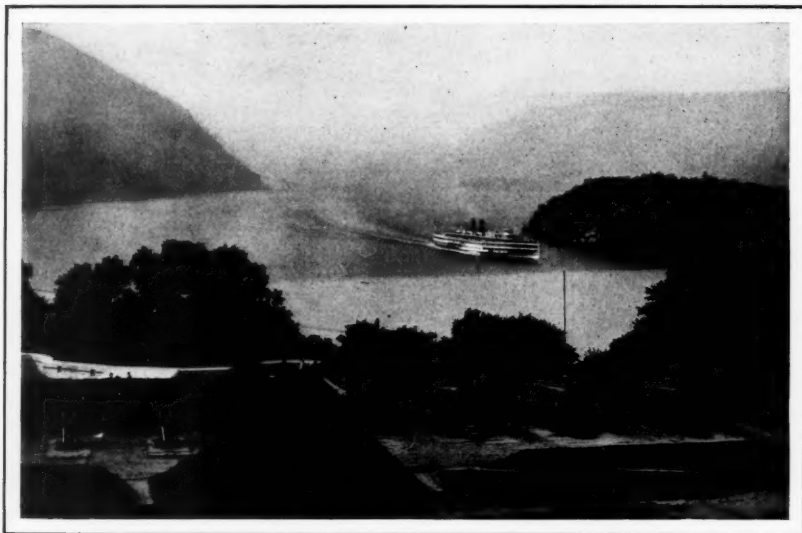
expects in a musician of his poetic appearance. Those whose knowledge of music is much more profound than mine were satisfied with Sarasate's art, but I prefer fire to technique; that is why I preferred Rubinstein's playing to von Bülow's; but there were many who did not—and most of them lived in Boston.

Every one who knows West Point and every one who knows anything about early American fiction knows Constitution Island. This little island is in the Hudson River opposite West Point, between Cold Spring and Garrisons. It is not only rich in historic memories but has a literary interest that will keep its memory green, for there lived for many years Miss Susan Warner and her sister Miss Anna Bartlett Warner. Miss Susan, who was born in 1819, died there in 1885. Miss Anna lives there still

welcome to Miss Anna Warner, she declined all overtures from those who wanted the place for commercial purposes. Mrs. Russell Sage did a gracious and patriotic act when she bought this island and presented it in her own name, and that of Miss Warner, to the United States Government. Miss Warner is to occupy her old home, "Martlaer's Rock," until the day of her death—a wise provision of the deed of gift.

25

I wonder why mediums when they



CONSTITUTION ISLAND, IN THE HUDSON RIVER, OPPOSITE WEST POINT

and is now in her eighty-ninth year, having been born in 1820. These two ladies were the most popular American novelists of the early fifties. Miss Susan was the author of "The Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy." Together the sisters wrote "Say and Seal," while "Dollars and Cents" and a host of other books were written by Miss Anna alone. Except "Uncle Tom's Cabin" I doubt if any American novel has reached the sale of Miss Susan Warner's first two. The eye of more than one person has been on their tight little island and although the money would have been

want to prove that they have been in communication with departed men of letters do not hire some one of intelligence to write the prose or verse that they would have us believe comes from the spirit world. Fancy, for instance, the cultivated Frederic W. H. Meyers writing such doggerel as has been attributed to him:

Friend, while on earth with knowledge
slight,

I had the living power to write;
Death-tortured now in things of might,
I yearn to you and cannot write.

The ghost of Martin Farquhar

Tupper could not have done worse than that. Such things would be amusing if they were not the subject of serious discussion. If anything would bring a man of Professor Meyers's refinement and culture back from the grave it would be such vilification as this. Unfortunately for his reputation he coquetted with mediums and such-like when living, and this is what they do to him when he is dead and cannot answer back. It would be better for the cause of spiritualism if its adherents did not prove the departed to be imbeciles. I have never yet seen a communication from the dead that was not crass nonsense and usually illiterate, no matter what the spirit's scholarship when living.



It is a curious as well as an interesting fact that one of the most successful likenesses of Lincoln should have been made by a Frenchman. The medal, by Edward Roiné, here reproduced, is destined to become famous, and it was a happy thought to select it for perpetuation in book form. A bronze duplicate of the original will be imbedded in every copy of a volume of



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THE ROINÉ LINCOLN MEDAL—OBERSE

selections from Lincoln's memorable utterances, introduced by an essay from the pen of Professor George N. Olcott of Columbia University on the origin and symbolism of medals. The design was made for Mr. Robert Hewitt, of Ardsley on the Hudson, whose collection of Lincoln medals is already well known.



Mr. Charles Major has discovered "the youngest authoress in the world." She is a baby, three years of age, whose letters he has edited for publication and served up with an introduction by himself telling how they came to be written. Of course the child authoress, if I may use a disagreeable word, did not write them with her own hand, but she composed every line of them and some one else took them down. This baby writer is younger than any child whose letters have been considered worth publishing. There is a child of seven, or one who was when her first book was published, who has written some remarkable verse, but young as is seven it is four years older than three.



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THE ROINÉ LINCOLN MEDAL—REVERSE



Noteworthy Books of the Month



History and Biography

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| Anderson, Galusha.
Crawford, M. C. | A Border City during the Civil War. <i>Little, Brown.</i>
St. Botolph's Town: An Account of Old
Boston in Colonial Days. <i>Page.</i>
Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich. <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i>
Augustus St.-Gaudens. <i>Lane.</i>
Old Boston Boys and the Games they
Played. <i>Little, Brown.</i>
Personal Recollections of Wagner. <i>Holt.</i>
Seven Splendid Sinners. <i>Brentano.</i>
Château and Country Life in France. <i>Scribner.</i> |
| Greenslet, Ferris.
Hind, Lewis C.
Lovett, Jas. De Wolf. | |
| Neumann, Angelo.
Trowbridge, W. R. H.
Waddington, Mary K. | |

Belles-Lettres and Poetry

- | | |
|------------------------------|--|
| Furness, H. H., Jr. | New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: |
| Lanier, Sidney. | The Tragedy of Richard the Third. <i>Lippincott.</i> |
| Mackaye, Percy. | Poem Outlines. <i>Scribner.</i> |
| Repplier, Agnes. | Mater. <i>Macmillan.</i> |
| Swinburne, Algernon Charles. | A Happy Half Century. <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Van Dyke, Henry. | The Age of Shakespeare. <i>Harper.</i> |
| Wendell, Barrett. | The House of Rimmon. <i>Scribner.</i> |
| Winter, William. | The Privileged Classes. <i>Scribner.</i> |
| | Other Days. <i>Moffat, Yard.</i> |

Fiction

- | | |
|--------------------------|---|
| Cena, Giovanni. | The Forewarners. <i>Doubleday, Page.</i> |
| Eddy, Arthur J. | Ganton & Co. <i>McClurg.</i> |
| Hooker, Brian. | The Right Man. <i>Bobbs, Merrill.</i> |
| Jerome, Jerome K. | The Passing of the Third Floor Back. <i>Dodd, Mead.</i> |
| Johnston, Mary. | Lewis Rand. <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Lancaster, G. B. | The Altar Stairs. <i>Doubleday, Page.</i> |
| Loomis, Charles Battell. | A Holiday Touch. <i>Holt.</i> |
| Nicholson, Meredith. | The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. <i>Bobbs, Merrill.</i> |
| Oppenheim, E. Phillips. | The Long Arm of Mannister. <i>Little, Brown.</i> |
| Parrish, Randall. | Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. <i>McClurg.</i> |
| Peple, Edward. | The Spitfire. <i>Moffat, Yard.</i> |
| Phelps, Elizabeth S. | Though Life us do Part. <i>Houghton, Mifflin.</i> |
| Sinclair, May. | The Immortal Moment. <i>Doubleday, Page.</i> |
| Thurston, Katherine C. | The Fly on the Wheel. <i>Dodd, Mead.</i> |
| Ward, Mrs. Humphry. | The Testing of Diana Mallory. <i>Harper.</i> |

Miscellaneous

- | | |
|---------------------|---|
| Lodge, Sir Oliver. | Science and Immortality. <i>Moffat, Yard.</i> |
| Stone, Alfred Holt. | Studies in the American Race Problem. <i>Doubleday, Page.</i> |
| Upton, George P. | Standard Concert Guide. <i>McClurg.</i> |

Noteworthy recent publications are recorded on this page, the list serving as a supplement to the reviews and literary notes on the preceding pages. Books bearing the imprint of G. P. Putnam's Sons are not included.

